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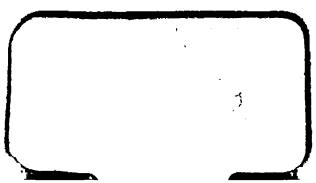

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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS

OF

CHARLES BONER,

AUTHOR OF

"CHAMOIS HUNTING IN BAVARIA," &c.

WITH

LETTERS

OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

TO HIM DURING TEN YEARS.

EDITED

BY R. M. KETTLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS OF CHARLES BONER.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

"Wir beide sind verbunden
Und festgewaltet ein;
Glückselig sind die Stunden
Wenn wir beisammen sein."
—BERTHOLD AUERBACH

AFTER he left Ratisbon, Charles Boner resided in Munich, where he surrounded himself with trophies of the chase, antique carvings, and pictures, among which were those works of Constable to which he alludes in a letter to his son.*

In addition to his journey to Transylvania, and several visits to England, he took long excursions among the mountains for sport and pleasure.

His literary industry was unbounded. Besides his chief works, "Chamois Hunting in Bavaria," and "Forest Creatures," translated into German under the title of "Thiere des Waldes," and "Transyl-

* At the commencement of the Memoir.

vania," which was also translated into German, Charles Boner wrote a vast number of articles, chiefly literary and historical, for English periodicals and journals.

He translated Andersen's beautiful stories, and Professor Masius' important work, "Studies from Nature." Some chapters of "Forest Creatures" are scientifically valuable, and were speedily rendered into several European languages.

NARRATIVE CONTRIBUTED BY MADAME HORSCHELT, CHARLES BONER'S DAUGHTER.

I LEFT school in August, 1860, to live with my dear father at Munich. Before that time he used often to come and visit me at school, and in the holidays we made delightful little excursions, on foot, together in the mountains of the Tyrol. I never was happier than at that time.

The life we led together from the year 1860 until my marriage in 1865, was most happy:—we both felt it to be so; I could not possibly think of any greater happiness than that it might always remain the same. My dear father showed me all I had to attend to in our housekeeping, and himself conducted my studies. We lived very quietly without going into society, and very modestly, as we had little to spend in luxuries. My father thoroughly understood economy, and was practically self-denying.

In the year 1861, Andersen came to see us, and Professor Masius, also a friend of my father, whose book, "Studies of Nature," he translated. What he liked best was that a few people should spend the evening with him: then he would prepare a simple entertainment himself, to make sure it should be nice. With what pleasure and how cleverly he did it all!

His study was a charming room, as everybody said who came to see him; he was very fond of old-fashioned furniture, and was surrounded by it. Oh, the delightful evenings we spent together in that little sanctuary! He read, and I read too, or I read aloud to him, or I worked: it was a happy time!

In September, 1861, Charles Constable came to us with his young wife. My father was quite beside himself with joy to see "Charley Constable" again after more than twenty years. He went to meet him at the railway station, but of course neither of them could remember the face of the other. When my father saw a person whom he thought might be his friend, he called out, "Are you Constable?" and the other said, "Are you Old Bo?" and they met and passed a merry evening, as happy as children, delighting in the remembrance of the past.

On the 2nd of August, 1861, we went together to a little place in the mountains called Marquardstein, and stopped there several weeks. Here we climbed

about among the mountains, and often, in later years, spoke of the happy time we had spent there, out in the woods, and in our primitive little rooms.

Our Christmas evenings were glorious. I got a little tree and my few presents ready for him in my own little room, and he laid out things nicely for me in his.

On the 19th of December, 1862, after my father's return from England, we had a long evening walk, and happened to talk of a variety of serious things. On our return home he gave me as a present the poem, "On the Anniversary of my little Daughter's Birthday."* It would be impossible to try to express my delight; that one evening I can never forget.

In September, 1863, I spent some time in Wurzburg, whilst my father was in Transylvania. How miserable I was when he left me! I thought that was the sum of all possible grief. Alas, how much more have I now experienced! On the 6th of June, 1864, I came back home. How it pleased us both to be once more together.

On the 15th of September, we went to Frankfurt, which place he always liked very much. We arrived there late in the evening, and our first walk next morning was to the cemetery, where he pointed out to me his dear mother's grave. He

* "Verse," by Charles Boner.

could not refrain his grief. From thence we went to Heidelberg early, on a brilliant morning, and went up to the glorious ruins, where we remained three hours.

On the 3rd of February, 1865, Horschelt came to us in the evening, and I was betrothed.

What an evening that was! I would not hear of any such thing as leaving my father. Dear, beloved father, he was so very truly affectionate and loving.

During the visit to England alluded to by Madame Horschelt Mr. Boner made the following entry in his journal:—

"April, 1862.—Found Carlyle sitting in dressing-gown and slippers looking over the proofs of his 'Frederic the Great.' Mrs. Carlyle sitting on the sofa by the fire. After a while the conversation fell upon Prussia. Carlyle said the Prussians were full of intelligence and activity. There was energy and perseverance in their character—there was much resemblance to the English. If they did not do something there was little hope for Germany. Elsewhere in Germany he could see little else than talk and noise, and wretched radicalism. The king, he thought, was right, if, as he (Carlyle) believed, he meant, to have no one but himself meddling in the affairs of the army, for that was and ever had been in Prussia the reliable honourable body which

had done everything for Prussia. If its affairs were to be talked over and speechified about by a parliament, there would soon be an end of this.

"The army would soon be as inefficient as the English was, with its Balaclava and its General Bourgoyne, &c. He had seen nothing elsewhere that impressed him as conversation with one or two (not more) Prussian officers had done. From these two he judged all the army. From what he saw in a week or two, while travelling, of the common soldiers, he judged of all the men. He said there was, he believed, no other army like it: neither English, nor French, nor any other. The officers were well educated, and with a high sense of honour: the men filled with a sense of duty. Ours, with our newspaper rant about British pluck, was nothing to it. Our officers knew nothing—absolutely nothing. Some few might, by a common sense view of things, get a sort of routine of their business, but there was and had been for the last hundred and fifty years wretched ignorance and inefficiency. Wellington came at last: he had no genius, but he was one of the not more than two or three men in all Britain, who seemed to understand that from certain facts certain circumstances are sure to arise. Therefore he made himself master of the least trifles, attended to them, and looked for the inevitable results. There was no hurry about him: he went on step by step: he was content to wait. There was veracity in the man and in all he did. He was

thoroughly honest—and it is the want of honesty which is so deplorably felt in the public men of the present day. There was no more veracious man in Britain than he.

"(May not this quality, so pre-eminent in the character of our Queen, as Mrs. Austin told me was the case—she heard it from Lord Lansdown—have been instilled by Wellington.—C. B.)

"Wellington took the materials given him, Carlyle said, and made the best of them; he knew the officers were ignoramuses, blockheads;—he saw the shortcomings of others, but he said if I cannot get better materials I must take them, and make the most of them.

"Talked of General Bourgoyne (in the American war), he said it was impossible a General in Frederic's army would have acted so. A Prussian army would have cut its way through the enemy rather than surrender.

"He abused Parliaments, and the talk, and rant, and speechifying, and the publication of the same in the newspapers; laughed at what the press and the public had said about the soldier's dress. They abused the stock: 'Why, a stock was most comfortable; the best neck covering a soldier could wear. He always wore a stock.' He on his part did not see why soldiers were not to wear stocks. He resented indignantly the interference of the press in such matters.

"As he spoke of everything being perfect in

Frederic's army,—their marching, their drill, their dress, their arms, I said that with regard to their dress and system, both had been found troublesome to the soldier, and ridiculously pedantic. He said he never heard that there was any sane man who had yet found fault with the dress of Frederic's troops, nor with the drill. In short, he considers any system which differs from Frederic's, good for nothing.

"Parliaments, the press, the English army, he abused royally, but in language so quaint, so droll, so unlike anything I ever heard before, that once or twice I burst out laughing, though it was evident he saw nothing humorous or out of the way in his expressions. One thing was evident, his detestation of any and everything approaching dishonesty or inconsistency. Another was his utter appreciation of conscientious work: not work slurred over to serve a purpose irrespective of time.

"He is full of humour, but he does not seem to know it is humour, for he goes on gravely, as though the humorous thoughts were merely strict reasoning. F. told me when going home, that another time he might quite probably take the opposite side, and abuse uncontrolled authority as much as he had done constitutional government. Asked if he had heard ——— read. Said no, he did not care to hear any one read aloud. He did not like it. He had only heard one person read to please him, that was Mrs. Fry, in

Newgate. He was a boy then. There were the poor unfortunate outcasts opposite to her, looking and laughing as though they were the world and all the rest was nothing, and there she, the wonderful creature, calmly and quietly took out the Bible, and began reading to them the history of Martha, and she read in a way that showed she understood it, had thought it over, and knew perfectly well all about it. She made you understand it *all*:—all the meanings, and all the bearings. She had a good voice, but it was not that so much as the earnestness of the creature, and her sincerity.

"And it had its effect, for the women were quiet and listened. There Mrs. Fry stood among them, in her quaker dress, clean and neat, and calm, and strong, in her own persuasion of the righteousness of her work; and there were some other cleanly dressed creatures about her—quakers they were too, I believe; and altogether it was a wonderful sight. I have never seen the like of it. But ——, I don't want to hear him. I had much rather not. With my own two eyes I can follow the lines of a book much faster than he can read, and it is that I want to do to get through a book.

"Leigh Hunt's reading he liked. He was once obliged to hear him read something—for what he read had not been printed—a play of his, and that too he liked.

"He said that when a young man he had great hopes for German literature, but they had been

deceived. All was going and had gone downwards. There was a sort of radicalism rampant everywhere. All had degenerated into newspapers and Parliaments. The aristocratic spirit which showed so prominently in Goethe was no longer to be found. Spoke of Heine. One thing he thought he discovered in him, a stern, grim sort of humour, but still, more than he had seen generally in Germans. A Jew, he said, never laughed a hearty, outbursting laugh. I told him Mrs. Austin once met Heine at Boulogne when she was a child, and he said, 'Now you can say you have seen Heinrich Heine!' She said, 'Who is Heinrich Heine?' which seemed to amuse him greatly, for he burst out into a hearty laugh; showing that, at all events, he was no Jew.

"He should not go to Germany again; as long as he was there he could get nothing fit for a Christian man to eat—no bed big enough to sleep in. The bedsteads always too short, and like a trough. Once, to his surprise, the mattrass was too long for the bed, and so he lay all night with it arched like a saddle in the middle. There were no curtains, and in the hotels people stamped overhead, and tramped past his door all night. He had not slept all the seven weeks he was in Germany, and felt the worse for it, he verily believed, up to the present day.

"Talked of soldiers' marching. Of course he asserted that the Prussians marched best of any troops. I told him the Spaniards were good marchers, and spoke of their foot covering. When

I told him of the value of good shoes, roomy and strong, and of their being well greased to make the leather supple, he seemed to enter into the matter with zest. He evidently knew the value of a greased shoe. 'Well rubbed in,' he said, 'till the leather is soft and proof against water. That is the thing.' I said much of the success of an army depended, more than was generally thought, on their foot covering. He said it was very probable.

"Carlyle's long, wild, grey hair, hangs over his forehead. His eye is bright and lively,—his complexion healthy and his look generally betokens a man who leads a *calm* life, not mixing in the struggle and rush going on around him. His wife told me she took in the *Daily Telegraph*, in order to know what was going on in the world. Her husband never reads the papers. He speaks slowly, and as if what he says were well weighed beforehand, as if all had been thoroughly thought over long ago. His way of stating his opinions shows that there is not a shadow of doubt in his mind as to their correctness. He makes you feel, too, he has no thought of changing his views, or allowing himself to be influenced by aught another may say. His mind is made up, once and for ever.

"Nothing here written conveys any idea of his conversation, for the words he used were so strange, and the flow of his conversation so copious, that it is impossible to remember all. This account bears

as much resemblance to the reality, as a cake of colour does to the painting produced by it."

In the month of May, 1865, Mr. Boner visited London, and spent three months in England. Overtures were then made to him for carrying on the special correspondence at Vienna of one of the principal daily London papers.

Our commercial relations with Austria were at that time (during the negociation of the Treaty of Commerce) considered to be peculiarly important, and, from his long residence in Germany, and intimate knowledge of the intricate policy, and national characteristics and customs of the different and varied portions of the Austrian Empire, Charles Boner felt himself to be, in many respects, well qualified for the post.

He accepted it at once, saying in a letter written at the time, that he thought he could do much good, although, as usual, he knew that he should feel dissatisfied with his own performances. His first five letters from Vienna give a most complete picture of the capital, and of the complicated Austrian Empire.

The whole of this correspondence is interesting, and contains much hitherto unknown and valuable information. Mr. Boner paid two visits to Pesth at this time, and wrote an admirable account of the coronation of the Emperor King. He desired to

forward the union between Austria and Hungary, believing it to be indispensable to the well-being of both nations.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS WERE WRITTEN BY CHARLES BONER TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

August, 1865.

THE appointment I wrote of is as special correspondent to one of the daily papers. A gentleman (late M.P.) being profoundly impressed by the importance of our relations with Austria, and with the necessity of fair unprejudiced accounts being given to the public, wrote to me to offer me the post. I have accepted it for six months. It is no doubt a position of importance; it will bring me in contact with all the leading men, ministers and others at the capital; and there will be of course an opportunity afforded of doing a very great deal of good, and it is this which makes me inclined to the work. But it is not easy or light. If I find I cannot do it as I ought and wish to do, I shall resign the task to another. I know beforehand that in its execution, I shall fall far short of my intentions. But that I always do.

I am very sorry to leave my old home (Munich), but don't think it right to give way to such feelings when there is something to be done which (perhaps) I can do.

Vienna,
October 5, 1865.

AT last I find a spare hour for answering letters. But, with the best intentions in the world, it is difficult to write to those whom one would most wish to sit down and chat with. I am like a man in deep water, who, if he ceases to swim for one minute, has the water above his head. Once or twice I allowed two days' business to accumulate, and the struggle then to catch up lost time became bewildering; for all the while fresh matter is coming on like the rising tide. You wish to know how I get on. I believe well, at all events better than I expected. The letters appear to be liked.

Apponyi* was here the other day, and an Englishman was speaking to him about the reception the Imperial Manifesto had met with in England; he was surprised it had been received so well. Apponyi, just arrived from England, said, "I can tell you the reason. The thing is, the translation we first got of it in England was so clear, and altogether so superior in style to the original, that the impression made could hardly help being favourable." I was told of this later. Apponyi of course knew nothing of my existence or that the translation was mine. On Wednesday night, the twentieth, the manifesto was published, and by the next morning at noon the whole was in the office of the "Daily News" in time for a second edition.

* The Austrian Ambassador.

I find every one here very obliging and friendly. Counts Belcredi and Larisch, the Premier and the Finance Minister, I see often, and they are always most cordial. It is an interesting time, and especially what is to occur in the ensuing months will be all important for Austria. All depends on the position the Hungarians take up, and whether they act with moderation and judgment or not.

LETTERS TO THE "DAILY NEWS."

Vienna, Sept. 26, 1865.

If for a year or two past the characteristic of Austrian policy was inactivity—I mean on the part of the men who ought to have taken the initiative—this was not at all the case with the industrial and agricultural class in the different provinces of the empire. Day after day we read of agricultural and industrial exhibitions taking place: at Salzburg, at Linz, at Znaim in Moravia, at Marburg in Styria, and numerous other towns whose existence is unknown to English readers. Different products and different systems are compared; agricultural implements and machinery shown and explained. In another department the various handicrafts give specimens of their skill. Every branch of industry is represented. Prizes are distributed to the most deserving, and not small is the emulation shown by all to obtain distinction. In Grossau a new agricultural school is being established, with fourteen free admissions for those who are unable to

pay. At Krems, the Archæological Society has just held its meeting, and in different parts of the empire schools like that at Grossau are also being established. In Vienna the handicraftsmen have established schools for the apprentices, to which they can go on Sunday mornings and Wednesday evenings. Twenty inspectors are appointed from the different trades, all having agreed to the plan except the tinmen. Why these should hold out I am unable to say. In Krems a new school-house has been built, admirably adapted to its purpose. An academical gymnasium is at this moment being erected in Vienna. In Gratz, a plan is being worked out for carrying on a system of communal self-government.

Thus you see that stagnation is not the prevailing state of things in this empire. It is well to know all this, that false opinions may not prevail.

The sensation which the appearance of the Imperial Manifesto has caused throughout the empire is indescribable. In the remotest corners of the realm its effect was more like that of an electric shock than anything else. Since its publication the daily papers of Vienna are full of extracts from the gazettes, from all parts of the monarchy, on this all-engrossing subject. "The King has spoken, and kingly are his words," says one Hungarian journal, and continues thus: "Never yet was an act hailed with such joy as this imperial proclamation." In the "Naplo" Baron Kemeny writes: "The 20th September has saved Hungary from utter ruin."

And Baron Eötvös in the "Hétilap:" "Never yet have Imperial words produced a like effect in Hungary." Indeed, the telegraph has had enough to do to report the enthusiasm caused in the provinces. On the arrival of the news at Prague a festal performance was given at the theatre, and an improvised illumination of the great square arranged.

After the first ebullition of feeling the public grew calmer, seeming to feel the importance of the question that was soon to be decided. The consciousness grew upon them that the present was but the beginning of what was to come, and how that might be no one could foretell. The burden of the resolve on which so much depended seemed to weigh upon each one. The sudden gladness was checked; and a profound seriousness, caused by a consciousness of the uncertainty of what might be impending, took its place. Here in Vienna there was no rejoicing. Neither did men complain. But each one felt that he and his race were no longer those on whom, as hitherto, the very foundations of the empire were supposed to rest. To another eastern people was accorded a decision of mighty influence for the German race; a race which, after all, is the moral and intellectual strength of Europe. And the question was, how would that people exercise the power accorded them? Would they be wise, would they be moderate? On that all depended; and unfortunately it must be acknowledged that the experience of the past could hardly make men hopeful.

Yet in spite of all this, of the vital questions which have been thrown out, and are now waiting to be solved, the social, merry, good-tempered, cheerful, witty, amusement-loving Viennese does not belie his nature, but is carried away by some exhibition specially adapted to his taste; just as in the old times, when he ate, and drank, and danced without thinking, or being allowed to think, about the fate of nations, or of his own empire either, where Metternich ruled, and ruled singly and supreme.

The Viennese possesses all the qualities assigned to him above. He is also quick to perceive a joke, and relishes a smart saying thoroughly. He is full of intelligence; and, quiet as he may seem, you rouse him into activity by asking of him a service, or by the utterance of something clever on the persons or the events of the day. He is so quick of comprehension, that he seizes on and understands it in a moment. Hence there can be found no better audience for the witty writer or the gifted actor than the public of Vienna. And both know this: they mutually appreciate and understand each other, and to both it is a pleasure as well as an incitement to be brought in contact.

There is a certain style (the Austrians call it "chic") about the women of Vienna seen certainly nowhere else. A combination of details produces this; found equally in the damsel who serves you behind the counter, and the young lady who can boast the most brilliant lineage Her walk, her

carriage, the cut of her jacket or mantle, (and let me add, this cut is unrivalled) all together conspire to make up that peculiar something which is so characteristic and attractive. Is this natural to them, or have they acquired it by contact with their proud neighbours, the Magyars, in whom a dignified bearing seems to be inherent? I cannot pretend to say, and leave the question to ethnologists to solve.

On Saturday the charming little Carlo Theatre was crowded to the ceiling to welcome a new actress to the stage. But though it was hardly possible for love or money (except by paying quadruple the ordinary price) to get a seat in any part of the house, the heroine of the evening was no new arrival. She had been playing night after night for months at another theatre at the opposite end of the city. But that was just what was so piquant for the good Vienna folks. Fräulein Gallmeyer (for that is the name of the little wicked sprite) had left her old haunt, where she had won for herself, by her acting, a sort of secular canonisation. Before quitting it—the Theatre an der Wien—she had, I believe, given the manager a few boxes on the ear: but that did not affect the public, however it might the recipient of such unasked-for gifts. She had, moreover, fabricated a little ivory gallows, and hung upon it the said manager in effigy. Then, too, she had suffered a tremendous fall from the seventh heaven, to which her worshippers had raised her

into that place which Milton's Satan speaks of as so intolerable, where people are simply "ignored."

The truth was she had been rather too bold, and had gone too far in her "improvisations." And so the public determined to punish her, and instead of overwhelming her with accustomed gratulations each time she appeared, received her always in silence. This, as must be intelligible to everyone, would be equally unendurable for Satan and a once popular actress like Gallmeyer; so she started off for Prague. She left her ungrateful Viennese whom she had delighted, and who, in full consciousness, had bowed before her, to show to others what she could achieve, and what that artist was whom Vienna had simply "snubbed." She fain would be revenged, and she was revenged. Prague was electrified. The very Kremlin felt her presence in its old foundations and shook as no thunder or cannonade ever made it shake before. And when she was called before the curtain over and over again, and when the "bravoes" and the applause had gradually subsided, how did she take vengeance on faithless apostate Vienna? She simply said how grateful it was to her to receive such a welcome at Prague after the chilling coldness of the capital. And the sting of the reproach, as was intended it should do, must have been felt in Vienna, for on Saturday last they gave her an ovation. Hardly had she appeared when she was met by a burst of applause loud, and long, and hearty. Flowers and

wreaths flew upon the stage, and the petted child was again in favour. It is worth while to describe all this, for it is so characteristic of Vienna. People here can tolerate a good deal for wit's sake, if it only be good and genuine. But the joke must not pass a certain limit; if it do there is an end of the former good fellowship. But the reconciliation has taken place; the public are delighted and happy, and their pet is laughing again her wicked laugh, and her eyes are laughing too with all their archness, partly with pleasure at being reinstated in public favour, and partly at the fun of having "come over" her old admirers, and having forced them to cry "Peccavi."

And what is this sorceress, this syren, this charmer, like? People,—ladies,—say she is ugly; but no one can be ugly who has such eyes—eyes which, if inserted in a barber's block, would make it seem imbued with intelligence. They are piercing, and with that look of vivacity and readiness to repel an attack which you see in the bright orbs of an eagle. There are moments when, as they menace, you feel that you would be very sorry to come in conflict with their resolute possessor. In anything she does she makes you aware that she is, to use a modern political phrase, completely mistress of the "situation." And this gives her an ease of manner and a self-reliance and confidence (perhaps I should say assurance) which are her strength.

She seizes at once on a character and identifies

herself with it. She is full of fun herself, and therefore has a superabundance of her own to add to that of the piece in which she acts. Quick as she is, nothing passes her unobserved; and the political question of the day, the part played by a newspaper, the last squib or popular song, are all glancingly alluded to, and made to serve her purpose—to delight her watchful audience, and to assert her incontrovertible power. Her mimicry is wonderful, and in one piece, in which she plays the part of a cook who cares more about literature than lettuces, and poesy than potatoes, the changes of her face and manner are quite extraordinary. She opens a new novel she has brought home with her from market, and reads the first words—"There was, once upon a time, a coppersmith!" "What a world of meaning," she exclaims, sentimentally, "lies in those few simple words. There was—once upon a time—a—coppersmith! What room is left for the imagination—what scope for a poetical fancy," and she begins to say the words in endless different ways, each time parodying some well-known member of the theatre to which she belongs. But it is so well done, so exact and true is the delineation given, so thoroughly is the person imitated hit off, with all his or her peculiarities and ways, that not to enjoy the wonderful talent displayed is quite impossible.

Every now and then she improvises a passage in her part, and by the expression that plays about

her mouth you see the pleasure that she herself derives from the happy thought. The more you see of her the more you are enthralled; and strangely enough, it is not her person which has anything to do with this influence, but solely the bright intelligence and the boldness which accompany it.

Really, there must be something in it, when her acting makes even a Correspondent, who ought in most staid wise to be writing of politics, give paragraph after paragraph of his letter to this fascinating, irresistible, audacious little morsel of humanity. And—but I must force myself to stop, or we shall have a whole "Daily News" with every column full of "The Gallmeyer."

Vienna,
October 7, 1865.

In a recent number of the "Vienna Journal" is an article relating to Prussia and the protest of the King of Hanover, written with such biting wit that, appearing too in a government organ, it is sure to call forth threatening and thundering rejoinders from Berlin. The mere fact of the Hanoverian protest appearing at Vienna is said to be a direct infringement of the treaty of peace of Prague; an act of hostility towards Prussia. What then will be said of the leader of Herr Warrens in the government organ? Will the Prussian Minister be recalled, Vienna bombarded, or a new treaty of annexation be signed at Schönbrunn? Read the

following extract from the article and judge for yourself.

"Right does not always possess the means of warding off wrong. Truth, when it has only moral force at its disposal, is often unable to achieve any but moral victories. Truth and right, however, even when fired at by needle guns, do not drop down dead. King George of Hanover is a king without land and without soldiers; but the protest he has sent forth will have as good an effect as that which the brave army achieved at Langensalza, driving back victoriously a force superior to its own. . . . At the audience which the loyal Hanoverians obtained at Berlin there was no disguising the truth from them. King William was much affected when he spoke of the monarch whose crown he had taken for himself, and he assured the deputation, that he (himself the son of a king) felt much pain at this; that it was only after much painful struggling he had resolved to annex the Hanoverian land; that his duty towards Prussia admitted of no other alternative.

"To us this conversation appears of great historical importance. Just the very fact that the king repelled as unworthy, all greed of conquest, every selfish impulse, all disregard of the rights of others, but yet represented it as an act of high Prussian duty to appropriate to himself others' property, is a presage of weightiest import. The conqueror may

be evaded; from selfishness we may sometimes escape by humiliation, by an appeal to right, by flattery, by supplication, but against the monarch who undergoes severe conflict with himself, and who comes forth from such struggle *annexingly*, who, as a matter of conscience, expels his cousin, and from a sense of duty incorporates his land, no opposition will avail!"

Vienna,
October 14, 1865.

THE journey of the Prussian minister to Biarritz, and the reception he has met with there, occupy both the press and the public in Vienna, as it is natural they should do. Everyone is puzzled to know what to think, and the feeling of uncertainty that exists with regard to the true state of things, and what the future may have in reserve, produces that discomfort and depression which every living creature experiences under like circumstances—an apprehension of something impending which cannot be shaken off. It is true the whole affair is enigmatical—the strongly worded despatch of Drouyn de Lhuys, the cordial reception of Count Bismark at the French court, the expression of the Emperor about the affair of the Duchies, and his Majesty's exceeding cheerfulness and seemingly great satisfaction.

I do not pretend to hold the solution of the enigma in my hand, but I can give you a piece of

information which, if true, would help to explain what is now inexplicable. It is derived from a source that possesses means of knowledge open to few, a source which hitherto has always been found reliable. I therefore state it, but without holding myself responsible for its truth. It is that an arrangement exists between Napoleon and Count Bismark unknown to the king, and unknown also to the Queen-widow, who, as everyone knows, plays no inconsiderable part in Prussian politics. At first this supposition may seem preposterous, and it would be so if the characters of the King and his minister were respectively not what they are. The one is undecided, irresolute, hesitating; the other determined, bold, and flinching at nothing. The present, like the late King, starts back affrighted at the necessity of coming at once to a resolve; and it is only by accustoming him long beforehand to certain views that a minister has any chance of eventually making them pass into accomplishment. He must be brought gradually into deep water like the child who fears to take a bath. He first is let to play with the limpid wavelets, and to paddle about and get used to the element. This is the great point, and when once it is gained, and what once seemed strange and unfamiliar is no longer so, an invitation to advance a step or two will no longer be repelled. That this is no invention of the fancy the following anecdote will prove. It serves, too, to show there is no improbability at all in the assertion given

above. The presumed arrangement with Napoleon would only be a repetition of the system already adopted with perfect success by the bold minister towards his weak vacillating master. The story is true, for I have it from one who was present at the time.

The summer before last, when the King of Prussia was at Carlsbad or Kissingen (I forget which) the conversation on a particular occasion turned on the Sleswig-Holstein question. Suddenly the king exclaimed, violently and angrily, "I will not hear that word 'annexation' again; I forbid its use in my presence." One of those present looked inquiringly and surprised at Bismark, who made light of these words, and said, "You must not attach any importance to such expressions. His majesty speaks in that way now, but the thing is to bring him to accustom himself to a certain thought, and when once he has got used to it he will gradually adopt and carry it out."

How correct this reasoning was, the results show. The man who would not hear of "annexation," from having it constantly suggested and brought before him has grown accustomed to the word, and is now no longer shocked at its utterance. He has been brought to do what at first he would have been afraid to think of. And when I consider the character of the two men it would not at all surprise me if Count Bismark had made an arrangement with Napoleon unknown to

his master. Knowing with whom he has to do, and knowing also the power which his firm will and resolve give him, he does not for a moment doubt of being able to realise what he has undertaken shall be done.

The *Presse* of this morning brings a letter from Berlin, in which it is announced with certainty that Bismark is negotiating with France about the possession of Belgium. France, so it is said, is desirous of having the Venetian question settled, and proposes to recompence Austria for the loss of Venetia by letting her take the Danubian provinces. The Elbe Duchies are to fall to Prussia; and Belgium (either the half or the whole) to France.

Every day, and almost every German newspaper, gives evidence of the want of political education which makes itself felt in this country. Editors quarrel with and abuse each other, just as so many withered old maids pull their neighbours' reputation to pieces over their bohea; or they express their "contempt" for the observations of the foreign press on German policy or German pedantry. No faded beauty is so susceptible as the journalists of disunited Germany. Herein there is unity—they are as touchy as Mrs. Caudle, and quite as snappish; and a leading article in an English journal reflecting on their mistakes puts them in a bad humour, and makes them sulk for a week. Hardly a day passes in which the papers do not exclaim against the endeavours of those Englishmen who are striving

to open up a trade between England and Austria. They always talk of our being egotistical, and say that our endeavours are only made for our own interest. No State, to the best of my knowledge, exists, except in the brain of a philosophically-speculative German professor, which in its tariffs, treaties, or wars acts only with reference to the welfare of a sister nation, and irrespective of self. These wiseacres do not see that a country that hitherto had been shut up in its isolation benefits in a hundred ways, indirect as well as direct, by being brought into contact with other people. There are men here at this moment who for months have been working strenuously in the cause of Austria, hoping that eventually, by turning her products to account, she and others will be benefited. Yet no opportunity is lost of referring to their endeavours in a way which shows the jealousy which is felt towards them. Instead of being grateful that such men come here, employing their brains and ready to embark their capital for the welfare of Austria, many, if they could manage it, would put a stop to their activity at once.

The party to which a greater intimacy with England is especially distasteful is the clerical one. In their eyes it is fraught with danger. They see in it a gradual undermining of their influence. They fear the advent of more liberal ideas, of freedom of thought and of conscience, for these are to them more fatal than the plague would be, and more

carefully to be guarded against by cordons and prohibitions. It is the determination of these persons that whatever is done shall be done principally with reference to Catholicism, as they understand the word, which I am sorry to say is in a very narrow and narrowing sense. In a long article of the *Debatte*, in answer to a very well-written leader of the *Presse*, the writer says:—"We leave to the *Presse* the task of proving that Austria's influence would be promoted by giving up her Catholic traditions in Rome; that, of the different influences which are working for the future of Austria in the East, Catholic ideas do not hold the first place; that, finally, if Austria is one day fortunate enough to accomplish her great mission in the North—a mission of which one prefers to say little at present—the banner around which men are to rally will not be that of Catholicism." This is plainly spoken; more so indeed than might have been expected.

Vienna,
October 24, 1865.

All the papers to-day are full of one subject—the decease of Lord Palmerston. The biographical sketches and leading articles do full justice to the political qualifications of the man, and acknowledge with the greatest respect the wonderful powers which placed him in so commanding a position. No inimical feeling shews itself, no endeavour to pull down or to carp at the reputation of him who

is gone. As Austria has little to thank him for, it might not improbably have been otherwise. For it was in this very capital that during the Schwarzenberg rule, the news of Lord Palmerston's resignation caused such joy as to be found worthy of being announced by placards on the walls of Vienna.

"Happily," says the New Free Press ("Neue Freie Presse,") "nobody now-a-days is so idiotic as to rejoice at his departure, and this after all may be regarded as a little progress." The same journal relates an anecdote of Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, who had given Baron Zeidlitz the order to annihilate Palmerston by an article in the Augsburg "Allgemeine Zeitung." "I must close my letter," the Baron writes to a friend, on the 21st of October, 1851, "for to-day I must go to work on Palmerston, which, as you may suppose, I do readily, for his insolence passes all bounds. The prince said to me to-day, 'Sabrez-le!' and I leave you to judge whether I will or not."

"Poor Zeidlitz, poor Felix!" continues the writer who gives the above, "what has become of your political wisdom, and whither has it led? But the policy of the dying man at Brocket Hall, even while in his last agony, spanned the globe, and his influence was felt from Hudson's Bay to the Ganges, from Nagasaki to Hobart Town."

CHAPTER II.

"Es giebt nur eine Kaiser-Stadt,
Es giebt nur ein Wien."

"Earth has one Imperial City,
Only one Vienna."—C. B.

MR. BONER, in the "New York Tribune," writes:—

So says the old rhyme about the imperial city of Vienna.

And as popular rhymes are never without their certain amount of truth, so, in this case, it is undeniable that there is truth in the bold assertion that there is but one Vienna, and no other city is like it.

No doubt he who first, in a moment of gladsome hilarity, cheerily chanted the extempore verse, thought rather of the merry life that prevailed there; of the feasting and the music, and gay dance, of the winsome faces to be seen there, and the lithe figures that his arm encircled in the whirling waltz; these were the pleasant facts to which his mind recurred, rather than to those matters not so immediately affecting his senses. But besides this cheerful rollicking life, so typical of Vienna, there

are other circumstances which make Vienna unique of its kind among the capitals of Europe.

From its geographical position it belongs both to the East and the West. It stands on the farthest limits of Germany, and turns its gaze towards the Land of the Morning. The time is past when it had aught to fear in that direction, and it can now look calmly thitherward, having more than once rolled back with fearful force the strength of the Osmanli, and broken his power for ever. Vienna sits enthroned beside the stream, which, gushing as a rivulet in the heart of Germany, grows in size till it becomes a mighty river, pouring its vast volumes of many waters at the feet of the Sultan in his palace in the Golden Horn.

On its waves come the spices, the perfumery, the delicate webs and embroidery, the barbaric splendour of the East—to Vienna; and with the wares we see the bringers of them, the turbaned Turk, and the mobile Greek, a merchant from Asia Minor, and occasionally one from distant Bagdad. The countries too, through which the impetuous river passes, send their contributions. There is the clear-skinned Hungarian and the captivating Hungarian woman; Serbs, too, may be met in the crowded street, picturesque in costume, and with bold, daring looks, jostling the Englishman and the lounger from Paris, to say nothing of those who meet here from all parts of Germany.

In other days this splendid river was the great highway of the nations. It led the enterprising traveller from civilised countries into utterly barbarous lands; it united, and was a link between two distinct worlds, as separate from each other as though an Atlantic rolled between.

Here, in Vienna, the two met and came in contact. Here the Oriental saw the appliances of our knowledge; saw Christian social life on a large scale, and heavy buildings so different to his own light aerial architecture, and in-door existence so different from the unconfined open-air life beneath a cloudless sky. In short, Vienna was a central point, and in these railroad days it is so still.

If you go from Hamburg to Trieste, or from Paris to Constantinople, you must pass through Vienna. Here the great lines meet and cross each other. Is it not evident that a city so situated must play an important part in European history, and was intended to do so? And for a time—century after century—it exercised a preponderating uncontested influence. Spain, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany—over all these the holy Roman Empire wielded its sway; the sceptre of the Emperor reached them, and its touch was enough to spread commotion throughout the distant land. And the mighty monarch who possessed such power had his seat in this walled city of palaces.

This, too, the number of its palatial buildings, is one of the marvellous characteristics of Vienna.

The power of the sovereign, sounding almost like a fable, attracted hither the great feudal nobility of the realm. They brought with them all their splendour. Reigning on their estates like independent lords, with endless retainers, and amid boundless profusion, they fain would appear in the capital in a style becoming the wealth their vast possessions gave; and so arose in many parts of Vienna the magnificent mansions still to be seen if you take the trouble to look for them. They must be hunted for, as they stand in narrow streets, now no longer great thoroughfares; or encroached on by meaner houses, which a century ago did not exist. Vienna being fortified and surrounded with a wall, could not expand. Every foot of ground was valuable, and there was no room for broad streets, or appropriate open places before and around such magnificent edifices; hence you pass before these noble buildings and scarcely notice them; for you are so close it is impossible to see their size, and take in at a glance the superb dimensions that are characteristic of them all.

The Court of Vienna owes its stiff, uncompromising etiquette to its alliance with Spain. I can well fancy what an imposing effect the strict observance of forms, senseless as they were, may have had on the uncultivated Hungarian, Bohemian and other nobles who came hither to sun themselves in the presence of the Emperor. On their estates they lived in a state, not of feudal dignity or magnifi-

cence, but of feudal power. They were the lords of all around them, the masters whom no man might oppose, the tyrants whose dictates no one dared gainsay. But no ceremony was there, no prescribed forms; a lawless unrestraint was the feature of that society. This etiquette, I say, impressed their uncultivated minds greatly, no doubt. The grandezza of the Court they strove to imitate, and they sought to give a solemnity to all that belonged to themselves. And to this desire, and to the wish to outvie others in a display of mere size—for this as an evidence of power was a material point—I attribute, in a measure, the peculiar features of the palaces with which Vienna abounds. The nobles who built them and who resided in them were decidedly of opinion that

> "Es giebt nur eine Kaiser-Stadt,
> Es giebt nur ein Wien,"

for they were well received at court out of policy, and posts of honour were bestowed upon them.

But I concur heartily in the truth of the rhyme for other reasons. I have shown how, politically, the geographical position of Vienna is unique. But I have not yet said how pleasantly it is situated as regards rural neighbourhood. Close by, it has a background of green hills crowned with churches, and the walls of a monastery, visible even from the city itself. But a short walk, and you are among vineyards and villages, and you look down from the

pleasant upland on the wide out-spread city lying before you on the border of the great plain. And if you go in another direction you are in a little while amid hamlets and gardens, and may breathe the fresh air from yonder ridge.

Or go beyond the distance of a mere walk, take an hour's drive by rail, and you find yourself in a country as lovely as you can wish to see. Woods and picturesque valleys and parks all close at hand, and day upon day you may wander in a new direction, and feel fresh delight in the beauty that everywhere surrounds you.

Is not this worth much? What other city, as important as Vienna, can offer, so near, such sources of health and enjoyment? And the cheerful population of Vienna know how to profit by the occasion. On Sundays and other holidays they stream forth to recreate themselves, light-hearted, gay, and ready to please, and to be pleased. You cannot but like the Viennese, not only on account of his cheery disposition, but for his good-nature and readiness to oblige. He is, too, an easy-going creature, willing to take all for the best, and disinclined to occupy himself with the coming cares of to-morrow, thinking, as he invariably does, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

And hence I, mindful of his pleasant, social qualities, and mindful also of the sprightly ways and arch looks of the Viennese maidens; remembering, besides, the verdant places, so near the confines of

the city, which have often gladdened me with their shade and freshness, add my testimony to the peerlessness of Vienna, and troll, as I walk along, the words,

"Es giebt nur eine Kaiser-Stadt,
Es giebt nur ein Wein."

LETTERS TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

Vienna,
April 21st, 1866.

LATELY—this week—being quite unfit to do anything, I have strolled about in the open air, but it is with this as with my reading, illness only causes me to do so. It is not merely writing letters for the "Daily News"—that is soon done—but it is seeing people, keeping up conversations, receiving the often long visits of others, which fills up each day from morning till night, then necessary letters which must be written (the number would surprise you) all takes up so much time, that there is none left for more pleasurable occupations.

Some time ago I had a pleasant surprise. A letter came from London, beginning, "I am a Transylvanian"—the writer had read my book, and wrote to thank me for it, and to say that he, in company with all his countrymen, owed me a debt of gratitude for the service done to their country. At the end of the letter he told me he had just

received three casks of Transylvanian wine, and asked me to allow him the pleasure of sending me some. He of course thought I was in England. The letter was forwarded by my publisher. Such a thing is pleasanter than a grand review.

Vienna,
May, 1866.

As yet I have no answer about going with the army. Count Mensdorff wishes it, and does all he can to forward it, but Benedek wants no one at head-quarters who does not belong to the army. In about a month I go to Munich, where I stay for ten days, by which time it will, I trust, be warmer, for I am going to Wildbad, and I hope the waters and change of air will set me up again. But though I talk of going, I scarcely know how to manage it just at this important moment. The weather here is a strange contrast to that which you describe. It is cold and wintry, this evening I have fire in my room. Some soldiers have just passed my window shouting and yelling. You, probably, are listening to the nightingales among the cedars.

Wildbad,
June 25, 1866.

I FEEL much better, and I hope strong and well enough to undertake the work before me. I feel impatient to be off, to be at my post, to do what I have to do, as important events are about to

happen, and I must say I should be sorry not to be present at the first battle with the Prussians. If only, later, I ride into Berlin with Benedek's victorious troops!

I go to Munich en route to Vienna, where I have much to do, and only a day or two to do it in. Then I start for head-quarters immediately.

When once there I shall be quite unable to write anything besides my letters for the "Daily News." Indeed, *there* my friends will learn most about my doings—more than I shall say in this correspondence, I could not say in a private letter.

LETTERS BY MR. BONER ON THE WAR IN GERMANY.*

Vienna, July 5, 1866.

I RETURNED hither yesterday on my way to the head-quarters of the northern army. The first news that reached me on going out of the house was the misfortune attending the Austrian armies between Königgratz and Josefstadt. The bulletin of the General was posted up at the corners of all the streets, and, as you may suppose, groups stood around to read, or hear read, the intelligence, which filled every one with sorrow and consternation. The depression it has caused is very great. In the bulletin there is no attempt to conceal the truth. It

* Contributed to a leading London journal.

says that after several hours' brilliant and successful fighting the Prussians managed, unobserved, to get round to the Austrians' flank and rear. The troops at last gave way, at first retreating slowly, and then more and more quickly, all rushing finally over the Elbe bridge towards Paulovitz. The loss of life, terribly great.

At eleven a council of the ministers was held, presided over by the Emperor. I saw him as he left to return to Schönbrunn. His face had a grave expression, but of perfect and manly calm; and though his countenance wore the looks of one over whom a great grief had fallen, there was not a trace in it of being disheartened.

As usual in this engagement the men fought with a dash and valour not to be surpassed. It was only when unexpectedly they found the foe in their rear, pouring in upon them volley after volley, that they grew unsteady. But this very bravery had been the cause of their frightful losses. Feeling that their own rifles were useless at a distance which enabled the Prussians to send destruction among their ranks, the Austrians, after firing a couple of shots, dashed forward at once, and with bayonet and gun-stock set to work to vent their hate upon the enemy. But in the advance, as in the charge at Balaclava, the regiments were four times decimated, and thus, sadly diminished in numbers, they at last reached the foe. The grief and excitement, and, I may add, indignation felt when the sad news arrived, is hardly

to be described. The regiment "Stadion," and another whose name I have forgotten, lost every officer. The Windischgratz Dragoons had hardly an officer left. A friend of mine, who has already one son in the army, has sent for his two younger boys, one of whom is just completing his studies at the university, to supply the places of some of the fallen. "At a time like this," he says, "one must give all one has, all that is dearest, for his country. And should the fortified camp now erecting at Florisdorf have to be defended against the enemy, I shall, as a matter of course, take a musket and fight in the ranks with the rest."

A private letter received by the father of a young wounded officer in regiment "Franck," announces that the loss in this regiment was 1170 men, 34 officers, and 3 staff officers. Of another regiment, only a single company came back out of the strife.

The causes of defeat are freely canvassed here. The conclusion come to is superiority of numbers on the part of Prussia, superiority of their tactics, and superiority of their musket over the ordinary weapon.

The Prussians, after a short experience, were ordered to change their tactics. When the Austrians rushed forward they were made to reserve their fire, and then, when near, to discharge six or seven volleys with all possible quickness, and at once to retreat, ready again to receive their adversary in the same manner. If not chivalrous, the

plan was most effective. The effect of these quick discharges at a short distance was terrible. The Austrians were literally mown down.

Vienna, July 6.

ON Wednesday morning Vienna was in a most excited state. Groups were assembled in the streets and public gardens, listening to the information contained in a second and third edition of the papers, as it was read aloud by the fortunate possessor.

That fine and renowned regiment "Deutschmeister," is now commanded by a captain, every higher officer having fallen. This regiment recruits in Vienna, hence all are, as they say here, "Wiener Kinder" (children of Vienna).

Vienna, July 8, 1866.

A CONVERSATION which took place a year ago between Count Bismark and Count Platen, the Hanoverian Minister, shows that the plan for attacking Austria had been long arranged. Events have shown also how correctly the Prussian premier judged the Minor States when he calculated on their timidity and indecision. "I shall hound on Italy against Austria," he said, "and then attack her when she has this war on her hands. We can get ready far more quickly than Austria. As to your Minor States (Hanover, Bavaria, &c.) I have nothing to fear from you. I know you all well. You will do nothing."

Vienna, July 17, 1866.

I HAD occasion to see and speak with the Archduke Albert yesterday. Nothing can be more mild, gentle, and urbane than his manner. There is something peculiarly obliging in the way he addresses you. In his smile there is an expression of kindness which I could not help thinking is preferable to bravery. I can well understand that those who have the privilege of being in his neighbourhood attach themselves to him devotedly. When you see that figure in every movement so thoroughly unassuming, you can hardly believe that the low-voiced man who, though overwhelmed with business, is listening to and answering your questions with the most patient kindness and good-nature, can be the soldier who fought so nobly at Novara.

> "The Archduke Albert was here and there,
> In truth he seemed to be everywhere,
> Telling the men to stand fire, nor care
> For aught but winning Novara."*

I am not sufficiently versed in such matters to know how far the requisitions made in an enemy's land may extend. The Prussians make the inhabitants of Prague furnish them with every article

* This stanza is from Charles Boner's spirited poem, "The Battle of Novara."

it is possible to name: horse-shoe nails, screws, shoe-sole nails, buckles, spurs, harness, iron bands, padlocks, cavalry swords, stirrups, leather, sewing-thread, horse-cloths, knives, horse-brushes and curry-combs, boots, boot-soles, cloth for uniforms, calico, drill, grease for cartridges, oil, varnish, colour, camels'-hair pencils, saddles, reams of paper of various sorts and sizes, steel pens, pen-holders, wafers, sealing-wax, lead pencils, packing-paper, paper-scissors, ink, inkstands, rulers, letter envelopes, and even the new seal for the government of Bohemia, with the Prussian eagle in the middle. Besides this, all sorts of delicacies for the officers' table, and at Frankfort several thousand yards of linen were ordered to be delivered to mend and make new shirts for the troops. In short, any want or any whim, even to certain pasties, and particular sorts of salads, is to be ministered to by the inhabitants.

The villages in the neighbourhood of Vienna were absolutely devastated. The Prussians have taken so much, that they are as barren as the Sahara. As to Bohemia, it will take twelve or fourteen years before the kingdom begins to recover from its plundered state. A flock of locusts settling on the land could not have created greater devastation.

For the Austrian government to expect to levy taxes for several years to come is out of the question. They must be remitted, for the population has absolutely and literally nothing to give. How the exchequer will manage meanwhile is what no

one can divine; and besides all this loss and devastation of her most flourishing provinces, Austria has to pay forty millions in settlement of Prussia's "little account."

August 23.

Telegram after telegram announces the signing of the treaty of peace, but as yet this has not taken place. Austria very naturally does all she can to hasten the completion of the articles, in order to get rid of the fearful burdens imposed upon her; for until the convention is signed, the Prussian troops remain.

Vienna, August 31, 1866.

THE oppressive state of care, anxiety, and expectation which war brings with it, may formally be said to have ceased, now that the treaties of peace have been exchanged. It was a sad time, and the reaction is more painful than what we suffered before. A feeling of lassitude prevails, which, after harassing anxiety, comes over us when the cause for it suddenly ceases or is removed. Each one knows the hard conditions that have been enforced, knows also that he must submit.

But if as long as the nation's fate was hanging in the balance, it was natural that this alone should occupy the thoughts, now, the crisis having come, let us get rid of gloomy reflections—let us leave the

town behind us, and instead of uselessly brooding, let us strengthen our mind and body in the pleasant breezes blowing on the hills that overlook Vienna.

What a charming framework has that old imperial city. What a noble site for the capital of a mighty empire; for mighty it was once, though humbled now. On the north, for it is thitherward we are wending, a line of hills with undulating outline is seen trending from the west, and ending abruptly, sinks down into the plain. This is the Leopold's Berg. The declivity is so steep, that as you stand at the top, you look down at once into the Danube, which rushes round the base of the green hill: and just here, on its commanding top, stands a building that might have been a convent; and a little further back, on the so-called Kahlenberg, is what was once a monastery, but now is a most pleasant place for the Vienna burghers to resort to on a summer afternoon or general holiday. The white walls that surround the buildings, and the buildings themselves, may all be seen from the streets or windows of Vienna; and it is a refreshing sight from your room in the Burg Strasse, or as you walk in the broad glacis between the People's Garden and Josefstadt, to look across the long line of upland which here forms the background to the memorable old city.

In going out yonder we come to Naesdorf, lying low on ground where doubtless the Danube once flowed, with islands of large trees every here and

there, and woods, and scattered houses, and poplars, and broad meadows; and still farther lies Dobling, with its large and pretty gardens; and where the road suddenly descends, you come to Heiligenstadt. Turn to your left and you are once more among vineyards; and, as you mount, the Kahlenberg, with its pile of buildings, stands high up in front. Once there, what a magnificent prospect opens before you; an undulating tract of country, with pasture land and vineyards form the immediate foreground, and beyond this, low down, the villages you passed in coming, lie half buried in foliage. To the right are woods, and the ridge of the hill slopes down southwards, shutting in the scene, and keeping back the winds that otherwise would blow down here. And, where the vast plain begins, is Vienna, beside the stream which lords it over all the countries where it passes, tearing down embankments, forming new channels across the land, and creating green islands as it rolls along. To the east, in the dim distance, sloping downward to meet the plain, is an indistinct line of hills—the lesser Carpathian range, which yonder, at Presburg, has its termination.

How Vienna spreads itself out, its suburbs being much more considerable than the city itself. The large buildings, the noble palaces, the many towers high over all, and the spire of St. Stephen's, rising like a thing growing up into heaven, all give token of an imperial city.

Its very site seems to denote that it was intended to play an all important part in history; with one hand stretching westward, where there is culture and moral discipline, with the other stretched out towards the east, with its Arab hospitality and barbaric splendour, where minds, uncultivated like the land, yield a rude harvest of their own. Here was once the boundary of civilisation: of western civilisation it is the boundary still.

On yonder fields rode Turkish horsemen, and tents and battalions, with the Crescent reared above them, filled the more distant plains. But beyond this spot the unbeliever could not penetrate westward; here, against the high walls of Vienna, he broke his strength, and for ever. There the imperial city stood like a bulwark against invading barbarism. She did her duty well, but the virtue was a negative one. Another era has come, and with it other duties. Austria, "Land of the East," has now an active part to perform. It is not enough, as heretofore, to stem the torrent that threatened to destroy the civilisation of the West; she must arise and go forth, and carry civilisation eastward. Her magnificent river seems to offer the course to carry her thither; to push irresistibly onward in the direction in which she, too, should go. It was the counsel of the great Eugene that Austria should turn all her strength against the Osmanlis, and, instead of struggling to hold Naples, force back the

Crescent, and thus necessarily gain land and influence where it had been made to disappear.

The time is coming, or, rather, it is close at hand, for Austria to turn her looks in the direction towards which her broad river flows. It may not be disregarded, for the like does not often occur. But she must act, not wait; go forward, not merely look on; be in advance of events, not as hitherto, always a day or a week too late. The approaching Eastern Question opens for Austria a vast field for adding to her power, for increasing her wealth. But her policy must be firm, or, rather, she must have a policy. She must not, as in home questions, be influenced by the changing circumstances of the hour, and drift along, trusting to some good genius to save her from wreck. For then who would care to be her ally? And an ally she must have, a strong ally; one whose interest in the questions at issue is as great as her own; an ally whose interests do not cross, nor are crossed by, those of Austria, and to whom a strong friendly military power near those eastern lands must be a matter of no small importance. Such an ally is England.

Vienna, September 16, 1866.

THE Archduke Albert has left town for Weilburg, and thither on this bright September afternoon I intend to follow him. It is a relief to quit the town, and leave the noise and bustle behind, and to taste the pure air, and enjoy the quiet that may be

obtained in half an hour's drive from the great city of Vienna.

To-day we turn towards Schönbrunn. We are not, as when going to the Kahlenberg, soon in the country, but have to pass through densely peopled suburbs—through Maria Helf and Fünfhaus before reaching the barrier, and then comes a populous district, noisy with the rattling of endless vehicles and shaky omnibuses that all day long take people to and fro.

But at last all the houses are behind us, the air is fresher, the pavement is changed for the high road; there is a garden and now a meadow, and yonder are large trees, and you look down at the long extended Palace of Schönbrunn. Involuntarily at the mention of it we think of him who here dictated terms to the ruler of the oldest European monarchy; and of the youth who, later, when the conqueror was in his turn subdued, wandered about the gardens, purposely kept inactive, and naturally unambitious.

It looks pleasant, that light-coloured mansion; with its green window-blinds, and the spacious courts, and the trim, neatly-kept surroundings. There are no lofty hills here, as to the north of Vienna, but still there are hills gently rising westward, so as to shut in and give an air of snugness to the intermediate space lying between you and them. As you look thitherwards on approaching Schönbrunn there are such pleasant peeps

to be obtained, and villas and massy foliage and villages are so blended, that you feel a desire to explore that verdant region, and see what that green, shady world is like; and so you reach Hitzing, as pretty a village as you will find anywhere. There are public gardens here, with tables neatly and cleanly spread, where the townfolks come to dine or sup, and officers on duty here are sipping their coffee and smoking their cigars.

Farther on, the Duke of Brunswick has a small country seat in an English garden, and here the King of Saxony has taken up his abode. Opposite to it is another public garden. But let us return to Schönbrunn. The spacious grounds are in the Louis Quatorze style, with walls of clipped foliage and diverging avenues, and waterfalls, with tritons of stone, and dolphins, and gods and goddesses. The walks and parterres in front of the palace are of immense breadth, and the symmetry that reigns everywhere. The rows of white marble figures on large pedestals, and some in niches of foliage, have all a stately air, and you are almost inclined to bow to the sedate-looking clipped yew-tree, or to Polyphemus, as you go by. At a distance from the palace this artificial state of things ceases, a shrub is not expected to look as prim as a chamberlain. The wood is left to grow in its natural state, and, on the top of the hill, oaks are scattered over the grass, and you might imagine yourself in an English park. Seats are placed everywhere, and all this royal garden

is open to the public for the enjoyment and delectation of those who choose to come. There is no difference made between the well and poorly clad; and the workman, in his week-day dress, sits quietly beneath the marble Hercules facing the palace windows, and unconcernedly smokes his pipe. The god's club is uplifted as though he were going to dash his brains out for the sacrilege, but he does the man no harm, nor the gendarmes either who are lounging about on duty. There is something generous in thus sharing with all comers the pleasure-ground immediately round your house, and letting them enjoy your flowers, your fountains, and the cool shade. But it is so throughout Germany, and I have often profited by the permission, and while watching the throngs that strolled about at will, have wondered at the unrestricted liberty whoever chose to enter, enjoyed.

At the upper end of the path, where there are pleasant shrubberies and paths leading in all directions, and nightingales that answer each other unceasingly, you emerge by a side gate upon the Maria Theresa Road. A broad expanse lies before you, not a plain, for there are undulations, taking away that monotony which would be present were such a space even and unbroken. It is dotted everywhere with wood; and hamlets, and villages, and church towers, some near and some dwindling in the distance, help the perspective, and show how far apart the different points are. As you look you

cannot help thinking how like it is to a Surrey landscape.

From the hill-top where you stand an avenue of limes leads down the slope in front, and rising again yonder, crosses the country in a line as undeviating as a Roman road. Another such avenue leads to the pretty country residence Hetzendorf, belonging to the Crown. Here, too, are gardens open to the public. It is here the Prince Royal of Saxony, the most intimate friend the Emperor has, has taken up his residence.

Close by this passes the railroad, the Great Southern leading to Italy, and as we move along with it the country on the right becomes more and more picturesque. We are close to a line of hills, which, from the abruptness of their forms, and the steep hollows which are in their sides, are seemingly of limestone; wood and rock now intermingle, the road grows more and more pleasing, till, at last, the picturesqueness culminates in that lovely spot, Baden. It is to Vienna what Richmond and Twickenham are to London. It is beautiful in itself from the mere site, with rocks and most picturesque valley, and forest and upland. And, in addition to this, art has done its best, surrounding the endless villas with gardens gay with flowers. The whole place speaks of pleasant, easy life, as if it were always holiday. At Baden the Archduke Albert has his seat, Wielburg, where he now is

with his fair daughter,* who, it is said, may, if she choose, wear later the crown of Italy.

Thus Vienna is, we see, singularly favoured in having close to its walls delightful country places to which its inhabitants may repair. How few cities are there of such an extent, from the very centre of which you may in less than an hour emerge, and for a few pence be among vineyards, or sitting in a park, or on the hill-top; and yet Vienna is essentially *grande ville*—a first class city. Its palatial buildings, the busy life of its streets, the various inhabitants from different parts of the world, especially from the East, all denote its importance. It is not so merry as it used to be, (so say the Viennese) but even now there is no lack of amusement, or of participators in it. Setting aside the political tribulation, it is no wonder if they have a different air from formerly. Now they study, not merely read, the newspapers. At seven in the morning you will see the housemaid, who has been sent to fetch the journal for her master, stopping on the way to read it. Was the like ever seen before? Was it ever heard of, or if it had been heard of, would it have been believed? That the classic Vienna "Stuben Madel" should trouble her head about politics was too unnatural for even a Nestroy to think of introducing on the stage. And now look out of the window. There stands

* The Princess Matilda, whose tragical death is recorded in a subsequent chapter.

the slip-shod cobbler's apprentice with his scrubby head diving between the uncut sheets of the "Presse," heedless of the kicks and elbowings he gets from the passers by. He is far away at Custozza, or is hurrying over the Elbe, leaving Königgratz behind him, or he is deep in an insolent answer of Bismark to Austria; and the young shoemaker's soul is wroth, and he thinks if only he could be allowed to tackle that bullying Prussian with a good "waxed-end!"

Yonder "Fiaker" too, he who used to be the jolliest of the jolly, whose jokes were proverbial, and whose smartness characteristic, he is not bantering his neighbour or even looking out for a fare. You want his carriage, but he does not hear your signal. He too is immersed in his journal, wondering if he really ever is to have a constitutional government, and if the Reichsrath will be summoned. Can we wonder then that such a change has come over Vienna, when a "Stuben Madel" reads the newspaper, and a "Fiaker" discusses politics? What marvel are we to have next? Can we be surprised at anything when such events come to pass? What did people care about papers and politics formerly? They might well be merry in those days; but that El Dorado time, that state of civic innocence, is over now—men every morning eat an apple from the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the fruit has often a bitter taste which they cannot get rid of the whole day long.

Here in Vienna we have a street named after

Count Auersperg,* the author of that noble collection of poems, "Spaziergang eines Wiener Poeten," "Rambles of a Viennese Poet," and of that charming cycle of ballads entitled "Der Letzter Ritter," ("The Last of the Knights,") and who, as if he wanted something to exhilarate him in these critical times, has lately translated all our "Robin Hood" poems into German verse. In addition to an "Auersperg-gasse," there is close by a "Lenau-gasse" in memory of the unfortunate poet who nursed his melancholy and his mental depression till his fancies became spectres—till his thoughts, tossed about like a ship without rudder and without compass on a dreary ocean, grew into wild entanglement; and, the last flickering gleams of reason going out, down he sank into an abyss where all was darkness and stagnation, and unending night. Nor are those who have a taste for grey antiquity forgotten, for "Niebelungen-gasse" meets the view at the corner of one of the streets.

The following account of Count Bismark, communicated to Mr. Boner at this time by an acquaintance who had recently returned from Berlin, is sufficiently interesting to be inserted as a con-

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cluding letter from him to the "Daily News." His connexion with that paper as "Special Correspondent" at Vienna, lasted from the time when the treaty of commerce between England and Austria was arranged, until the conclusion of the Seven Weeks' War, and terminated in the autumn of the year 1866.

Vienna, September 27.

"I never yet," said my informant, who, however, has had opportunities of meeting men of great energy and ability, "I never yet saw any one who so impressed me with an idea of power. Count Bismark believes in himself, and fully so. He believes he is called on to do a certain work, and that he is quite able to accomplish it. His power of endurance is very great. He often sits up night after night working hard. During the campaign he never slept more than three hours out of the twenty-four. This is less than Napoleon the First, who, under similar circumstances, took four hours' sleep. But you see the effect this constantly continued work has upon him. His face is seamed all over: he has quite dark lines under the eyes, and the eyes themselves are bloodshot. He looks like a man who is quite knocked up by being overworked, and yet he is gay, and jovial, and pleasant, and cheery. When I came in he shook hands, and at once offered me a cigar. I told him I did not smoke. 'Oh nonsense,' said he: 'I am sure you do. Why everybody smokes,

the whole world smokes.' What surprised me most was his thorough openness in conversation. Without the least reserve he spoke of his intentions, of the future of Prussia and of Germany. For an hour and a half he thus went on speaking. His resolve is indomitable; but he also feels certain of going through with the work before him. The king is, of course, a mere tool in his hands; but it shows his great skill and dexterity in turning such an instrument to serve his purpose."

I here mentioned that Bismark was reported to have said that he had the greatest possible trouble to get the king along, and that when the gap was to be crossed which separated peace from war, he could not get him over: once over, however, there was no holding him, and he fairly ran away.

"He said the very same thing to me," observed my acquaintance. "His words were 'He took the bit between his teeth,'" (a literal rendering of the French expression). "As I said before, it was the thorough openness of the man that so greatly surprised me. And there was no acting a part; it was no assumed ingenuousness; that you saw and felt at once. There is no stiffness in his manner. He is quite natural, with nothing of the air or manner you expect to find in a minister. He is all day long overwhelmed with business, with giving audiences, &c. I went to him in the Chamber, and sent in my card. He came out to me, and said he could not then stay, as he was just going to make a speech,

but if I would come later in the evening to his house he should be happy to see me. Even then, at that late hour, he was giving audiences. When all were gone he came and led me into his room."

I asked about his personal appearance.

"He is tall—more than six feet—and well and strongly built. He is a fine handsome figure, broad-chested, and gives you the idea of possessing vigorous health. And he must have a good constitution to work as he does. He has a fine towering head, broad in front, broad too behind. The photographs of him are not like, they do not give you a notion of the man. I do not think him liberal in the sense that you and I are liberal. There is no doubt that what he thinks best he will enforce, but what he does is, he believes, for the good and glory of Prussia."

CHAPTER III.

"It is no doubt an event in a man's life to be for the first time in love, but it is no less so when, for the first time (at Belgrade), he sees a genuine live Turk on Eastern ground."—TRANSYLVANIA, by Charles Boner.

IN September, 1865, Mr. Boner's largest and most important work, "Transylvania," was published in London. The description, with which it commences, of the great river that connects Eastern and Western Europe, will be read with additional interest by those who consider that the author was at this very time frequently travelling between Pesth and Vienna, contemplating the scenes he describes so well. The letters which follow were written from Pesth, Munich, and the gay capital of Austria, which he cordially liked and quitted with regret, not before he was absolutely compelled to resign his appointment by continued indisposition. Mr. Boner endeavoured vainly, for some time, to counteract the effect of the heat of Vienna, in summer, by short visits to the neighbouring Baths, or among the mountains.

We find the following among records of his impressions of travel at this period:—

"The Danube is something magnificent. It produces a strange melancholy feeling, and it is master here. It rolls on through these vast plains, deluging them at times, and tearing away whole tracts with its waters. The American rivers must have a similar character. The Rhine and the Thames are mill-streams in comparison with it. For a European—for one who has not seen the rivers of America—it is worth while to come down here by boat that he may behold the mighty stream, and be witness of its power, and see how it lords it over everything around.

"As we proceed the river is covered with fowl, ducks, geese, and herons wheeling in the air, or alighting with a whirring commotion on the broad expanse of water. Near Presburg I saw the water-raven (karoly-katona in Hungarian): they make a circle like fishermen, to drive the fish; and, after remaining all day in the water, roost at night in trees, although web-footed.

"By degrees all changes more and more; our old every-day scenes give way to others on which men with other looks are moving. The land is flat like the desert, and the slightest elevation is seized and dwelt upon by the wearied eye, glad of any object to break the monotony. The water was low just now, and long banks of sand showed everywhere in the river. The broken banks, too, on either side, gave evidence of the power of the stream. There were few villages, and you felt as you went on,

hour after hour, that it was very dismal. The sunlight, even, could not make the Danube here look cheerful. Now, on a long strip of sand in the middle of the river stands a solitary white figure, with a boat drawn up on the shoal; far or near, no human habitation, and the lonely man seems like a wrecked mariner cast upon this great solitude."*

Mr. Boner's perfect knowledge of the German language and familiarity with the literature, customs, and politics of the German, Hungarian, Roumanian, and Sclavonic nations gave infinite variety as well as depth to his communications from Vienna to the different London journals. He brought to bear, on the voluminous topics set before him, the full force of a most powerful and highly cultivated intellect; as well as an intimate acquaintance, such as few Englishmen could obtain, with society in the most exclusive circles. His manner was very winning, disposing persons of all classes to place confidence in him, and to assist, by all the means in their power, his evident wish to acquire information. He never neglected any opportunity, however trifling, of increasing his store of knowledge, and he entered warmly into the interests, the joys and sorrows, of his fellow-mortals. There was a ring in his clear voice, a kind sparkle in his bright eyes, a buoyant cheerfulness even

* "Transylvania," by Charles Boner.

in his elastic tread, which inspired pleasure as he drew near, and made his departure regretted; and this was felt, not only by his friends, but in every cottage or castle he might casually enter or quit.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

Munich,
January 1st, 1867.

I AM here later than I had intended, having been unwell just as it was my intention to leave Vienna. But I arrived a week before Christmas. You know how great a fête this is in Germany, and how pretty the festival is on Christmas Eve. This was the first time my daughter celebrated it in her own household, and she was overjoyed at the arrangements she had to make and at having me with her. Her little boy is really a picture: a beautiful healthy child. His delight at seeing the Christmas tree lighted up was very great.

Horschelt has been unanimously chosen by the artists here to be sent to Paris as one of the jury for the distribution of prizes. A large picture of his will be in the Exhibition: a very fine work: a Combat in the Caucasus among the Mountains. Thanks for the slip out of the "Pall Mall Gazette." I

am glad "Transylvania" is so favourably noticed. The book has been mentioned in the German and Transylvanian journals, and in the Ministry of Commerce at Vienna, they have come to the decision, so I was told, that it is the best work on Transylvania which they have. This at all events is satisfactory.

The comparative quiet of this place after a life at Vienna is most pleasant to me, and does me good. In Vienna I hear nothing from morning till night but about politics, and though the present moment is one of great interest—of painful interest, all being so uncertain—it is very worrying to have one's thoughts continually directed, without even a momentary intermission, to one and the same subject. Here, in Munich, there is no political life, and as this is my holiday I am glad of it.

The only fault I have to find with this place is, that it is piercing cold. After Vienna, where the climate is milder, the inclement weather is painfully felt. But there is a set-off to such disagreeables. I have many friends, artists, literary men, and others, and it is pleasant to go from one studio to another and see and talk about the works completed or in progress.

Many painters are getting works ready for the Paris Exhibition, and there will be a goodly show from here.

In about three weeks I return to Vienna, and then the *dolce far niente* is at an end. It must be

pleasant now round your English hearth, the curtains drawn, and the winds blowing boisterously without. Here we have the wind without the cheerful blazing fire. Yours,

CHARLES BONER.

Vienna,
Feb. 20, 1867.

"TRANSYLVANIA" is preparing for publication (in German, at Leipsic) which I am glad of, but it gives me much trouble, as I look over the translation and correct it before it goes to press.

The extract from the "Field" you were kind enough to send me pleased me exceedingly. It was extremely gratifying. I should like the little work* to have a good circulation.

I wonder what is said in England about the arrangement with Hungary. The Hungarians have now everything they could ask for. We shall see how they manage their affairs. They will have difficulties enough to encounter, for the Croats, to begin with, have resolutely refused to put themselves under Magyar rule.

Munich,
April 5, 1867.

THERE is no end of work of one kind or another, and not only my own business at Vienna had to

* "Guide for the Traveller in the Plain and on the Mountain"

be attended to, which was more than enough, but other people gave me theirs into the bargain. It is the most unwise thing in the world to be reliable, for then you are sure to be entrusted with all sorts of things to do. I left Vienna on the twenty-second of March, and probably stay here till the end of April.

Horschelt left for Paris the morning after I arrived here. Nothing is ready in Paris except some of the art departments. Horschelt's picture is a very fine work: it attracted much notice here, and will do so, I am sure, in Paris too.

You are indeed in Dreamland when you imagine that the Hungarians can be counselled or told how to manage their affairs. Moreover, they look upon me as their enemy since "Transylvania" appeared. No Hungarian can bear criticism, however friendly the spirit in which it is made. In May I go to Pesth for the Coronation, which will no doubt be a magnificent affair. The fountains will run with wine, and there will be no end to the demonstrations of joy.

The translation of "Transylvania" has occasioned me much trouble. Few persons have any notion what translation is; and few persons are good translators. It is an art and a difficult one. None but an author can know how vexatious it is to have carefully written passages imperfectly rendered.

Vienna,
May 18, 1867.

ON Sunday I sought refreshment and change of scene on the Chattenberg, overlooking Vienna. I went very early and had a delicious walk across meadows, through suddenly discovered villages lying in low vales, and along woodland paths where birds were singing on every tree. As I intended to remain out long I took writing materials with me, as to give a whole day to mere enjoyment was more than I could afford. Your letter was between the sheets of paper, and I meant to begin my answer thus: "I am sitting here on the Chattenberg beneath the trees, and Vienna, and the Danube, and the plains of Hungary are spread out before me." So I had already commenced in thought, yet nothing came of my fine plan. The day was cold for sitting out in the open air, though pleasant for walking, and I was obliged to give up my intention of remaining out till the evening, and after having dined, began my walk homewards. To-day I have a little breathing time.

You may have seen by the papers that Horschelt got a first prize gold medal at Paris. There were but seven given exclusive of those to France. I enjoyed my stay at Munich much. Thank God I am much better in health — better and stronger. The day for the Coronation at Pesth is not yet fixed. I go there some days before the ceremony, and stay till all is over. I shall be glad to be back

here again, and to have the work done. "Transylvania" is to appear, in German, in October.

The weather here is very genial. There is nothing like fresh air! It is my delight—it is food and refreshment, and almost inspiration to me. One or two letters of mine have not been printed. At least they were not in the journal which is sent to me. There is often a want of space when it happens that a heap of letters and intelligence come at once. But it not unfrequently happens (as lately with a letter which was lost) that the very letter I should most care *not* to have omitted is that for which room could be found.

Horschelt has been named Professor of the Academy of Munich. At Paris his picture is exceedingly admired. The Art Exhibition is very interesting. Belgium and France well represented: the Bavarian departments of art particularly good.

Bodenstein, whom I was with in May, is gone to Meiningen as Intendant of the Theatre. The duke and duchess both like him much, and his position there is most agreeable: I am very glad, as he is so kind, and always ready to assist others. I was as usual much with Liebig while in Munich; now he is at Paris.

Kaulbach I was with, and he was (as is not unfrequently the case when we get together) full of fun. How we laughed! To see him work is a real pleasure. The most exquisite forms of beauty grow beneath his hand, while he seems to be playing

merely with the charcoal in his fingers. He was drawing a scene for "Mary Stuart" when I was with him. How pleased he was with my daughter's little boy; he walked about with him, played with him, showed him the pigeons, and would not leave off talking to and looking at him.

Baths, near Vienna,
June 4, 1867.

I write a few lines now, because to write from Pesth is impossible. When there I have not time to write letters to the papers. If I accomplish that, and still manage to get sufficient rest at night, I shall be satisfied. As it is, I never have a moment—absolutely not a moment—to read anything but the papers and other political writings; and if I one day take a half-holiday, I pay for it the next by a double amount of work. If I did not work with great quickness, it would be impossible to arrange it all. I came here on Tuesday, and leave to-morrow for Vienna. The day after, I go to Pesth.

The air here and the Baths do me great good, and then the delicious quiet. But, though up at five, I only take a walk in the evening. Were I to go out by day, I should be so behindhand that I should never redeem the time lost. It is a great temptation to go out in this exquisite valley, shady and cool, and to enjoy the pure air; but one letter after another has to be answered, one article after another to be written, so that literally the pen is never out of my hand.

This place is most lovely. I took a walk late yesterday evening, after being at the writing-table all day. The immediate neighbourhood and farther off are beautiful.

The translation of the speech you noticed was, like all I have done of late, a race against time. The watch lay before me, and there were few minutes to spare. The account of the opening of the Reichsrath next day was also written at full gallop. It will perhaps have interested you. Now adieu; for a long piece of work is before me.—Yours,

CHARLES BONER.

THE CORONATION OF THE KING OF HUNGARY.*

Pesth, June 7.

I ARRIVED here yesterday evening. The station and approaches to it were crowded with people, all pressing forward as eagerly as though each comer with the train had been the Emperor himself. There was absolutely nothing to see but visitors like myself; it may be, however, that the fact of our coming to the Coronation invested us with interest in the eyes of the people of Pesth; for, though I cannot conceive what there is to be seen in an ordinary traveller stepping out of an ordinary railway train, they stood in such dense masses that to pass through them and get away to your destination was

* See the "Standard."

as vain an attempt as to try to get through a brick wall. Now and then a policeman, of whom there were plenty doing nothing, would be moved inwardly, and waxing very wroth, would make a rush at the crowd, and press the people back for an instant. But this caused only a laugh at the sudden fit, and, like a wave broken for a moment, the crowd surged onward again, and was a mass as before. The best thing was to wedge yourself in between those next you, and trust to fate and your elbows to get clear of the throng. The chances of success and failure were pretty equal. Outside the crowd were the hackney and other carriages, which ran into, against, upon, and over each other; all bent on keeping to one spot, though occupied by a dozen others, with intentions, as to aim, of the most conflicting nature. But still there they were all of a heap, mixed up together (wheels, poles, horses' heads) in wonderful entanglement, and each coachman evidently desirous of not giving way, and of passing over the bodies (human bodies and carriage bodies) of the rest. In Vienna, narrow as the streets are and numerous the vehicles, no lock takes place, owing to the admirable order that is maintained. I could not help wishing that the Hungarians, in managing their affairs, now they have their Government, may display more skill in ordering them than was here shown in keeping order. Perhaps all their skill in this respect is reserved for to-morrow, when the procession is to take its long way through the town. One of the authorities

told me to-day there were more than 200,000 visitors here. This morning, from the Eastern provinces, one train brought 3000 guests. The streets are crowded. Not only all Pesth, but all Hungary, seems to be assembled in them. The whole day the crowds of holiday-keepers are pouring through the streets, though there is little to be seen except the tribunes everywhere erected by the town authorities for spectators. Here and there only is some adorning, as at that spot where the Queen will take her stand to see the Emperor ride up the artificial hill, and, curvetting round, strike with his sword in the direction of the four points of the compass. And it was very wise not to attempt decoration. For the procession itself, the dresses of the great dignitaries of the Church and of the nobles, the caparisons of the horses, the banners and the throng of attendants—all this will be so magnificent and gorgeous, that the ordinary decoration of the streets and houses would sink into insignificance, and look mean and tawdry. On either side of the entrance to the Suspension Bridge, along the quay on the Pesth side of the river, tribune on tribune is erected. On this open space the artificial hill, made of earth sent from all the "comitate" of Hungary, is formed. It is a mere mound: on all four sides a sloping way, with a barrier on each side, leads to what may be called the table-land of the summit. Here will take place the last act of the ceremony. The whole cavalcade will then cross the bridge and wind up the hill to the

palace at Ofen. Before this, on a high tribune erected in front of the parish church of Pesth, the King will take the coronation oath. Arrived at this spot he will dismount from his horse, and, ascending the tribune, raise his right hand and repeat the duties he promises to perform as King, before the people, the Church and State dignitaries, and the members of the Diet. Then descending and remounting his horse he will advance towards the mound. It will be a hard day's work for all concerned, spectators and actors, and for none more so than for the chief personage. At seven the ceremony will begin in the parish church at Ofen; afterwards will follow a ceremonial in the garrison church. There is the long descent and crossing the Danube to reach Pesth, and the procession through the town. If no rain fall to-night to cool the air a little the heat will be intolerable. To-day it is most intense. The sun pours down his rays as fervidly as though the vines which he is feeding with his beams stood on the slopes round Syracuse. Man and beast all pant and are exhausted. Each creature longs for rain, a little rain only, that to-morrow it may be quite fine. Should it not be so the ceremony would be postponed. To-morrow is St. Medardus, a saint always connected with rain.

To-morrow the bridge will be closed to all comers. To supply a means of communication between the two cities, one bridge of boats has been thrown across the river at the upper part of Ofen, and another at

the other end of the town. A steamer will convey the Queen across, after the Coronation in the church at Ofen, and land her at the quay in Pesth, whence her majesty has but a few steps to the balcony prepared for her.

From my window I look out on the magnificent river. It is alive with steamers plying to and fro, dressed with flags. On the chains of the bridge, the whole way across, groups of banners are placed. A breeze has sprung up and they are fluttering in the sunshine, and show all their different colours. On the very tops of the piers—a giddy height—places for spectators are arranged: in short, every available spot is turned to account. Tier above tier of well-packed human beings will line the way through which the calvacade must pass.

On Thursday morning the Emperor and Empress received the Diet (first the Upper and then the Lower House) in the throne-room of the palace of Ofen. The King stood on the right hand, the Queen on the left of the throne, and between them was the Prince Royal. The Ministers were on the left of the throne, and further back, in a row, stood the ladies in attendance on the Queen. Her Majesty wore a magnificent diadem and a Hungarian cap of black velvet, with a veil of white lace.

In the afternoon the insignia were brought from the place of security where they are kept, to the private apartment of their Majesties. This act is accompanied by much ceremony. The *Judex Curiæ*

has to arrange this important matter with the two keepers of the Crown, and with the deputations consisting of six members of the Upper, and six members of the Lower House, destined to carry the tabernacle or chest containing the precious relics. When all concerned were assembled, the chest was raised from its place of deposit, and, accompanied by the Grand Marshal of the Court, the Imperial and Royal commissioners, the *Judex Curiæ*, the deputation, and six men of the Hungarian body guard, was borne to the apartment of the King. There, in the royal presence, the chest was opened and the crown and the other insignia laid on the table prepared for them.

In the evening the Queen held a levee, and, as usual, enchanted all present by her amiability, conversing, for the most part, in Hungarian. This circumstance delights the Hungarians, and they never fail to mention it when speaking of their queen.

June 8.

THE great ceremony is over. All went on well. The weather was as fine as could be desired, and, though no rain fell during the night, the air was somewhat cooler than yesterday. The spectacle of to-day was magnificent; and as at the trial of Warren Hastings the court adjourned after the speech of Sheridan, "in order to recover from its effect," so after the gorgeous sight of this morning repose and quiet are necessary to collect one's thoughts,

and recover from its influence. To describe the scene with all its Eastern magnificence, its barbaric pomp, its display, and its splendour, is quite impossible. But for the spectators in "Frank costume," as the Turks call it, you might have fancied yourself at some Asiatic court, where a great pageant was taking place. It might be some great Khan, who had collected around him from far and near, the powerful chiefs who came to do him homage in all their glory; or some Indian Prince or Shah of Persia might, for aught one could know to the contrary, have summoned the great rulers of the neighbouring lands, including the descendants of Timour, to meet him here this day; so un-European was every warlike figure, so much did the ornament and the prodigal wealth, the gold and silver and the profusion of jewels, tell and remind the spectator of the East. Then, too, ceremonies in the open air, bishops, in mitre and long golden vestments, on horseback—would mark the pageant as not belonging to our part of the globe.

My account of it I must reserve till to-morrow. The ceremony began punctually at seven in the church at Ofen. At a little after six the greater number of places were already filled. By a quarter to nine the mass which concluded the ceremony was over. The procession then descended the hill to Pesth, and by about twelve, the last act, that of riding up the mound—was accomplished.

Pesth, June 9.

ALREADY at five o'clock yesterday morning the road leading up the hill to Ofen was alive with crowds of persons hastening on to get to their places in the tribunes erected along the road side, or to find some commanding spot whence the procession could be seen. But he who would obtain such must needs be early. At somewhat past six, on leaving the bridge to go to the church in the town above, the road was lined with troops to keep a clear space, and passing up the centre I managed to get pretty quickly to my destination. The entrance to the church was hung with gold-fringed crimson drapery, descending from the summit of the portal, and behind this was a mantle of ermine, such as we see in the emblazonment of a royal or ducal coat of arms. Above was the crown of St. Stephen in large dimensions.

The first entry to the church, looking straight down the long nave, presented an aspect which for me had a peculiar charm. From the portico inwards stood on either side a row of high church dignitaries, in their broad vestments of pale gold, the bishops with their mitres and croziers, others with the cross, and those of less high rank in spotless white lawn. Here, too, stood in waiting, ushers, pages, etc., in their rich uniforms, all distinctly seen and recognisable in the daylight that streamed down on them from without—that morning bright-

ness which was now being left behind. But farther on the light was softened; there was a dimness rather—so at least it seemed after the sunshine—and there was a confusion of colour, and of forms, and of light and shade. For some distance there is shadow; on either side the church are dense masses of spectators, tier above tier, with here and there a figure moving about below in the open space, wand in hand, to direct the comers to their places. The columns of the church are hung with red damask, and from the roof coloured banners are hanging, and their bright tints can still be discerned against the white stone background. Then there are green wreaths hanging in festoons from pillar to pillar, and masses of ivy fall from them and from the capitals like long fringe, as though it had grown here and climbed round the stone for centuries. The line of chandeliers with their lighted candles makes a mere twinkling here. But yonder in front, at the end of this avenue of shade, there is a mass of brightness, for the morning sun sends in all his rays at a side window. Yet there is little colour here; the Gothic work of the altar is of pale gold, and there is tracery and scroll work, and an intricacy of forms which cannot well be made out. And here, too, are priests in white garments, and others, as the sunbeams fall on them, can be seen robed in long cloaks of gold. On the right of the altar is a raised seat under a canopy of rich stuff; it is here the King and Queen are to sit. In this part of the

church the walls are entirely covered with old Gobelins, and, the floor being carpeted, everywhere a quiet tone meets the eye.

In front, to the left of the altar, sat the foreign ministers and the members of their different embassies. Opposite them were the places reserved for the ladies of the Court; then came the high civil and military dignitaries and the members of the Lower House.

As the hour of seven approached, the body guard of halberdiers entered and took up their places from the portal down the whole length of the church. A troop of banner-bearers in the most gorgeous Hungarian costume, their velvet allilas of different colours covered with jewels, took up their places near the door ready to join the procession. Some of the banners were of light blue silk embroidered with silver; others crimson; some quite white with gold fringe; and on all were emblazonings, or the effigy of a saint. Then Hungarian ladies rustled by, combating with the weight of their long trains, and smiling and nodding to friends whom they recognised as they passed. Most of them wore the becoming Hungarian cap, and that and the bodice, in almost every instance, glittered with diamonds. Noble after noble passed on, each in a dress more splendid than that of his predecessor; now in dolman of purple velvet bordered with sable, and a broad lappet of fur covering the shoulders; now in light blue silk bordered with snowy white fur; or

there would be one with a green velvet mantle, reaching midway below the knee, lined too with costly fur, and the sleeves that were hanging down, open in olden fashion, with rows of buttons encrusted an inch high with pearls and amethysts. And from shoulder to shoulder passed a broad massy chain of gold, studded at intervals with great discs of jewels. The lower man (that now was hardly seen) was in like fashion. The sabre in its velvet sheath was encrusted with precious stones, and the belt which girded it to the wearer was an heirloom that was sometimes a marvel of Eastern workmanship, dating, like the rare sword-blade, from past centuries, when the land was so frequently a fief of the Porte.

The great moment must be near. A regiment of hussars pass by—I can see them through the open doorway—and a troop of the Banderium—a self-constituted guard of the inhabitants of Pesth—in blue and white, also ride by. A long row of bishops take up their places from the entrance some way down the church. The Greek bishops, with long beards, look very patriarchal. They wear, not mitres, but a sort of large round metal crown, globe-like and studded with garnets, emeralds, and other stones. Some are aged men, and their white beards flow low down over the breast; but several are young, and all have handsome features.

From without are now heard—it is seven o'clock—loud shouts of "Eljen!" which each moment

sound nearer and nearer. By bending forward I can see yonder through the portal the horses of the carriage with the Empress, and now something like the golden carriage which the good fairy summoned for Cinderella's use, stops before the church. It is one mass of gold, and from it the Queen descends. She kneels at the entrance—the Prince Primate offers her the crucifix and holy water, and this over, she rises and repairs to the chapel. As soon as the procession nears the church the trumpets in the organ gallery, and the roll of kettledrums, announce that their Majesties are approaching, and now the procession moves down the aisle towards the high altar.

The eleven banner-bearers walk in front; the Imperial Archdukes, the high court officers, the master of the horse with the sword of state, the bishop with the crucifix, the Hungarian herald in golden mantle emblazoned like a tabard and mace in hand, and other officers, with the captain of the guard, follow. There are also the pages, the keepers of the crown, and the bearers of the insignia, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, the ministers, etc. Finally comes the King, attended by two bishops, the captain of the guard, and the chief adjutant. In front of his Majesty on one side a bishop bears the cross, on the other side walks the Hungarian master of the horse. Immediately after comes the Queen. On her head she wears the crown. Her dress is white and silvery, and as she walks past

there is a hush and then a whisper of words of admiration. She certainly looks very beautiful. The mistress of the robes carries her train; the grand marshal of the court leads the way; on either side of her Majesty walk high church dignitaries; and the wife of the *Judex Curiæ* and two ladies of the Court follow.

Arrived at the high altar, their Majesties take their seats on the throne; the bearers of insignia carry them to the altar, on which the bishops lay them on cushions placed for the purpose. When the King has repaired to the lowest stèp of the altar, and bowed to the Primate, the ceremony begins. The oath is taken to do justice and to preserve peace; and the King, laying both hands on the Testament, ends the formula with the words, "*Sic me Deus adjuvet hæc Sancta Dei Evangelia,*" and, still kneeling on the ground, he kisses the crucifix which the Prince Primate holds towards him. Now, on cushions laid for him, he bows his face to the ground, while the Primate, kneeling, reads the Litany. All the bishops kneel also. At a certain passage the Primate rises, the crozier in his left hand, and makes the sign of the cross twice over the still prostrate King.

Then comes the anointing. After the preparation for this ceremony has taken place behind the high altar, the King returns, and, kneeling on the upper step of the altar, is anointed by the Primate on the

right arm and between the shoulders, prayers being said meanwhile.

Afterwards the cloak of St. Stephen is put on the shoulders of the King, and now begins the High Mass preceded by a loud blast of trumpets and roll of the kettledrums. Somewhat later the King receives, on his knees, the drawn sword of St. Stephen, and afterwards rising and sheathing it, it is girded on him by the attending bishops with the words *Accingere gladio,* etc. Then drawing it again, the King makes the four thrusts in the air towards the north, south, east, and west, and at the same moment the platoon fire of the troops announces the act to the people. But the moment now comes which interests all present most deeply —so it seems, at least, for there is a breathless watching, a straining forward to see whatever can be seen—a moment of intense suspense, as if the next few seconds were to decide the fate of every one present. Count Andrassy and the Primate place the crown of St. Stephen on the King's head. He is now *de facto* King of Hungary. The other bishops lay their hands on the crown, repeating the prescribed formula, "*Accipe coronam Regni,*" etc., and giving the blessing. The sceptre and the globe are then placed in the Sovereign's hands, the sword is ungirded from his side, and the guns without announce this second act in the ceremony. The King is then led to the throne accompanied by the banner-bearers, the herald, and all the great digni-

taries, and when these have taken their appointed places the Primate speaks the words, "*Sta et retine a modo locum, quem huc usque paterna successione tenuisti, hæreditario jure tibi a Deo delegatum per auctoritatem Omnipotentis Dei,*" etc.; and on Count Andrassy (or the Primate, I could not well distinguish which) uttering a few words, the whole assembly in the church burst forth with repeated cries of "*Eljen!*"

A salvo of artillery now roared from the citadel, and all the bells of Pesth and Ofen clashed forth at once, making known that the great event was accomplished.

The Primate is now sitting before the high altar. The King, with crown on head, advances towards him, and presenting the Queen with the words, "*Reverendissime Pater postulatus,*" &c., desires she may be crowned. The same ceremony is then proceeded with as before with his Majesty. She, too, is like him, anointed. The crown which before this had been taken from the head of the King and laid on the altar, is then placed for a moment, not on her Majesty's head, but on her right shoulder. She also receives the sceptre and globe, which, when the *Te Deum* is over, are taken from her hands, laid on the altar, and afterwards returned to the King. During part of the ceremony which follows both Sovereigns kneel in front of the altar; at another part the King stands erect with crown on head, and with globe and sceptre, on the uppermost step

of his throne. But before the elevation of the Host the Archbishop of Kalocsa takes the crown from the head of the King, and the Bishop of Vesprim removes that of her Majesty; and at the moment that the consecrated wafer is raised on high all present bend the knee, the banners are lowered, the point of the sword of state is turned downwards, and the herald takes off his cap and inverts his wand of office. Both Sovereigns then receive the Communion, and the solemn act is over.

The ceremony which followed, though I had a ticket for entering the church, I did not see. In a neighbouring church, to which the Emperor repaired on foot, a certain number of noblemen were touched on the shoulder by the King with his sword and named Knights of the Golden Spur.

The Queen returned to the Palace in the same state as when arriving at the church. Soon after, her Majesty, driving to the river side, was carried across by a steamer, in order to see from a balcony in the Francis Joseph Square the last act of that day's ceremony. The King, who had come to the church on horseback—all his attendants riding also—now with the crown on his head and the large mantle of St. Stephen over his shoulders, again mounted his horse in order to descend the hill, and, crossing the suspension bridge, reached the tribune facing the parish church of Pesth. On both sides of the open space tribunes were erected for the

members of the Diet, in whose presence the solemn act of swearing must take place.

They, too, were carried across the Danube in a steamer expressly prepared for them, and with it I went, and was landed opposite the church. The tribune might be raised about twenty feet, and a stair of easy ascent led up to it. Here, in presence of the people, their representatives, the clergy, and the nobles, the oath was to be taken promising to maintain the rights and liberties of his subjects, and the integrity of Hungary and the lands belonging to it; to be just also and righteous. Here, descending from his horse, the King ascended the tribune, the Master of the Horse, with drawn sword of state, and a bishop, with a cross, between the Primate and the Archbishop of Kalocsa, accompanying him. The Minister President, Count Andrassy, followed, as well as the other ministers, the Captain of the Guard, &c. In the midst of these the King stood three steps higher than the rest, and with his face turned towards the east, in his left hand the crucifix and his right hand raised to Heaven, he pronounced, in a loud clear voice, the promise of deep import. It was a solemn spectacle this royal oath-taking face to face with his people; and when the last word was spoken the cannon of the fortress on the height beyond the river joined their booming with the cries and mad rejoicing shouts which now filled the air.

Again mounting his horse the King and the

whole cavalcade came on towards the coronation mound. First advanced a squadron of Hussars, then the Banderium, or representatives of the different comitats, sometimes three and sometimes five of each, with their banners. Each comitat had its particular colours, and each seemed to vie in splendour with the other. The caparisoning of the horses was alone worth seeing, so rich were the trappings, so bright, and in many cases so costly. Sometimes the whole horsecloth covering the shoulders and haunches of the animal was like a honeycomb of gold; and in the corners the arms of the comitat were embroidered on a white ground in colours.

The riders of Pesth were in white, trimmed with light blue, their dolmans and caps also. This was a compliment to the queen, these being the colours of Bavaria. Three men of Pesth wore instead of dolman over their velvet vests a white wolf's skin pendant from their shoulders, the head of the animal coming over one shoulder and meeting the fastenings that passed under the other arm. The men of the Marmaros were there, with the massy bear-skins rolling in great folds of fur from their backs over the horse's haunches. Fifty-two comitats had sent their representatives, and all were different. There was no end to the variety of colour, to the diversity of accoutrement, to the changes that went on multiplying literally without end. After these came ushers of the court in modern costume, crimson and gold, then the royal pages,

chamberlains, magnates, ministers, knights of the different orders, banner-bearers, and the herald of Hungary. Now followed the keepers of the crown, the bearers of the insignia with the cushions, the one for the crown empty, but the *Judex Curiæ* bore the sceptre, the Ban of Croatia the globe, the Tavernicus the Pax, and a high Court dignitary the cross. Then came Count Andrassy, the archdukes, and all the bishops in mitre and vestments and with silver crosses, followed immediately by the King. After him rode the archbishops and mitred abbots. Then followed a detachment of the Hungarian body-guard, and lastly came a squadron of Hussars. Walking beside his Majesty were six men of the body-guard, and on the other side of all the riders walked either a Hussar in splendid uniform or a runner or other attendant in costume almost as rich as that of the cavalier of whom he was the servitor. The eye was dazzled, or rather bewildered, by the excess of splendour.

And now the cavalcade advances: the Hussars ride round the large open space and draw up in line; the men from the different comitats advance and post themselves in groups at intervals, and yonder in front, in the middle of the great square, is the coronation mound. Some distance off I see the King advancing. I recognise him by his face, by his crown and mantle, and the magnificent steed on which he is riding. Suddenly he moves forward from those by whom he is attended; at a hand

gallop he canters up the hill, and drawing his sword he thrusts in the air towards the east; wheeling round he does the same towards the west, and so on towards north and south, and cantering down the slope rejoins the procession. That warlike figure, alone on the mound, with the sky for background, and Ofen opposite on the hill, and the fortress on the rock further down, with the bright sun shining over all that extraordinary cavalcade, and the great river, and the thousands of expectant gazers, taken altogether formed a most strange and striking spectacle.

Nothing could surpass the perfection with which this part of the ceremony was performed. It was done with the ease and with the accuracy of a piece of clock-work. The galloping up the hill, the wheeling round and cantering down again showed the utmost exactitude. But had it not been so the effect would have been spoiled; for, from so prominent a position, the slightest mistake, the slightest difficulty in managing the noble steed, would have been perceptible. That charger was worthy to appear on such an occasion. As quiet as a lamb, he still seemed sensible of the office he was performing, and he paced along as proudly as it was possible to do. Neither the cannon nor the shouts disturbed him, nor slowly as he had to march, was there any impatience shown. Gently he sprang forward to the summit of the mound, and, haughtily prancing back, went again slowly on across the bridge to Ofen.

Pesth, June 11.

Now that the extraordinary spectacle which I have most inadequately described to you is over, it hardly seems possible that in the same streets where men and women are at present walking in sober European dress, a sight so curious could really have occurred. Was it not, after all, a dream; a sight beheld in imagination after reading long in some Eastern story-book; or did it really pass before our sight, called up to surprise our vision by a spell such as the necromancers of Egypt still assert they are in possession of

Here are brick and stone houses and paved streets; there is the Bourse where men traffic in "stock" and buy and sell paper for the other end of the globe; yonder are triumphs of modern science the magnificent Suspension Bridge built by English hands, and boats without sails or oars moving rapidly of themselves against the strong current of the river; the wires of the telegraph are overhead, and before me that wonder of the day, the modern newspaper, is being sold in the street for a penny. Can it be, then, I ask myself again, that the pageant I still dream of was a reality? If I almost doubt, it is because the whole transaction, gone through with so much seriousness, and to the manner of whose performance such great importance was attached, seems so utterly at variance with the life of modern Europe, with modern ideas, with modern civilisation. It is rather a passage in "Lalla Rookh" than in the

eventful story of the earnest nineteenth century. And it is a wonder how, with the best will, it could, amid such serious realities, have been achieved. For it is not as if this pageant had been got up merely as such; it is the importance which is attached to it that is so remarkable; the fact that in the barbaric splendour, the pomp and attributes of an Asiatic chief, the pith and marrow, the very kernel of the matter is thought to lie. For a looker on this coronation was most interesting. It was the incarnation of Hungarian nature; of its mode of viewing and estimating things; of its comprehension of the present, of its wistful yearning towards the past; and it showed you, in a wonderfully clear manner, how apart Hungary stood, and how little it was imbued in reality by those influences which have such power over the mind of Western Europe — the culture and the progress which are at once the marvel and the triumph of the nineteenth century.

I made use above of the expression "the incarnation of Hungarian nature;" and this festival, the manner of it, and all relating to it, is really such an incarnation. Especially so is that overvalue attached to whatever — no matter in how remote a time—was once connected with it. The past, with all its encumbering paraphernalia, incompleteness, and unfitness for modern wants, must still be dragged into and made to subsist in the present. The show, the outward glory, and the

semblance are estimated far more highly than sober usefulness. So it is with the old laws and social regulations and institutions. Whether practicable now or not is quite unimportant: what is of importance is to be able to say that they have undergone no modification. In England we have respect for ancient usage; but old ceremonies and customs and assertions of rights are held as mere reminiscences of that great lumber closet, the past; and for form's sake are observed at certain seasons only lest they should quite be forgotten. For form's sake —nothing more. The reason for this, no doubt, is that we, the individuals, have not meanwhile been standing still. The mental culture that has been going on, the more enlarged views which have been gained, make the old state of things—good enough in its day—no longer bearable. Not so here. It is just to this backward state that men cling so fondly. Mental progress has not made it unbearable.

The variety and magnificence of the dresses, not of the great nobles merely, but of those who represented the *comitate*, may hardly be described. Some were dressed in dark blue, with yellow boots, with a whole bear's skin over the shoulders, the cap of the skin of the panther. Others wore high Grenadier caps of white fur with white feather, the dress of green and gold, the pantaloons scarlet, with boots of green morocco. Then, too, those wearing the colours of the Queen, blue and white, the cloaks bordered with light grey fur, and in their caps a

light grey feather. Others were in crimson and gold, with blue pantaloons, the cap of blue velvet bordered with white fur, the attila also. Others wore long cloaks of green velvet with broad bars of gold, and sabre hilts and scabbards, while the sword-belt and chains that held the cloak across the shoulders were encrusted with stones. Each one elsewhere might have passed for a chief, or a powerful Khan.

No Rajah or Prince of Samarkand could surpass the wealth and splendour which some of the noblemen displayed. There was Count Edmund Bathyanyi, perhaps the most magnificent of all. He wore a coat of mail of silver, composed of 18,000 rings. The short sleeves and the bottom of this harness were bordered with zigzags of gold. Across this shirt of mail passed a broad belt, composed of plates of gold, covered with silver pelicans in raised chiselled work, this bird being the arms of the family. The old sabre was a family relic; the handle, of rhinoceros horn, of Arab workmanship. Over the rider's shoulders hung a panther's skin; the head of the animal, being stuffed, covered the chest, while the claws met under the arms and seemed embracing the wearer. The teeth in the head were burnished silver, and held fast in their grip a massive ring of gold. The claws, also of gold, held each a little golden ring, and a gold chain passing through these rings held firmly in its place this wild-looking mantle. Beneath the silver shirt of mail was seen

a vest of dark brown velvet, interlaced with gold, on either side of which was a golden pelican. The pantaloons were of silk web of a peculiar shade of red, the same as the lining of the panther skin. The boots were of golden brown morocco, with massive spurs of silver representing pelicans, the outspread wings forming the part closing round the heel. The gauntlets were also of silver, and the rider carried a mace of gold, on the top of which sat a large pelican. The cap was of brown velvet bordered with fur, with, in front, a large silver pelican, as agraffe, to hold the eagle's feather. The chestnut charger had housings of gold stuff with silver scales, the mane was braided with gold and silver cords, and on the neck and forehead were plates of burnished silver, from the latter of which a long spur projected. The bridle was of gold stuff covered with scales of silver, and where in front the martingale passed was again a large pelican of wrought silver. The horse was led by two squires on foot, whose dresses were but little less splendid than that of their master.

But there were such in profusion, each seemingly more magnificent than the others. Of jewels there was literally no end. The veil the Queen wore was strewed with diamonds, making it look rather like a web of sunbeams than a thing of mere human workmanship. Round the whole hem of her dress was a row of brilliants, and a broad line of them passed down the front of it from the bosom to the ground.

At each step she took her whole person seemed literally to be shedding light around.

Modern costume amid this Eastern magnificence was quite out of place. A cocked hat and laced dress coat looked very odd beside the bejewelled velvet attilas that hung so gracefully over every shoulder. This occurred to me on espying Baron Beust in the cavalcade, on horseback of course, with a running footman on each side of his beautiful white steed. But though cocked hat and dress coat did seem so sadly out of place here, and I dare say he felt this to be the case, Baron Beust, whenever he was recognised, was received with loud acclamations, and "Eljen Beust!" resounded in long hearty shouts.

Yesterday the deputations from Pesth and Ofen went to her Majesty to present her with the customary coronation gifts. Now, too, the present of 50,000 ducats for each Sovereign was taken to Ofen. It is the intention of their Majesties to contribute this gift to the funds which are now being collected to purchase the Esterhazy Gallery, at present deposited in the Academy at Pesth—for should this collection of pictures be separated and sold, the Academy would be empty.

The presents carried up to the Queen were as follows:—The confectioners gave a cake, in the shape of a crown, with baskets of sweetmeats, carried by apprentices in white; then came the bakers, with loaves of bread; a dairyman, with

honeycomb and butter; the fishermen, with two large fishes from the Danube, ornamented with flowers, slung on a pole and carried on the shoulders of the men. Afterwards came a foal for the Prince Royal, led by Hungarian peasants; then a waggon covered with foliage, on which were two calves and snowy-fleeced lambs. Children in white, with garlands in their hands, walked beside the waggon, holding blue ribbons to which the lambs were supposed to be tethered. Then, marching slowly behind, came the fatted white ox, his immense horns gilded at the points and entwined with flowers. Round his vast neck, too, hung a fresh garland, and quietly he allowed himself to be led by a band of butchers in holiday dress through the surrounding throng. And now comes a team of four nimble horses, which a young peasant is driving, and in the waggon are two handsome, neatly finished casks of red and of white wine. Another similar team follows, bringing sacks of corn from the corn market; and a third follows with sacks of flour from the mills. Behind stands the head miller, like a Roman victor celebrating his triumph. There was also a waggon, most tastefully arranged with fruits and vegetables. Wreaths of flowers of brightest colours were interwoven like trellis-work; and here, in the midst, lay the useful products of the soil. Young girls of eighteen, dressed in white muslin, walked beside the waggon, some carrying baskets of fruit, others of flowers. At the foot of

the hill the bearers of the presents from Ofen joined those I have described coming from Pesth.

Thus was represented the part which the handicraftsmen, the citizens as such, took in the ceremony of the coronation. This might be called the civic part of it. But, even here, those only were represented who furnish the simplest necessaries of life; and as you looked at them in their plain unornamented dresses, how great the chasm—you could not but feel this—which separated them from those magnificent cavaliers who two days before had surrounded and crowned their King. It showed you exactly what his position was in former days; an instrument in the hands of the nobles who made and unmade him as they chose. They in their united strength were stronger than he; but Royalty shed splendour on them, and for that reason, if for no other, it must be upheld. Here was the sober present denuded of all the bravery of a, to us, more picturesque time. With this none of the great magnates of the land had aught to do. No middle class was represented, only those workers without whom the absolute necessaries of life could not be had. But that was always the misfortune; a middle class never did exist in Hungary.

After the painful and alarming attack of inflammation of his eyes which followed this visit to Pesth, Mr. Boner went again to one of the little mountain

villages, where he had spent such a pleasant time with his daughter. Thence he wrote to a friend in England the following brief note from Unter Wössen, bei Marquardstein.

August, 1867.

I HAVE been here for a week with my daughter and Horschelt, in order that the good mountain air might restore me to health and strength. I am already much better. In another week I may gradually leave off the covering for the right eye. It has been a painful time in every way. I also lost during my blinded state one of my dearest friends. Then, too, young Prince Taxis died, whom I had known from childhood.

I am glad Bath * pleased you so much—but how ɪ pɪnoɥst not do so? It is an exquisite spot. The spots you name called to mind pleasant days passed there. How pretty those villages are through which the railway passes, and other lateral ones. There is nothing like it out of England. I hear that Horschelt's picture is always surrounded by admiring crowds. I shall stay a fortnight longer here, and then back to Vienna.

Vienna,
Sept. 1867.

THE only recreation I have is to go out of Vienna for some hours, to breathe fresh air. If I go for a whole day, I take my work with me, and sit down before and after dinner to write in the gardens

* Charles Boner's birth-place.

of the village inns. These excursions to the immediate neighbourhood of the town are undertaken only for health's sake, for I hope by this means to counteract the evil effects which the atmosphere of this place has hitherto exercised on me.

Being so near Salzburg, and so much better for the effect of the fresh mountain air, I resolved to go there for the interview between the Emperors, and did so. I stayed till Napoleon left, wrote four letters to an English Journal thence, and have written three since, as usual. It interested me very much to see Napoleon and the Emperor. I returned to Wössen from Salzburg for a day or two, and then came here. The change of atmosphere was very oppressive, for we have had great heat and no rain until yesterday.

CHAPTER IV.

"As soon as it was dark, on the highest point of the Untersberg, the Staufen and the Geisberg, flaming bonfires were seen. The very mountain-tops gave signs of welcoming, and of a participation in the festivity."—SALZBURG.—C. B.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

Salzburg,
August 18, 1867.—5·30 p.m.

THERE is a saying, that in Salzburg only eighty days in the whole year are fine, and that on the others it rains. Be this an exaggeration or not, to-day is, at all events, one of the eighty sunny days. It might be classed, like certain ships, as A 1., so beautiful is the weather, so bright the sky. The day before yesterday there had been a change from darkness to cloud, and for a night the rain fell heavily. But, as if to do honour to the expected guests, to celebrate worthily this extraordinary visit, all has put on again a holiday look, and hardly in Eden could the earth have borne a fairer aspect. One consequence has been, that from all sides visitors have poured into Salzburg, from all the frequented places close around, Traunstein, Reichenhall, Berchtesgaden, and many others, as well as from more

distant towns. Those people who come from the neighbourhood have again—(those going towards Bavaria at least)—at midnight, or an hour after, to return to their homes, as a bed in Salzburg is hardly to be got for any money. Three days ago there was not one to be found. From far and near rooms were ordered per telegraph, as soon as it was known for certain when the day of the Imperial arrival was to be. In some hotels—may be in all—there was not room for a bed on the floor. The prices asked are enormous, and holes and corners on the fourth floor are dignified by the name of sleeping apartments—places so dark that midday or midnight makes little difference therein, in either case the darkness being all that is visible. The throngs in the streets are equal to the crowds that filled Pesth at the Coronation; and railways from so many places lead hither that every town and watering-place, whether far off or close at hand, has furnished its contingent, and helped to overcrowd the by no means large town. For some days past the trains were so filled, that at every station there were long stoppages, and to-day even the express train that leaves Munich in the morning was nearly three-quarters of an hour behind its time. There was absolutely no way of stowing away the numbers that wanted to be forwarded.

The name "Napoleon" exercised a wonderful charm; and the mere possibility of seeing the man who had already worked Austria such woe, on

whom so much as regards the future depended, put thousands in motion whom no other incentive would have induced to leave their homes.

At three o'clock a strong body of dragoons was drawn up in front of the Imperial residence, where the Emperor Napoleon was to be lodged. Here, as well as all along the route leading to the railway, crowds of spectators were posted. Every window was filled with spectators, and every place of vantage was seized upon betimes, in order to see the cavalcade and carriages as they passed from the terminus into the town. Even at the station those persons who had tickets of admission were there very early. A great number of ladies from Vienna, Ischl, and Salzburg, were there by half-past three, and every minute there were fresh arrivals. The gentlemen, except the military officers and those belonging to the French embassy, were none of them in uniform. The reason of this was that the Emperor was supposed to travel incognito, and it was wished that the visit should have a private, not a public character. The station was prettily decorated with flags and gold wreaths encircling the letter "N." A large carpet covered the ground up to the rails on which the train was to come, and round it was a border formed of green twigs of fir. There were flowers and trophies at the entrance of the room through which the guests were to pass, and the whole looked bright and festal, without being peculiarly remarkable.

At about a quarter of an hour before the arrival of the train from Augsburg, where the Emperor and Empress passed the night, the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Empress arrived at the station, the band of the regiment of Jägers, which was drawn up close by, struck up the national anthem, and the Emperor, in passing in front of the men, went through the usual ceremony on such occasions, and then returned. He looked well and in good spirits. He wore a general's uniform. The Empress came forward and spoke to several ladies whom she recognized among those present, and in her manner to-day was particularly gracious and amiable. She was dressed in white lace, over a lilac silk body and skirt, festooned below, while a long train of the silk skirt swept the ground behind. She had on her head a very small black straw hat. The richest ornament was her braided hair, which, in thick and manifold tresses fell behind in large plaited loops.

The Duc de Grammont, the French ambassador at the Court of Vienna, now came, with the numerous members of the embassy. All of them were decorated, even the very youngest secretary, and some of the gentlemen had on their breast a long double row of orders. The Duke himself had only two stars on his richly gold-embroidered uniform, and the riband of the Legion. He seemed in a wonderfully sunny humour, and his countenance wore the impress of intense satisfaction, as when a fondly cherished plan is at last on the very eve of execution.

At last, just before five, the train so anxiously expected, arrived. The Imperial French visitors came in their own carriages—a French officer of railroads having traversed the whole line some days before, in order to see if the gauge throughout would permit the Imperial carriage being used. The carriage in which the guests were was a long open one, with thick curtains round the open spaces at the sides. As the train crept forward, both the Emperor and Empress went towards the car to welcome their visitors. The train, though moving at a snail's pace, did not stop just at the spot intended, but a little further on. The Empress Eugenie was standing up in the carriage, and as it passed the spot where the Empress Elizabeth was standing beside the Emperor, who bowed as the carriage moved by, she made a profound reverence, rather formal and ceremonious as it seemed to me. On the train stopping the Empress Elizabeth hastened to meet the French Empress as she descended from the carriage, and, bending forward, kissed her affectionately on one cheek and then on the other.

The meeting between the two Emperors was equally cordial. They shook hands heartily. The Empress presented her ladies to her French guests, and, a minute or two after, the Empress Eugenie, in a most graceful manner, went forward some steps to converse with the Countess Konigsegg. The Emperor Napoleon then conversed with the Austrian Empress, and the Emperor Francis Joseph talked

with the Empress Eugenie. There were many presentations on both sides, which took up some time. The Emperor Napoleon was in plain clothes, the Empress was very simply attired in a pretty travelling dress, which was very short, showing to advantage her admirably formed small feet. The short dress formed quite a strange contrast to the long sweeping trains of all the other ladies present. Her Majesty looked just ready for a mountain excursion, nimble, agile in her movements, and elastic.

After the different presentations had taken place, the party proceeded to the carriages in waiting, amid shouts and some few cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" In an open carriage and four the Imperial party drove to the Palace, while a long train of other carriages followed almost immediately after.

The whole space in front of the Palace is filled with people. There is nothing to be seen, but the knowledge that a Napoleon is within these walls prevents their leaving the spot.

The mountains round Salzburg are to be illuminated to-night.

Salzburg, August 19.

The *bergbeleuchtung*—(the illumination of the mountains)—yesterday evening, fell very far short of my expectations. The fires on the mountain-sides, large as they were in themselves, dwindled into insignificance owing to the great distance. The

sides of the Untersberg were dotted with lights, and along the ridge bonfires were blazing; but these looked neither more nor less than the gas lamps twinkling in the town, that you saw as you turned in your disappointment homewards. The Bavarian mountains, one after the other, blazed forth their signals, and at last on the lofty peak of the Stauffen a bright star was visible. On any other night it would have been taken for a planet in the cloudless firmament.

Some time after I drove back into Salzburg, the Imperial party returned. It was near ten o'clock, and, at all events, the cool drive was refreshing for the travellers after the heat of the day. Even at that late hour the approaches to the Palace were thronged—so anxious is every one to obtain a glimpse of him whose name has been for years past synonymous with peace or war; on whose behest depended undisturbed existence or the visitations of severe adversity.

I learn this morning that the Emperor Napoleon will stay here one day longer than was at first projected. Friday is now the day of departure. The dinner hour each day is four; afterwards the Imperial party will take a drive—to-day to Algen, to-morrow to Kloshein, and the day after that to Heilbrunn. The French Emperor took a walk this morning early round the town. He was accompanied by one gentleman. As no one expected to see him out betimes, those who met him little thought that before

them was the very individual they were so anxious and desirous to see.

Monday Afternoon.

I have just learned that the "gentleman in plain clothes" who accompanied the Emperor Napoleon this morning in his early walk was no other than the Emperor Francis Joseph. I know of only one other instance of his Majesty having been seen by any one out of uniform. No wonder, then, that my informant, a Viennese, who himself saw and recognised the Emperor Napoleon, failed to recognise his own sovereign. The two Empresses also took a stroll together in the cool of the morning; and later in the course of the forenoon, the French Emperor paid his Imperial hostess a visit of two hours' duration. Those who knew Napoleon of old say that he looks better than formerly. The moustache and beard have grown lighter in colour, but, except this, the face gives no indication of advance in age.

Although it is wished, here at least, that this meeting should have all the appearance of a visit of condolence, and nothing more—a family meeting almost—the preparations for it have been on a grand scale. From Vienna train after train has come down here, laden with furniture decorations, in order to fit up each apartment with becoming splendour. The Empress-widow, Caroline Augusta, has given up her rooms, and gone away altogether while the Imperial visit lasts. All her rooms have been deco-

rated anew. The boudoir adjoining the toilette room is the only one which is blue, the walls all covered with blue silk; the furniture of white wood. Even the figures in the dial-plate of the time-piece are of blue enamel. Valuable pictures are on the walls, and facing the writing table, in a plain gold frame, is a portrait. It is that of a young man with mild expression, but in the countenance are traces of suffering, or rather of inner decay. It is the portrait of the Duke de Reichstadt. The bedroom is hung with crimson silk drapery, and in its arrangement is no unnecessary display. At the head of the bed hang a crucifix, and a painting of the Virgin.

The way to the apartment of the Emperor leads through the hall of the Carabineers. For this palace was once the residence of the Archbishops of Salzburg, and these prelates maintained as much pomp as many a temporal prince. In this hall their body-guard, the Carabineers, were always on duty. Hence its name. The floor is of marble, and priceless Gobelins, brought from the Ambras collection, cover the walls. Through this hall you pass to a marble gallery, which leads to the rooms of the Emperor. In the White Hall, the most beautiful of the whole, the great dinner takes place. The Throne-room will be used as an audience-chamber. The magnificence of these chambers, their size, and the rich ornaments originally bestowed upon them, give the spectator some idea of the pomp which these high churchmen

maintained. They had their pages, trumpeters, drummers, runners, ushers, and laqueys of various denominations, on as grand a scale as Louis XIV.; and when the Archbishop went to dinner the court trumpeter, with a silver trumpet, blew a loud blast.

Instead of this the band of the regiment of Jägers is playing, while I write, in the great square before the windows of the Palace, while the Imperial party dine.

Salzburg, August 21.

On Monday, after dinner, the Imperial party drove to Algen, and took a stroll in the beautiful park there, so well known to all travellers who have been in Salzburg. There the two emperors walked about together, the French emperor leaning on a stick. The two ladies drove out together, preceded by a carriage, in which were the Master of the Horse, Count Grunne, and also Count Wratislaw. In the long line of equipages which followed were the Arch-Chancellor Baron Van Beust and the Hungarian Minister-President, Count Andrassy.

At seven the doors of the theatre were opened, and in a very short time the house was filled. The heat without was tropical, and what with the burners of the large chandelier, the smallness of the place, the want of anything like ventilation, and the dense mass of human beings that filled the space, it was scarcely possible to endure the suffocating atmosphere.

Very soon after the hour fixed, eight o'clock, the Emperor of Austria and his guard entered the Imperial box. The Emperor Napoleon was in black, and without any decoration. The Emperor, Francis Joseph, was in uniform, and wore the cross of the Legion of Honour, but not the star. His French Majesty looked grave. He hardly cast a look round the house, and when he did so it was only for a second, and his eyes fell again on the play-bill, with which he occupied himself; once or twice asking his host a question about the piece. It is curious to observe how he seemed to avoid meeting the look of anyone. When his eyes were not on the play-bill, they were directed straightforward to the stage; but never wandered around, on this side or that, as it might be expected those of a stranger would do, when, too, he was amid another totally different people.

Behind the Emperor sat the Archduke Louis Victor. On the entrance of the Imperial party the audience rose, and the orchestra played "Partant pour la Syrie." "Wildfeuer," by Hahn, the assumed name of Count Munch-Billinghausen, was the piece chosen for representation that evening.

During the third act their Majesties the Empresses of the French and of Austria entered the box. Both were in white, in low evening dresses, and both had black fans. General Count Fleury, the officer in attendance, Count Loriston, the Mistress of the Robes of her Majesty the Empress

Eugenie, the Princess d'Esslingen, and the Marquis de Pienne were in an adjoining box. The Princess Metternich attracted universal attention by the magnificence of her diamonds. The tiara, necklace, earrings, &c., were of surpassing splendour. The ladies were in full dress—in some cases, full undress would be almost a fitter expression; and all the gentlemen, military officers excepted, in black; the whole had a very festal appearance. Before the piece was quite over the Imperial party returned to the palace.

I observed that in every part of the building firemen, helmeted and ready for immediate work, were stationed. They were on the roof, on the ground floor, in all the ins and outs of the place, and everywhere the hoses were laid on, so that at the slightest alarm impending danger might be averted. The other precautions talked about I saw nothing of. There were a few gendarmes in attendance, not more than there always are at the Burg theatre in Vienna.

Yesterday, the 20th, their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French received the authorities —a deputation of the Common Council of the town of Salzburg. The Empress Eugenie accepted the album with views of Salzburg very graciously, or, I should rather say, very gracefully. She looked at the Alpine roses and the spotless white flower called edelweiss with which the book was surmounted, and after remarking on the beauty of the mountain flowers, observed how fine the scenery around was, and that she hoped one day to revisit it.

Five o'clock.

THE clouds are accumulating, the mountains are in shadow, and the thunder is muttering overhead. It seems as if there was to be an end of the glorious weather at which we have all been rejoicing, despite the heat, for so many days past.

But it is time I should give you some information about the state of the political firmament, and tell you what signs are visible by which to judge of what is to come. Many persons were greatly disquieted at the thought of Napoleon coming here; for, said they, were he not sure of being able to form the alliance with Austria, which for him is so desirable, he would most certainly not have come. Others, who have seen the Emperor since his arrival, have derived great satisfaction from the fact that his Majesty looks very glum, not greatly satisfied, and even, so they say, disappointed. That he does not look pleased is certain; but this grave expression may possibly be his habitual one. For the anti-alliance party to derive consolation from such appearances is all very well if they like to do so, though if this is all they have to build on, their hopes and trust rest on a very poor foundation. If Napoleon does look dissatisfied, it is not because of failure as regards getting up an alliance with Austria, for he knew very well before he came that no such treaty would be made, as an alliance with France would be looked on here as treason to the mother country—as treason to Germany. There is no thought here, even, of such a

step, but what is intended is to discuss the mode of action which each party—Austria and France —ought to and would follow if certain events should come to pass. What each party wants to know is the exact view the other takes of particular cases, at present only possibilities, but which some day may become realities. The points of agreement and disagreement will then be discussed, the advantage or disadvantage it is to either, to pursue this or that policy, and thus a perfect understanding will be come to on those momentous questions, on which peace—the peace of Europe—or war depends. Napoleon feels the necessity of peace for France, and I need not say how anxious Austria is for peace at absolutely any price, consistent with honour. Where two nations of such importance as France and Austria aim at one and the same thing, and find it their interest to do so, we can hardly be mistrustful of the result.

At six this evening the whole Imperial party, in spite of the threatening, gloomy sky, drove to Heilbrunn. When Count Beust passed he was cheered, and there was a cheer for Count Andrassy too. How long a time has passed since such a thing has happened to a minister of Austria! or, indeed, has it ever happened?

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

Salzburg, August 22.

On Wednesday evening the performance at the theatre began at nine, and at an early hour every seat was occupied. Unfortunately all present were doomed to disappointment. The Emperor, feeling tired, preferred staying in the palace to encountering the heated atmosphere of the playhouse. The whole party drove after dinner to Heilbrunn, and for the first time the countenance of Napoleon looked a little cheerful. Its usual expression is of being bored to death.

This evening, at half-past nine, the Choral Society of Salzburg intend singing in the Hall of Carabineers. These German singing societies are, I need not say, admirable; as whoever has heard them, well knows. The performance of the Cologne singers, when in England some years ago, will be still remembered; and it is not long since a party of Germans belonging to a similar club, sang a few songs for their own pleasure when on a visit to the Crystal Palace, and at once drew round them an attentively listening and admiring crowd. Nothing is more thoroughly national, more thoroughly German, than such singing without any musical accompaniment, and it is therefore a most fitting act of attention on the part of the singers to bring their offering of German song to the French guests.

It has begun to rain, and very dense and gloomy

clouds envelope the tops and even the sides of the mountains. It is hardly probable that the proposed drive to the hill close by, Maria Plain, will take place.

Visitors to Salzburg will remember a long white building with a church and tower, seen to the north of the railway as they approach the station. This evening's drive is to be to this spot. From here the view of the town and the mountains beyond is particularly fine, and of an evening especially so, as you then have before you the broad slopes and every mountain peak lighted up by the setting sun.

The Imperial guests are said to be delighted with the scenery surrounding the town. The Emperor is a man, strange as it may seem to say so, who takes delight in fine scenery as well as in a beautiful garden. It may be thought a psychological riddle that such tastes should be co-existent with other seemingly adverse qualities. It is enigmatical, but it nevertheless is true.

It was King Lewis I. and not the present reigning King whom I met driving to Klesheim on Tuesday evening.

The Emperor drove over to Leopold's-kron, where King Lewis usually passes the summer, to pay him a visit, accompanied by General Prince Thurn und Taxis, who is the officer appointed to be in attendance on his Majesty during his stay here.

Prince Metternich has been made a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, the highest order the

Emperor can bestow, equivalent in every way to our Order of the Garter.

I do not remember having mentioned the flattering manner in which the Emperor Napoleon received the Baron von Beust. On arriving at the palace and passing to the staircase with the Empress Elizabeth on his arm, he saw M. von Beust, and immediately advancing towards him, took his hand and shook it heartily; and in the whole proceeding there was something so expressive of pleasure and regard, that the arch-chancellor was almost embarrassed at the very demonstrative act.

I went this morning to look at the carriages in which the French party came from Paris. A little bridge, with a rail on each side, leads from one carriage to the other, so that, as in a suite of rooms on a floor, they open one into the other, and you may go from the first carriage to the very last by merely opening the doors. All the carriages for the suite and attendants are fitted up like first class carriages, with two seats each way on either side of the middle passage. There is a place where any little thing, such as tea or coffee, can be made. Down the whole length of the dining-room is a table, the flaps of which can be let down to facilitate the passage when not used. All is as plain as possible, and there is nothing imperial in the work of the whole. The interior of all the carriages is very simple. In the drawing-room is a dial-plate with the words, "All right," "Faster," "More slowly," "Stop,"

written upon it, and a small knob underneath, by pressing which a telegraphic message is sent to the man who has to attend to the orders for conducting the train.

Salzburg, August 23.

AT eight this morning the Emperor and Empress of the French started from Salzburg. The travellers were very exact, and a minute before the clock struck the band of the regiment of Jägers drawn up close to the waiting-room played "Partant pour la Syrie," and at the same moment the two Empresses appeared, followed by the Emperors.

The Empress Eugenie was in a plain black silk dress, with a small dark hat and short black silk veil just reaching to the chin. On reaching the carriage she flung back her veil and kissed the Empress Elizabeth on either cheek. They shook hands and bade each other adieu, and just as the Empress was about to step into the carriage they kissed each other again in the heartiest manner.

In the whole demeanour of the Empress Eugenie is freshness, vivacity, and—(if it is not a mistake to say so of a lady)—a thorough *bonhommie*. She is delightfully natural, and the grace of her manner is something rarely seen. On entering the open carriage she immediately turned and curtseyed to those she was leaving with a sweetness and, at the same time, a dignity which was quite beautiful to see. Her eyes were cast down as she bowed low,

but round her mouth was an expression of gentle womanly tenderness, which no one, I think, could see without being drawn irresistibly towards her. As she stood she bowed again to her host and hostess; once more the inimitably graceful reverential curtsey, and the train bore her away.

It is not at all unlikely that some who may read this may think it exaggeration, and call it fulsome flattery. No one, however, who was present and saw this charming woman will think so. On the contrary, to him what I have said will appear tame and insufficient, and the description most inadequate. But I cannot find the right words to make others understand the fulness of the charm she unconsciously exercises, and it seems to me as if I were detracting from the engaging simplicity of every movement when I add adjective to adjective in trying to describe what, after all, is indescribable. You feel—you cannot but feel—the exquisite grace just as you cannot but feel in your whole heart and your whole body, the freshness of the morning, but when you try to paint this freshness you become aware how ridiculously futile all your efforts are.

At parting, the Emperor Francis Joseph kissed the hand of the Empress, and the Archduke Lewis Victor seemed to think that parting was so sweet a sorrow as to be willing to prolong it, and accordingly performed the operation of kissing hands several times over.

The two Emperors cordially shook hands, and Napoleon, mounting the steps of his carriage, stood with hat in hand, looking over the balustrade. His face was, as I had not seen it yet, lit up and bright, with an expression of cheerfulness and satisfaction; the imperturbability of the last day was gone, his face was all alive, and he smiled and leant over the carriage to chat with one of the Secretaries of the French Embassy. Does not this sound odd? "Napoleon III. leaning out of a carriage to have a cheerful chat and a laugh with——" no matter whom—it does, I confess, read as though it were apocryphal; but it is not so—truth, you know, is often more surprising than fiction.

One of the Secretaries of Legation brought her Majesty, just before the train left, a splendid nosegay, and, as she smiled her thanks, I thought such recognition worth more than the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

This cross has been liberally distributed. All the officers of the garrison have received it, and those above captain's rank have been named officers of the order. Chevalier von Hoffman, the chief of the Chancellery of Baron von Beust, has been made Commander. All the officers of the Jäger corps on duty this morning at the station had the newly acquired decoration on their breast. Baron von Beust, as you know, had already received the Grand Cross of the Order in brilliants; for him, therefore,

there was no higher mark of distinction that could be given.

The Chancellor looks well, in spite of the enormous amount of work he has to get through. He goes from here back to Castein, and thence his cure is over to Dresden, but not on any political mission, merely to order certain family affairs.

The Emperor Francis Joseph will not leave for Paris before the end of September. The Emperor Napoleon goes first to Biarritz, and at his return expects to see his Austrian Majesty at Paris. This will be the time for the chase in the forest of Fontainbleau; and sportsman as the Emperor is, the season and the opportunity are not to be lost sight of.

CHAPTER V.

"Que mi sangre sea la ultima que se derrame en sacrificio de la patria; y se fuere necesario alguno de sus hijos sea para buen de la nacion y nunca en traicion de ella."*—*Last words of the Emperor Maximilian.*

"Am 26 November stiess die Novara mit der Leiche des theuern Todten vom verhängnissvollen Strande. Das Schiff, welches den Kaiser in der Blüthe seiner Jahre dem Lande zugeführt, brachte jetzt die sterbliche Hülle heim zur Gruft seiner Ahnen."—*Geschichte der letzten zehn Monaten des Kaiserreichs, von Dr. S. Basch, Leibarzt Seiner Majestät des Kaisers Maximilian.*†

FROM VIENNA TO TRIESTE.

Trieste, Jan. 9, 1868.

If travelling in winter has its discomforts and great inconveniences, there are also other occurrences and appearances peculiar to the season, which make up for many an unpleasantness and compen-

* "Let my blood be the last shed as an offering for my country, and should she ever demand the sacrifice of another of her sons, may he die in her service—not as a traitor!"—*Last words of the Emperor Maximilian.*

† "On the 26th of November, 1867, the Novara, with the corpse of our beloved deceased one on board, left this fatal strand. The same ship which bore the Emperor in the prime of life to this country now takes back his mortal remains to be laid in the vault of his ancestors."—*History of the Last Ten Months of the Empire of Mexico. By Dr. S. Basch, Physician to the Emperor Maximilian.*

sate for sundry disagreeables. So I thought when daybreak came, and I was some distance on my way from Vienna, amid forest scenery. Perhaps some of the pleasures felt may have arisen from the remembrance of the time when I used to be standing, in the early winter morning, among the snow-laden trees, waiting for the deer or the cautious old boar; the recollections attending which were now awakened by the scenes I was passing through.

After a lull of a day or two snow had again fallen in Vienna during the night, and the streets were so thickly covered with it that even a Vienna "fiaker" was forced to let his horses go at a foot-pace wherever there was anything like an acclivity to ascend. For the half-thawed snow formed a slimy mass, which clogged the wheels and retarded progress; and had it not been the custom of the railways in Austria to give a quarter of an hour's grace, I should have been too late for the express train, and it would have started without me. I had often laughed at this arrangement as indicative of the inability of the people to be exact as to time, but I was now very thankful it existed; for, though I had left a good margin to guard against unforeseen events, the time was still too short for getting to the station through such a deep bed of snow.

But we are off at last, and on past Baden and Wiener Neustadt, and soon leave towns behind us; the houses now seen along the line tell, by their very material, of inclement seasons, and show that

their inmates have good need to be guarded against the raging elements. The dwellings are all of roughly hewn stone, and the thick walls show that they are well calculated to stand a bout with the wind and tempest. They are the only habitations seen, and dreary enough they look in the solitude. The whole country is literally swathed in a winding sheet of snow, all is covered, and not a feature is to be seen. There is a monotonous uniformity—every distinguishing variation of outline is lost—the snow, like death, has made all it touches equal.

On the plain the eye grows tired of this, for it has nothing to rest on, no single salient point to which it can attach itself or hold by. This is different in the pine forest. Though the trees are covered with the dense white mass, the dark green foliage shows at intervals beneath it, and the branches, separating themselves from the snow, display their spreading forms, with large flaky patches here and there upon them. Sometimes, too, the slender tops of the younger trees bending more and more with the superincumbent mass, at last shake it all off, and then regaining their elasticity, again stand erect, dark and green, and graceful in form, just slightly powdered over with the remaining snow. There is hardly anything more picturesque than a forest in deep winter, so various are the forms, and often so full of elegance. And what profound silence reigns. Occasionally it is broken, when a heap of snow comes toppling down from an overloaded pine

branch, or when a dry bough, unable to bear the additional weight, cracks, and with its falling breaks the repose. How far such sounds are heard in the quiet woods; how unusually loud they seem; and how they startle you by their abruptness and seeming unfittingness to such time and place! The deer for a moment will look up, but with wonderful instinct they know what it is, and know therefore there is no cause for fear. Between such natural sounds and those caused by any human intruder on their domain they distinguish at once. I looked out for tracks of game in the snow, but with one exception could see none. It lay too deep for the poor animals to move through it. The surface was not strong enough to bear them, and if they ventured through it they were soon covered completely in its depths.

Letters from foresters in the mountains tell me that this will prove a fatal year for the game. It will not be able to get at even that scanty food which it generally feeds on in winter. After the first snow came frost, and locked up the mosses in its hard grasp. Thus the roes and deer cannot get at them, even when they have scraped away the snow in places where it lies deep, and the poor beasts must inevitably perish of hunger. Hay is placed for them in sheltered spots to help them through the trying season, and from all sides they throng to the feeding place. But this year they are unable to travel owing to the deep snow. They are

locked in, and only the light-footed fox—and, perhaps, even hardly he—can cross the treacherous mass with which now every spot is covered.

The posts on the wayside show we are nearing the Semmering, marking as they do the gradients of the line. One foot-rise in forty-five, one in forty-six, one in fifty. The scenery grows wilder, and we push on and face the mountains, and at a good pace too, up we go. Being pretty high up you look down on the tree-tops, and over the valley, and now and then get a view beyond. Wherever you gaze, nothing but snow. You might be, for all you could tell to the contrary, on any of the Alps, and the snows around you might be eternal snows; it has a strange effect to be thus rushing on with the panting engine in the van, amid all this winter's desolation, with, on one side, the torn rock not an arm's length from you. Tunnel after tunnel is passed as you wind your way upwards, and cross wild ravines, and turn round corners, and so get above the spots where you were rolling along just now; and, if you look behind, you may see far down below a chasm you have crossed; the gaping entrance to a tunnel you have emerged from, forming, as it does, a great black spot amid the surrounding whiteness. And now comes the last tunnel of all, nine hundred fathoms long, and this passed you are at the top of the Semmering. Everywhere along the line between Vienna and Trieste gangs of men were busy clearing the way. Thanks to them we kept

time admirably. And right pleasant it was to hear at last when we stopped at a station a name called out, which, from its many vowels, gave evidence we were near our destination, that we were near to Italy. "Sessana," cries the guard, and then comes "Nabresina," and very soon we are on the edge of the hill-top overlooking the Adriatic. And leaving the dreary plain, where all was hidden beneath snow-drifts, the road suddenly goes downwards. Yonder to my right is a long unbroken line marking the horizon. That must be the ocean, and I look out, and before me lies at my very feet the broad expanse of the Adriatic Sea. The hill slopes down to the water's edge, and there are trees scattered about the declivity, all green, and with no snow upon them. A moment ago and all was frost-bound: here the milder air of this southern sea has kept all bright and spring-like. By degrees, I can see clearer through the night, and make out the line of coast sweeping round towards Miramar, below are houses and twinkling lights, and the bright glare of the lighthouse standing out in the sea, tells me that Trieste must be near at hand.

What sad recollections that word "Miramar" calls forth! How one regrets to think that its possessor should have left that fairy-like home, and the sphere of useful action he had marked out for himself on the element he loved, to attempt to found an empire and to possess a crown. With the late Em-

peror of Mexico, Trieste is intimately connected. It was here he received his naval education, and from his youth upward he sojourned continually here. A mutual regard existed between the people of the place and the young archduke. He was affable in manner, friendly, and ready to oblige—there was, too, a total absence of that formality which often acts like a bar to separate the high in station from those below them. There was thorough openness in what he said and did; indeed, he possessed that peculiar frankness which we are accustomed to look on as a characteristic of naval men. He busied himself heartily with improving the service; and when, later, he was made admiral, and placed at the head of the navy, he had as noble an opportunity of rendering his country a service as the most zealous could desire. Was it ambition, or was it a romantic fancy, that led him to give up his opportunity, and seek a field of action far away from his old home? He has returned again, but he comes back like a vessel that has stranded on the rocks, and is brought into port a wreck. He is again among his Austrian sailors, but not to command or to lead. He is again on the Adriatic, and its waves rock the frigate which carries him, as the vessel lies at anchor in the pale moonlight on the Dalmatian shore.

MIRAMAR—THE OLD HOME OF MAXIMILIAN.

I HAVE a task before me that I hardly know how to begin, or how, satisfactorily to myself, to execute. Words, in spite of their power, are, after all, weak to represent certain objects, certain effects, and combinations; the more we are impressed by what we see before us, the less able do we feel, by mere words, to impart to others anything like a sense of what we ourselves behold in palpable reality. The attempt must be made, however, and it is, perhaps, a slight encouragement to know that, deficient as the account may seem to me who have looked on the scenes themselves, my readers, not having had this advantage, will not be aware of the full amount of the deficiency.

The wind had gone down yesterday, the sky was clear, as it always is when the Bora has been blowing: the sun sparkled on the wavelets of the bay, and shone in full glare on the snow-white sails of the skiffs moving about on the blue Adriatic. The road to Miramar leads along the shore. The broad expanse of sea was on our left, and on the right rose the steep slope, with walls and terraces, and habitations, large and small, scattered everywhere on the hill-side. Being Sunday, groups of villagers were idling before the houses, enjoying the privilege of doing nothing, which to those who toil the whole week is really an enjoyment. There were no signs of winter to be seen, and yet above

us, where the ridge of hills ended, and the plain near Nabresina began, every object was buried beneath the snow, and all lay numbed and frost-bound. This knowledge heightened, perhaps, the sense of enjoyment.

It takes at most three-quarters of an hour to drive to Miramar. You enter the grounds by a lodge, and a well-kept road leads upward to the spot where the castle stands. The site is a rocky hillock, projecting—a little promontory—into the sea. The spot was formerly called Punta di Grignano, and its present name was given it by him to whom the sea was ever such a source of delight—its richly endowed but unfortunate possessor. Miramar is Spanish, and means "Behold the sea!" And from here it is truly a beautiful sight. The land takes a pleasing form, and curving round shuts in and forms a quiet bay, and stretching away in the distance in a long line of grey upland, at last gradually nears the level of the sea, and yonder, in the furthest distance, where the shore seems to terminate, white walls are seen, and what seem to be remains of buildings. But it is too distant to make out the forms clearly. It may be a fort or a monastery on that furthest point of land; habitations they are of some sort, and that fact gives an interest to the scene.

The spot you see is Aquileja, once the first town in Italy after Rome. Attila and his hordes destroyed it, and its inhabitants fleeing from the

barbarian invaders, took refuge on those insignificant islands, which later became Venice.

In front of the chief entrance to the castle is a covered walk of trellis-work with roses, and ivy and wild vine. The roof and sides of this walk form a frame to the Claude-like picture. On your right is the exquisitely laid-out garden, with neat beds and bronze statues, and evergreen bushes, and broad trim walks and rustling waterfalls; before you is a dip in the ground, and your eye ranges over the broad expanse of sea, following instinctively that long line of shore, which, as I said, after sweeping round so as to form a pretty bay, loses itself in the distance. You stand and gaze, and are loth to quit the place and to enter the mansion.

Even here, at the very entrance, are evidences of the consummate taste which guided every arrangement. The lamp hanging over head, the bronze handles to the doors, each thing displays artistic feeling and elegance. The vestibule is ornamented with old portraits of the ancestors of the Imperial family, with trophies of the chase, with handsome frescoes, and elaborately-wrought cabinets. On either side of this hall are doors leading into the different rooms. The library is a delightful place. At one end on pedestals of marble are busts in Carrara marble of Dante and Goethe, and at the other of Shakespeare and Homer. On the tables were lying about innumerable works of great value; old books in carved ivory covers, or of chased metal,

illuminated manuscripts on fine vellum, intaglios, small paintings, mosaics, and a thousand objects of interest and value. The inkstand here is the one used in signing the peace of Campo Formio. A beautiful vase is here; this was a present from the Pope. On the wall of the library I read the words 'Memento Verona.' Of course what they alluded to was unknown to me, and only later I learned their meaning. It is this. The battle of Solferino, by which Lombardy was lost to Austria, was a source of bitterest grief to the Archduke. As it caused him so much distress, he had the above words inscribed where they would constantly be before him; so that should he be unhappy and be inclined to complain, the sight of those words might remind him he had been still more unhappy; and that his present sorrow was not, could not be, comparable to what he had once suffered. It would not be bad policy if each of us were to have a 'Memento Verona' before us, so as to learn not to give way to despondency or discontent.

In spite of the wealth displayed, the room was comfortable, cosy, habitable. The boudoir of the Empress was like a little nest, so warm, and snug, and pretty in its arrangements. The tapestry and furniture were of thick very light-blue silk, with large white flowers worked upon it. Here were portraits of different near relations: of the Emperor of Austria and of the Empress, of the Archduchess Sophia, and others. The most charming

portrait of the Empress Elizabeth that I have yet seen is here. It is very like, as she was soon after her marriage, and is just sufficiently idealised without being too much so. It is evident there was no intention of adding to her beauty; the idealisation is merely that which would arise from intense admiration; and, as the painter saw her with his admiring eyes, so he has given that face again, believing that as he has pourtrayed it, so it really was—illumined as with a halo. In reality all portraits, to be good for anything, should be so painted. The embellishment, if any, should be unconscious on the painter's part; and the work on the canvas should be the mere reflex of the object as it lives in his mind. Strangely enough this lovely picture was not the work of a portrait painter, but of a cavalry officer. He saw the Empress on some public occasion, and went home carrying with him every feature in his memory. The result was the work I now speak of. The then Archduke heard of the successful portrait, and paid the officer a visit. He was so delighted with it that he would listen to no refusal, The officer was unwilling to part with it, but the Archduke was pressing, and at last he was in possession of the work.

In every room are objects of art of various sorts, and of great worth. On the walls are pictures of the different schools; on the tables are caskets inlaid with gems or intaglios of inestimable price; and vases and tazzi, some unique of their kind, stand on

pedestals, so that the eye, in the hurried visit, gets bewildered, and hardly knows on what object to dwell with most attention. Near the bed-room is a small oratory; and a curtained window divides this little sanctum from the chapel, the wood of the altar of which is built of cedar, which the Archduke brought himself from Lebanon.

The room of the Emperor interested me greatly. It is built like the cabin of the ship he first commanded, a corvette; and was literally crammed with objects which one would like to spend hours in looking at. There were, on the walls, portraits of friends, little photographs of persons or pictures, prints cut out and put into small frames, sea-pieces, and a thousand odds and ends which are so indicative of a man's tastes, and which tell so plainly what a man is. One who knew the Emperor well has told me that to every object belonged some story. Many of the things were presents and were connected with different voyages. To this was a tale attached, and to that object also. The whole was intimately bound up with the possessor and his career. And just in this room, which was the Archduke's own, you had striking evidence (for it was shown in little things) of his refined taste. It caused a painful sensation to stand there amid his books and trifles just as he had left them, to look on that fairy-like creation growing up out of the sea, to gaze over those calm blue waters where he had often sailed so happily, and to think how all had ended; that he who had

called the whole into existence, who had planned the walks, the building, and the costly furniture of the palace, should at that moment be lying a few miles off on that very sea; not as formerly, however, to scud across the bay to his own Miramar, but dried up, mummy-like, and swathed, and embalmed; and in his chest six bullet-holes from his executioners. His near neighbourhood now to the home that was so dear to him, his returning thus at last, gave to the place a strangely painful interest.

The rooms on the first floor are of great magnificence. The ceilings are all of different woods inlaid and embossed, and the wainscoting is in the same style, and elaborately carved and gilded. Every article of furniture is in appropriate taste. These rooms the Emperor had never seen in their present state, as they were only completed in his absence. But not a chair was made, or even placed, without his knowledge or order; the minutest arrangements were watched over and directed by himself. As the work progressed, photographs of the furniture and the rooms were sent him to Mexico; and every month photographs of the garden, the walks, parterres, and terraces, were forwarded to him also. Although in Mexico, in thought he was constantly in Miramar. And no one who sees this realisation of his taste and fancy can wonder it should be so. From the very first moment that he came here he was enchanted with the spot, and resolved to build here a home.

The way he became acquainted with the spot

was as follows. He was fond, just as Shelley was, of sailing about alone, and generally he took a fishing boat—bragozza as they are here called—for his excursions. He was out one day when a heavy squall came on. It was the Bora, and there was little use in attempting to wrestle with the giant. The men who were in the boat told the archduke it would be advisable to stay where they were—a sheltered nook, where the wind did not affect them. This was the little bay just beyond the spot where the castle stands. The shore rises here, and is so scooped out that a vessel lying below on the water would not feel the wind blowing over her from the land. The archduke did as he was advised, and landing, went to a hut or cottage close by. He sent into the neighbourhood for bread and eggs, and a few other necessaries, as the poor peasant had nothing to offer. The crew of the little boat remained here the night. The archduke strolled about, and the more he saw of the spot the more delighted he was with it. The resolve was at once taken that here he would build a cottage. And as he wandered upwards from the rocks on the shore, which just here lie about in wild picturesque confusion, he found a rose in full bloom. The circumstance, trifling as it was, delighted him, and he decided that, on that spot where he chanced upon the rose, the building should be erected. In the same week the ground was bought; and immediately after the work was begun. The small villa on the

rocky promontory, opposite the larger palace, is the house the archduke then built. But he soon found it was too small, and then fixed the site for a new building, where Miramar now stands. It was ten years in progress, and as the cost of erection was thus spread over a large space of time, the expense in no one year was onerous, or was a reason for incurring debt.

The castle is built in the Norman style of architecture, with towers, and turrets, and battlements. The material used is a white limestone brought from Istria, and this whiteness, when you stand in the garden and look towards the sea, forms a beautiful effect in its contrast to the dark blue of the water. The sea is so deep here that a man-of-war might approach almost close to the castle walls. I strolled about the garden for hours, enjoying the verdure and the pleasant sea breeze. Bright as the day was, sad thoughts clung to me, and will still cling to my remembrance of Miramar.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S FUNERAL.

Trieste,
January 11.

THE news came yesterday, from Corfu, that the Novara, with the body of the Emperor of Mexico, would not arrive here before the sixteenth. At Cattaro there will be a stoppage of some hours, and here all the batteries erected at the entrance of the

bay will salute the vessel bearing the corpse. At Pola there will also be a delay of twelve hours. Here the coffin, as it at present is, will be placed in the large copper coffin which a few days ago was forwarded from Vienna. There is nothing ornamental about this metal receptacle. It is merely a large trough, with strong rings at the side, and a cover with hinges furnished with two locks. When the body is deposited in the crypt of the Capucin Church at Vienna one of these keys is handed by the Grand Marshal of the Imperial Household to the guardian or prior of the Capucin Monastery, and the corpse is commended to his care; and the other key is given to the secretary, who takes an official note of the proceedings, that he may deposit the same in the Imperial Treasury.

This crypt of the Capucin Church is the resting place of all the members of the Imperial House of Austria. You descend into it by a broad stair, and neither this nor the place itself has at all the air of being subterranean. Indeed the crypt is but very little below the level of the street, which accounts for its being light, and for not having anything gloomy about it or grave-like. Had you gone straight into it from the outer portal of the monastery instead of descending the stair you might think you were in a chapel or small church; for, from the spot over which the ceiling rises in a dome, run two broad aisle-like passages where the coffins are deposited. The whole place is full of them. They

stand on the pavement near together, ranged round the walls of the building. With the exception of the sarcophagus of Maria Theresa, with her husband and those of her children, which are placed around her coffin, forming the central monument, all of them are totally without artistic form or beauty. They are merely, as I said before, large metal troughs, and on a small plate on the lid is a Latin inscription which tells in very few words who is within. On the right-hand side of the one aisle lies the Duke de Reichstadt, and beside him is his mother. After the visit of Napoleon III. to Salzburg it was said that the body of the duke would be given up to France, to rest beside his father beneath the dome of the Invalides. But this it seems, was a mere rumour, and nothing has since been said on the matter. The coffin of the young duke is of immense length. He was tall, for he shot up amazingly—too fast, indeed, for health; and besides, as in each metal coffin are at least two others, one of wood and a second of lead or zinc, the great length of the outer receptacle is accounted for. Opposite the spot where he lies is the latest comer to that silent abode; the daughter of the Archduke Albert,* whose death was caused last year by

* Mr. Boner thus describes to a friend the last hours of this amiable princess:—

Vienna, June 7, 1867.

The Archduchess Matilda was transported the other day to a country-house at Hetzendorf, near Vienna. The physicians thought that the cooler air of the country would do the patient

her dress catching fire; when I was there lately the lid was still strewn with roses, and a beautiful wreath of the flower called "Edelweiss"—which, literally translated, means "noble purity"—lay

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good, and occasion the dressing of her wounds to be less painful. The archduchess lay on a covered bed, and was carried the whole distance by twenty men of the military sanitary company, who, marching slowly, relieved each other at intervals. Dr. Schmerling followed in a carriage, and Professor Pitha, the other medical attendant of her Imperial Highness, awaited her arrival at Hetzendorf. Two officers had the command of the men; the Archduke Albert, the Master of the Household, and the different Maids of Honour in attendance followed the procession. The patient bore the journey well, and slept soon after her arrival at the villa. This morning, however, at six o'clock the archduchess sank under the effects of the injuries she had undergone. The evening before she received the Sacrament, and prepared for death. Although for some days fears were entertained that there was little hope of her recovery, the blow, now it has come, is felt generally most severely. She was so young, so loveable, and throughout her trying ordeal she bore her suffering with such sweet resignation. But it is of the father I think with most intense sympathy. The two, father and daughter, seemed united by a closer bond than generally unites parents with their grown-up children. This daughter was the archduke's delight, and solace, and joy. He had for her all the tenderness of a mother. She was his pride, his comfort, his constant companion. In the gardens of the Weilburg (the charming seat at Baden) father and daughter might always be seen walking together, or sitting under the trees in happy, cheerful conversation. I was there a few days ago, and saw all prepared for the fair young mistress's arrival. The flowers were arranged round the verandah; all was blooming, and ordered, and trim, and the seats were placed in the favourite accustomed places. It will be a sad return for the father to the spot where he so loved to pass his time. The two used to wander together about the park and garden, as we sometimes see a brother and sister do, whom similarity of age, and tastes, and pursuits, as well as natural affection, bind most closely together.

beside them. It was sent from Salzburg as a proof of affectionate remembrance, by the daughter of King Lewis, of Bavaria, who has a country seat near the town. The flower is much prized, not only on account of its spotless whiteness, but also because it is difficult to get. It grows only on certain mountains, always at a great height, and almost invariably in places extremely difficult of attainment, so that its possession is very frequently attended by danger. Thus it is doubly prized; and the large posy of the lovely flower that the peasant youth has given to the lass of his heart is stuck in the bosom of her bright-coloured bodice on holidays, and proudly and joyfully worn there; for the downy leaves of the flower remain unchanged—a symbol of unfading love—and such a posy is kept and worn until the brittle stalks break with over dryness.

The light enters this crypt by windows from above. It is quite as light here as in many a church, and far more so than in the Cathedral of St. Stephen. The monument of Maria Theresa is an elaborate work, full eighteen feet high. She is represented reclining on the summit as on a bed, resting on one elbow; beside her, in a similar position, is her husband, and they hold the Imperial sceptre between them. All round the walls of this circular chapel are placed the children of the Empress. In the whole crypt there is but one person, among all these emperors and empresses, archdukes, princes,

and archduchesses, who was not of princely birth, and that was the governess of the Empress Maria Theresa. Her affection for the lady who had brought her up was very great, and it was her order that she, to whom her Majesty owed her education, should not be separated from her even in death—a fine feature in the character of this great-minded woman.

Trieste, Jan. 15,
Half-past eight, evening.

I HAVE just come back from a visit on board the Novara. She arrived in port this evening, after sunset, and, thanks to the obliging kindness which every officer and man in authority is ready to show me, I was enabled to row to the frigate and see the little chapel in which the coffin of the Emperor is placed. The night was not very bright, and the glimmer of the lanterns on the different vessels alone threw an occasional gleam on the water. It was very quiet, and the silence was only broken by the oars and a voice from the vessels that hailed us as we passed. And now the form of the Novara, looming before us in the dimness, grew more distinct. The ports were up, and there were lights everywhere and a hum of voices. We were hailed from the deck; our answer given; the boat brought round, and a moment after we were on board. The admiral, we were told, had just gone on shore, but the officers obligingly accompanied us to

the gangway and told us we might see the chapel. We descended to the lower deck, and there, in one of the starboard batteries, was the coffin. The ceiling and the walls and floor were covered with black cloth, and on either side and at each end of the little oratory were hung emblazonings of the arms of Austria and Mexico. On a step raised about a foot from the floor stood the coffin. It was very handsome, and made of some hard Mexican, fine-grained wood, veined like rosewood, but of reddish hue. The inside coffin was of cedar. The outer one was massy in its proportions, and most tasteful in its design. There was no ornament, the feet alone being carved out of the wood, and the whole was highly polished. On the lid were cushions bearing the insignia of the orders to which the deceased belonged, and there were also two large wreaths. The one was from Teneriffe, and had been given by the inhabitants. It was made partly of the long leaves of a palm tree, which the Emperor had often admired, and partly of laurel. It was faded now; but its withered state seemed more in harmony with its purpose than bright green leaves would have been. The second wreath was laid there by the admiral in command at Pola. Wax candles in tall silver candlesticks were burning round the coffin.

I said in a former letter that a metal receptacle had been sent from Vienna in which to place the other coffin. It was, however, found to be too small, and cannot therefore be used. This being the case

orders have been given to cover the coffin with crimson velvet; and this will be done to-night in preparation for to-morrow's ceremony. One of the officers observed that the coffin in its present state is so very handsome it is a pity thus to cover it; and he believes, and I think, that were the authorities aware of this, the coffin would be allowed to remain as it is. Now it is a magnificent sarcophagus: to-morrow it will be a splendid coffin as furnished by the upholsterer. Two sentries kept guard at the entrance of the improvised chapel, and civil officers were also in attendance, who had been sent from the Chamberlain's office in Vienna, and had come with the body from Mexico.

Close by the Novara lay the Minerva, the corvette on which the young archduke had his first command. From the most distant places old friends and adherents have come to be present at to-morrow's ceremony. The Austrian consul at New York arrived thence two days ago merely for this purpose. From Spain, Greece, Italy, the north of Germany, and Belgium, strangers are pouring in here, all uninvited, but coming of their own accord as to a preconcerted rendezvous. From Milan and Venice several Italian nobles have travelled hither to follow the funeral procession of to-morrow, men who when the archduke was governor of Lombardo-Venetia held high posts in his household. There is, too, a representative of the Bembo family from Venice, the Duke Mezzocapo Carlo, also from there;

the Count Cittadella Vigodarzere from Florence, and Count Cosio from Milan. The town of Agram sends a deputation to be present at the ceremony, although the archduke had never even been in Croatia. Fiume, too, sends its representatives. And from Dalmatia many who knew him of old are come. The Archdukes Ferdinand, Louis, and Louis Victor are here since yesterday with their suites. Yesterday Admiral Wüllerstorf arrived from Gratz. The Prince of Würtemburg also. Indeed the interest shown is great and general. I was this evening in the Corso, and before a shop window filled with photograph portraits was quite a crowd of gazers. They were looking at various likenesses of their Archduke-Admiral, and a print of his reception of the Mexican deputation that came to offer him the crown, and another of his final departure from Miramar. All had seen these very pictures hundreds of times before, and almost each person—even the very poorest—possessed some such souvenir of Maximilian; but his return to them to-day after three years' absence seemed to arouse old sympathies, and to kindle into greater warmth every affectionate remembrance, and so they stopped here to gaze on the familiar face.

I was told the other day a circumstance which shows more than anything else could do how entirely the Archduke has become the popular hero. I was assured that among the old people, those who know nothing of newspapers, and politics, and

the world's events, are many who do not believe in the Emperor's death, and who expect him to come among them again in life and vigour. No people ever yet believed that their chosen hero could die. There is something affecting in this faith, though to the over-wise it may seem to accord ill with the knowledge of the nineteenth century.

Trieste,
January 16.

EARLY this morning everybody was in movement. People were hastening to their places in the tribune erected close to where the procession was to pass on its way from the landing-place to the railroad. The troops of the garrison were preparing to share in the ceremony, and at about nine took up a position on the quay, on both sides the Molo St. Carlo. The different officers, civil and military, not on duty, the corporations, official authorities, the trade companies, and all such notables as were invited to be present, stationed themselves on the appointed place near the end of the Molo. Here black cloth had been spread on the ground; and a sort of altar, five feet high, on which to place the coffin. From this to the edge of the Molo an inclined plane had been erected, all the scaffolding composing it being also hung with black drapery. It rose full twenty-five feet above the water, and had been built thus in order that when the barge bearing the body, high up on a catafalque, neared the pier, it might at once

be slipped on to this inclined plane, and allowed to slide down an iron railway to its appointed place. Round this spot large wax tapers, six feet high, were placed in massive candlesticks. A number of men of the Imperial navy—non-commissioned officers, all of them decorated with crosses and medals—formed a line round the large open space, and near at hand a body of marine infantry, or Royal Marines as we should say, was drawn up on the side of the Molo. Presently the large carriage which I described the other day, was seen moving along; and, drawn as it was by six immense black stallions, with plumes on their heads, their harness and trappings all covered with black cloth, the whole had a fine solemn look. It was drawn up close to the altar-like stand on which the coffin was to be placed. But the big guns of the Novara and the Schwertenberg that at short intervals thundered through the air, and the boomings from the other ships as they continued firing their salute, frightened the horses, and had they not been quickly unharnessed they would, unmanageable as they were getting, have broken away and upset the car into the water. The clergy assembled in force; the Bishop of Trieste, who was to officiate, was there, and various other high church dignitaries. Then the three Archdukes came, attended by the officer on duty, to the spot assigned them.

At first it was a gloomy morning: there was a sadness in the air, and the flags half-mast high hung

down droopingly. There was haze in the atmosphere, and the Novara and the other men-of-war, drawn up in a semicircle on either side of her, could only be seen in indistinct outline. The merchant ships near the Molo were thronged with gazers. Every part of the rigging was filled with eager spectators. With the aid of my glass I can see the boats assembling near the Novara; there too is the barge to bring the body to the shore. As yet it is not possible to make it out well. I can only see the large Imperial crown which surmounts the black canopy high up in the air—so high that it rises much above the Novara's deck.

And now the guns of the frigates renew their fire, and the large mourning barge seems to be in motion. The corpse has left the ship, where, during many weeks, it was watched so lovingly. In front, leading the way, comes the captain of the Novara, in his gig, draped in black to the water's edge. Then follows the barge, with four naval lieutenants at the sides, as a guard of honour. Following the corpse is Vice Admiral Van Tegethoff, with his suite, and after him the boats of the squadron with the different staffs, the boats of the Lloyd Company, and those of the merchant vessels.

The barge itself was in admirable taste, and really was most imposing in appearance. It was the handsomest part of the whole spectacle. The hull, which was extremely broad, was covered with black

cloth; and round the gunwale ran a cornice of silver, a foot or a foot and a half broad. Besides this, ornaments in light silver work hung all round, like garlands; and over the sides depended large shields, on which the Imperial and Archducal arms were emblazoned in bright colours. In the centre rose the catafalque, high up and fully exposed to view. At the four corners were large vases of silver, and between them and the actual bier there stood, like Roman fasces, only square in form and massed together as a trophy, huge wax tapers, not lighted. At the top of the catafalque lay the coffin covered with a black velvet pall, crossed by a broad cross of gold brocade. The prow of the vessel has a large angel of silver; and on the platform in front, above the prow, but receding from it, lay on the black ground a large couchant lion in dead silver. In the attitude and look of the animal was a sad expression. Over the whole of this structure rose tent-like a canopy of black cloth, and at the top was placed a large Imperial crown of gold. At the corners where the drapery was drawn back in ample folds, stood a trophy, also silver white, like a man in armour. It had a most solemn appearance. In her most glorious days, when Venice was a queen, a departed Doge could hardly have been borne to his final resting-place on a more stately bier. The Bucentaur might be more resplendent, but it was not so imposing. There was not a breath stirring, not a ripple on the water; and the barge moved on

with a steady motion, not rocking in the least. It was soon moored to the pier. The sailors took off the pall and the laurel wreath, and adroitly slipped the coffin on to the inclined plane. Eight lieutenants with drawn swords formed beside it, and down it slid to its place on the Molo of Trieste. The Austrian admiral was again on his native soil, again surrounded by trusty friends, by old comrades and acquaintances, officers and men. He had come back at last—come back with the pomp that befits an emperor, and he was now at home. But what sadness was there in all relating to the return! What an end to all the hopes with which, like so many glad attendants, he started for Mexico!

The ecclesiastical part of the ceremony was soon over. The coffin was placed on the hearse, which, preceded by the clergy and by bodies of infantry and the bands, moved towards the town. The archdukes and the other mourners, the official personages, bodies of marines and marine artillery followed; and as the procession advanced, the bands played the Dead March, one after the other taking it up, as each band got into its place and began to move. Again the Novara, with the other frigates, thundered a farewell to the friend and chief who, in an hour, would be leaving the ocean behind him, to lie among his ancestors in the crypt of the Capuchins.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RETURN OF MAXIMILIAN.

SILENTLY !—Mournfully !
With colours half-mast high !—
Wrapped in the pallid moonlight,
The Austrian frigates lie.
There,* where the Imperial sailor
First learned the trade of war,
From the realm where he ruled and fought in vain,
They have brought him from afar.

His Austrian sailors guard him
Who can never lead them more,
Where the coast sweeps round to his fairy home,
From the Dalmatian shore.
Speak low, but bid him welcome
Back to his princely dower ;
Why did he leave his Father-land
For dreams of pomp and power ?

Alas ! for the brave spirit,
And for the kindly heart,
The open hand and manly brow
Destined to sorrow's part !
Doomed to as sad a sentence
As e'er befel the brave ;
Rocking in death, as the vessels swing,
Upon the Adrian wave !

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* Trieste.

Rather pour forth your welcome,
  Shake all your banners out,
Let the trumpet's blast and the clarion's call
  Echo the cheer and shout!
Tardy indeed your honours,
  But render him the most;
Honour the brave who perished
  Rather than quit his post!

Bear him along triumphant!
  Yet reverently withal!
The snow, that mighty leveller,
  Has laid his funeral pall.
Death, that makes all things even,
  Respects the hero's fame;
And leaves the murdered soldier
  His own immortal name.

There where the Kaiser-stadt
  Looks down upon the waves
Of rolling Danube, hills and dales,
  Of home-like village graves,
Leave him in sleep unbroken,
  With kindred Cæsars round,
Our "Archduke Max" come home at last,
  To rest in Austrian ground.—R. M. K.

A MEMOIR OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

Trieste,
January 15, 1865.

IT cannot, I think, be otherwise than interesting to look back on the career of the man who at this moment returns, not living, but as a corpse, from his adopted to his native country. And it must be so, not only because his name and his fortunes have been of late so universal a theme, but especially on account of the conflicting opinions which calm

and just men have entertained about him. Even where there was no intention of being severe, he was judged severely. Without having the full evidence which a knowledge of collateral circumstances alone could give, it was quite impossible to come to a right conclusion. And, in the case of the Archduke Maximilian, numerous difficulties prevented the attainment of this necessary knowledge. His position was in every way a peculiar one, and it is only by making ourselves well acquainted with it, by studying his own nature, and disposition, and tastes, and, finally, by looking closely into the character and motives of those who, politically and socially, were in close connection with him, that we can arrive at a correct knowledge of the man as he really was.

As I have had an opportunity of doing this, I give here the result of such study, a study made conscientiously and without any partiality; and I may, perhaps, be the more ready to share with others the result of the investigation, because it has shown me that my own former estimates of the Emperor were entirely erroneous; and that in arriving at my conclusions I had overlooked, or rather had been wholly unaware of, the existence of various important collateral evidences, without which a judgment which should be just could not possibly be obtained. All that I shall say on the subject is founded on data the exact truth of which is unquestionable; and not an assertion will be made

about whose correctness there can be a shadow of doubt. The sketch will not be a biography of the Emperor, but rather a psychological study; for the events as they followed each other in succession are known to everyone, but not the incentives to them.

While yet a young man, the Archduke Maximilian felt a distaste for Court life; its shallowness (and I do not mean that of Vienna in particular, but of Courts in general) was repulsive to him. This yearning after something real and stable, already showed that in the youth of eighteen there was a foundation for a good superstructure—for something above the common. He had a fancy for travelling in the East, and he accordingly went there on board the Vulcan. He now began seriously to study navigation and naval science, and went to sea as lieutenant on board the Novara—the same ship that lately bore home his body—under Count Karoly. He then sailed in the Volta and the Venus, and it was at this time he wrote the "sketches," which form a part of his lately published collected works. In these writings there are evidences, it is true, of the juvenile author; and to views, neither remarkable nor new, undue importance is sometimes attached. But the feelings expressed are always healthy; there is no maudlin sentimentality; and, where there is any excess, it is in the warmth shown for noble aspirations, in maintaining national rights, or when calling on those in power to rule righteously. What defects there were, are those of all young writers.

But for a youth of his age, and above all in his position, to employ his time and his opportunities in this way, is as rare as it is creditable. He went about the world with his eyes open, and not idly. His love of nature, and the intense delight he took in visiting new and beautiful scenes, are shown in every page he wrote.

He was named Commander of the corvette Minerva —this was in 1853—and it was his first command. Any one who has seen his castle at Miramar, and especially his own room, will have found endless proofs of his fond remembrance of the friends of his youth, and of places rendered dear by early associations. This faithfully affectionate recollection of days gone by seems to me a marked feature in his character. And from those who knew him well I learn that it was so. His room at Miramar was a proof of this. It was built in exact imitation of his cabin on board the Minerva. The upright posts that passed through it were there, and the light from above also, just as it came in from the deck.

He was known as a smart officer, and though strict was liked by his men. Though now his own master he was, nevertheless, always studying, so as to make himself thoroughly conversant with and master of his profession. He was also fond of natural science, as the books on the shelves of the library at Miramar show. The love of nature above alluded to was shown on every occasion; not only in the choice of the site for his pleasant wave-washed

home, and the arrangement of the garden on the hill side close to the castle, but in little things of every-day life. The sunsets at Miramar, for example, are singularly beautiful; and the dinner hour was always fixed so that the glorious spectacle might not be lost; that the meal might be over before the sun sank behind the line of water forming the horizon, or delayed till the sight had been enjoyed.

While in command of the Minerva the Archduke was much on the Albanian coast, and he made it his particular endeavour to create here a sympathy with Austria. He was in constant communication with the bishops of the country, and through them he hoped to work on the Christian population. He did much for them, and from his own resources gave all he could to better their condition. This plan with regard to Albania shows his forethought; just as later, when he became chief of the naval administration, it was evidently not so much the present that he thought of as the future which he would prepare for. And now, when Admiral and head of the navy, he carried on his plans with unceasing watchfulness and vigour. He knew all that was doing in Italy, the state of the Italian navy, and of the dockyards; and, in order to be well informed, he had officers travelling in the country, who saw and examined, and reported to him accordingly. The great aim of his life at this time was to keep the Austrian navy up to the mark, so as one day to be able to fight the Italians. And if he has

failed in other things he has been successful in this. But for him the battle of Lissa would not have been a victory. It was his work; and though far away when it was fought, he shared, and might claim to share, the triumph.

It was at this period of his naval administration that the cry, which afterwards never ceased till he went to Mexico, was raised against him. In order to comprehend how this should be possible, it must be remembered that the army and all relating to it were considered paramount in Austria. Military officers, with or without capacity, were the presiding men; they, and they alone, were the counsellors of the young Emperor, the holders of the high appointments in the immediate neighbourhood of the throne; through their hands passed the state papers sent by the different Ministers; and they it was who were, *de facto*, the rulers of the state. Counts Grunne and Gyulay, and others of the same stamp, were omnipotent. As they exercised unlimited authority over others, so also they had the archdukes entirely in their hands. This explains how it was that the Archdukes, influenced by these military potentates, were all against Maximilian. It was his wish, as I have said, to raise the navy, to make it efficient, to enable it to win a name. That another power should assert itself besides the military one was looked on by these courtiers as an act of arrogance that ought to be put down. It would never do to tolerate such assumption. And

men who are little-minded enough to wish, from mere jealousy, to repress excellence, will not be chary of the means employed for the purpose.

The Archduke wanted the navy to have a separate administration,—that it should no longer be, as hitherto, mixed up and joined with that of the army. In this he succeeded. But he still had endless difficulties to contend with when money was wanted. "We must have ships," was what he continually repeated; "without ships we cannot be a match for the Italians." So great was the opposition to his plans that the very vessels which won the battle of Lissa were obtained by a clever manipulation—by a dodge. In the budget laid before government, certain monies were put down for various expenses, for instruction and other matters; and when the money came, the Admiral said, "Now then, we'll build a frigate;" and he did so.

I spoke above of the influence of the Court party over the Archdukes, and how desirable it was found to retain this influence. For in the Austrian family exist peculiar arrangements—*Familien Gesetze*—family laws, by which the Archdukes can claim to exercise a certain power over the Emperor. As these Archdukes may not be reached by law, their action is uncontrolled. I must not, however, forget to say that whenever Maximilian could reach the Emperor, whenever he was able to bring personally before him what he had at heart, the Imperial sanction was in no one instance withheld.

Owing to these *Familien Gesetze*, and the power which they gave to the Archdukes, these men were, till Baron Beust came and inaugurated a new system, the great drag, preventing all progress. They were to a man against him. Independence of action, enlarged views, disregard of self and of selfish advantages when the interest of the country was concerned, were things looked upon by them as dangerous innovations. "First the country and then our family interests," was the maxim of Maximilian; and in these words was concealed, it was thought, a democratic spirit. However, by persevering, he succeeded in partially carrying out his plans. He got ironclads built, the very same that were at Lissa. One by one he obtained them. They were dragged from the Government in spite of all opposition. When he had had an interview with the Emperor, and had once the Imperial signature, he was safe; but without this none of the men in authority would yield a step.

By his activity and example the discipline of the Austrian navy was greatly improved, and the whole well organized. He took the English navy as his model, and the order, cleanliness, and system now to be found in the ships of the Imperial navy were introduced and enforced by him.

In 1856 the Archduke went to Brussels, with thoughts of marrying; and thence to Paris. This was the all-important year; for it was now he met with his evil genius; the man who, dazzling him as

he did by his splendour and seemingly irresistible power, exercised an influence over him fraught with evil. This meeting with Napoleon was the origin of his misfortunes; and being so, we must keep it well in mind. The admiration Maximilian felt for the French Emperor, the confidence he reposed in his genius, and the perfect faith he placed in his loyalty, explain many a decision of his after-life. His perfect trust in Napoleon was the false figure in the arithmetical sum, which as long as it remains, work it over as often as you may, will always bring a wrong result. And again, I say, therefore, let us not lose sight of this, let us as we follow the Archduke's career bear in mind this overwhelming faith in Napoleon.

Now came the time when Maximilian was nominated Governor of Lombardy, and lived at Milan. He objected to the appointment, because it took him away from the navy; but that was probably the very reason why he was appointed to the post. His own words on the subject were, "By making me governor you will not save Italy, and you ruin my work—all that I have hitherto accomplished—in the navy." However, much as he disliked it, he was prevailed upon to accept the office; and the two years of his Italian administration are, so those say who had the best opportunities of judging, the finest pages in his life. Even now, the Milanese, nobles and peasants, speak of what he did for them with praise, and still call him "Nostro Massimil-

liano." Yet he was a German, whom the Italians so thoroughly hate. Indeed they were accustomed to say, when speaking of their governor, *Che peccato che sia Tedesco*—what a pity he is a German.

In his governorship he displayed great magnificence and luxury. His palace was a marvel of splendour. His income at this period was £60,000 a year, and he spent it all. But he had no debts. There was order in all his arrangements; on board his own ship, in the navy, in his household expenses. Indeed it would hardly be possible to imagine a man who was a good organiser and exact in all the relations of life, a spendthrift for his own purposes and incurring debt. Yet this was one of the reports purposely spread by those who were opposed to him, to injure his reputation, and to weaken his influence. Those interested in doing so asserted that his popularity made him dangerous to the state, reports of his ambition were, in a most insidious manner, made to reach the Throne. Yet he rejected offers which would have made him powerful. While at Milan he often corresponded with Napoleon, and received marks of friendship from the French Emperor. Then it was, 1858, that the plan of Napoleon for an Italian Confederation was formed, with the Archduke Maximilian as King of Lombardo-Venetia, under Austrian suzerainty. The Hungarians, too, knowing his opinions and how favourably he was inclined towards them, were constantly sending emissaries to him to ask him to take the lead in

Hungary, and by putting himself at the head of the Liberal party, oblige the Emperor to make him Palatine. But he would have nothing to do with either suggestion. And yet, as regards Hungary, he was decidedly in favour of the national views; and with Lombardy he felt warm sympathy, believing, as he did, that the then Government had not shown itself just towards that province. He made no secret of his opinions, and this was a reason why at home the bureaucracy, and especially the minister Bach, with his colleagues, were all against him. How good his government of Lombardy was is shown by an expression of Cavour, repeated to me by the very man to whom Cavour uttered it. "I wish," said the Italian, "I could get rid of that man. His government does me as much harm as having 50,000 men against me in the field." A more flattering estimate than this the most ambitious could hardly wish for.

And it was just this liberality, the generous acknowledgment of others' rights, the humane sympathy which he felt with the people committed to his charge, which gained him so many enemies at Vienna. They denounced him, as I have said, as a "dangerous man."

In addition to the assertion that he had endless debts (which many, no doubt, still believe to this hour) it was attempted to make his tastes and aspirations appear ridiculous; and to mark him as one whose acts were all fantastic. The name

"Monte Christo" was given him. His tastes were expensive, for he loved what was artistic and beautiful; but his purchases were always governed by his income, and after his death the only claims upon him were some bills which had not yet been sent in, amounting to a few thousand dollars for household expenses. These are facts which I happen to know from the persons who had the care of his purse, and through whose hands every claim and payment passed. This charge of being a spendthrift, of having debts, is now therefore disposed of.

In the Italian war the Archduke was decidedly against the plan of Gyulay to enter the Lomalina; he said the campaign was lost before it had begun. This view was a reason the more for his being hated in military circles. The truth was, he had seen the state of the navy when he took it in hand, and knowing too how defective the organisation of the army was, he was able to foresee and to predict the disasters which followed. He was present at Solferino and other battles.

Before the peace of Villa Franca was signed, he had a memorable interview with the Emperor his brother. He first went to confession, for he was sincerely religious, and on his return, said, "Now my conscience is clear, I will go to the Emperor and tell him my opinion." He did so, and the result was that Bach and Grunne were dismissed. The former was the Minister; the other the omnipotent adjutant general of the Emperor, without whose

knowledge and consent no appointment could be made, no measure proposed or carried out, and who, in fact, in the administration of the empire, exercised more Imperial sway than his Imperial master. He stood before the throne and barred the way to it; he stood, unfortunately for Austria, between the Emperor and his people.

Maximilian, at this interview, told his brother Francis Joseph the full, undisguised truth. It was a necessity for him to have this meeting: he was irresistibly impelled to seek it by the danger which he saw impending over Austria. He showed his brother that the road he had hitherto followed, and on which he still was, would lead—had indeed already led—the Monarchy to ruin. He told him that the men he had chosen for his councillors were not trustworthy, and he implored him for his own sake, for the sake of Austria, to make a change before it was too late. The result of the interview we know; and that it should have been so favourable speaks well for the understanding and the character of the Emperor. But it agrees with what I have learned about him since. He has a quick perception of the truth; comprehends with great rapidity the bearing of a question, and is zealously inclined to act justly and do that which is right. Had he estimated his own qualities more highly, he would not have so long allowed himself to be led by others who were unworthy of his confidence; by men not distinguished by any single

mental qualification, and who were entirely wanting in those warm and generous impulses which happily the Emperor Francis Joseph possesses.

In every Hapsburg, as I have been told by those who have lived in intimacy with them, are two separate men: there is the individual such as nature has formed him, and the political actor with his narrow education, and the poor scraps of traditional political wisdom with which he has been reared, and which have been given him as guide. The one does not listen to the urgings of the other; the Hapsburg, as such, follows a course which the man (the piece of humanity) in his inmost heart condemns. But statecraft, says the Hapsburg, demands the sacrifice. So the other part—the mortal who would fain ignore the Hapsburg—stifles the right feeling and the noble impulse, and gives way. And the said actor prides himself on doing so. He looks upon it as a great achievement, and considers it quite a piece of Machiavellian statesmanship for the Hapsburg that is in him thus to lord it over the other man, the man of mere straightforward common sense and generous sympathy.

With the conclusion of the war the Archduke lost his governorship of Lombardy. Instead of £60,000 a year, he now had £12,000. He went to Madeira, and leaving the Archduchess there, proceeded to Brazil, taking Tegethoff as his officer with him. It was while with him on this cruise that the Archduke learned to appreciate the future

Admiral—a man who, though as modest and unassuming as possible, was daring even to excess, and who, to achieve victory, would spare others as little as himself.

When the Archduke returned from Brazil,* he found his naval administration much attacked. The truth was that the army being the pet object on which attention was bestowed, the demands on behalf of the navy caused jealousy; as every sum credited to that department of the public service was looked on as so much of which the army was unjustly deprived. Until very lately—until the name "Lissa" was a word which was re-echoed from one end of Europe to the other, and, reverberating across the Atlantic, made men even there look up in wonderment—the naval service in Austria was held in small account, and was regarded by military men much in the same way as a Horse Marine would be regarded by one of the Queen's Hussars. Because the naval man had to study in order to learn something, he was looked on, by his comrade in the army, as a slow plodder. Nowhere was to be found a comprehension of the importance of the marine power; no one had the forethought to prepare for the contingencies of the future. The

* An English translation of the Archduke's most interesting voyage to Brazil, and various other parts of the New World, in the "Novara," was published in 1868, and is perhaps one of the most entertaining and informing books of voyage and travel published for many years.—EDITOR.

Admiral saw the necessity of preparation. He was to have iron-clads; but when we remember that his proposition to build twelve such vessels was made at a time when the Gloire was not yet finished, and when England had no ships of the sort at all, it was no wonder that his plans were strenuously opposed. There has been an astounding want of foresight in all Austria's political proceedings until the last twelve months; the shortsightedness of the Administration here, was, therefore, but a part of the whole—a proof of the consistency with which the worthless system was carried on.

It is not a little remarkable that the Archduke should, thus early, have so thoroughly comprehended the advantage of this new method of shipbuilding, and have seen the necessity for Austria to be up and doing; so that, when the day should come, she might be found ready and fitted for accomplishing her work. He succeeded in getting two small iron-clads built. In order that the question might be generally understood he wrote a treatise on the subject.

It was an unparalleled innovation for a Prince of the Imperial house to take such a step; and this appeal to public opinion increased the enmity of his foes. They traded upon it and turned it to good account. The act, so simple in itself, was construed to mean opposition to the Throne; to be a recognition of democratic principles. The opportunity for asserting the Archduke to be a dangerous

man was too good to be disregarded. All this had an unfortunate influence on the relative position of the two brothers—the Emperor Francis Joseph and Maximilian. Here probably came into play that duality of nature which I spoke of above as a characteristic of the Hapsburgs; and the kindly nature of the Emperor and his natural sense of justice were (I may confidently assert it) domineered over by the other twin, reared with statecraft and traditionary Court wisdom, and put out of court. This state of things was the reason why the Archduke went to Vienna as little as possible. He was scarcely ever there, but remained at Miramar or Lacroma, a beautiful island, with an old abbey upon it in which he lived, close to Ragusa.

From what has here been related of the man and his career, it will not be difficult to comprehend what was the state of his mind at this period, and how turbulent the feelings which agitated him.

We must form a clear picture of it to ourselves to estimate correctly what was now about to occur. In his nature was, undoubtedly, much of what may be called the romantic element, or what, at least, is so named by the plodding, common-place, and unemotional. We have proofs of this in his early-formed and lasting friendships, in many a characteristic of his daily life, in the opinions expressed in his works, and his intense love of the beautiful in nature. To me he seemed to have in him much of that stuff of which poets are made. We must remem-

ber, too, that from his youth upwards he had a longing for active achievement; to do something which should be beneficial to humanity, of service to his country. He sought a field for action, and in the Austrian naval service, to which he devoted himself with heart and mind, he thought he had found one. But now, when he had grown doubly fond of his occupation, and pursued it, not as a duty merely, but with love, he found his further progress barred. He was, too, a suspected man. Thus all the warm feeling to which he would fain have given freest course, the activity he was longing to exercise, had to be pent up; and he saw before him a tame, deedless future. Such prospect for a man like this must have been agonising. He must have felt like the mountaineers immured in an underground prison, anything for freedom!

This was the time, these were the antecedents, when proposals which seemed to promise a fair field for action were held up before him. Being disgusted with things at home, he was ripe for accepting any bold plan that would enable him to employ his faculties. Napoleon sent Guttierez, the chief of the Conservative Mexican party, to Vienna. This same man had come, twenty years before, to propose to Metternich to set up an Austrian Archduke as candidate for the rulership of Mexico. Guttierez came (1860), and Count Rechberg, who then was Minister, received him well, and urged the Emperor

to advise his brother Maximilian to enter into negociations on the subject.

The archduke, worked on by his father-in-law, King Leopold, by Napoleon, by Guttierez, and Rechberg, yielded at last, and began negociations, fixing three cardinal points, which were indispensable: that the popular will should elect him emperor by a universal vote; that there should be a guarantee of alliance between the new empire and France, England, and Spain; and, finally, the guarantee of a loan by France sufficient for beginning operations.

Maximilian did not believe that the first point would ever be fulfilled, and that was in reality a reason for demanding it. He had, in truth, never any wish, even from the very beginning of the negociation, that it should prove successful, and he gladly availed himself of any proviso for non-acceptance of the crown. He believed, also, that while the negociations lasted, and they might be prolonged for a considerable time, France would hardly take any step against Venetia. That power would thus be held in check, and advantage gained at an easy cost.

Unfortunately the Archduke did not hold firm by those guarantees which he had required as indispensable. He gave way to the baleful charm which Napoleon exercised over him. He was influenced, moreover, by his wife. She had been educated to wear a crown, and behold the diadem

was now before her and within reach. Was she not to grasp it? Should she put it aside, saying, "Take the glittering bauble away!" Such an act would have been in direct contradiction to her nature, her education, and her policy.

Besides the instigations of his wife, the Archduke was led to accept the offer made him by the insidious promises and representations of different Mexicans, who besought him to do so, in the hope that they could make a good thing for themselves out of the empire. This is not the place to dwell on the state of political affairs in Mexico, to describe the anarchy that exists there, or the position which a man who was a brigand to-day may hold in the state to-morrow. I will only say that to realise such a phase of debased social and political existence is, for us Europeans, almost impossible.

The mass of influences brought to bear upon him made Maximilian yield. But he did so reluctantly; and to show that this deep-seated reluctance existed up to the last moment, I give the words from Napoleon's letter written to Maximilian just before his departure from Europe: "You *must* accept: you are bound to do so. You cannot say, now circumstances have changed, I retire." And, alluding to the long period during which the negociations had been going on, he continued: "What would you say to me if, after you had been staying three years in Mexico, I were to say the same thing to you?" Yet this is the very thing which, "after he had

been staying three years in Mexico," the Emperor of the French did.

The Archduchess was very happy when all was settled, and was radiant when departing from Miramar. He was in despair. The tears were in his eyes. The parting was a hard one, for all Trieste came out to bid him adieu. How totally different in nature the two individuals were, the moment of quitting their old home would sufficiently show.

It may be asked why, if so reluctant, he gave his consent? The truth is, the question gradually grew beyond his control. It grew above his head, and instead of mastering it he was borne away by the impetuous force of circumstances, and became powerless in its presence. He was deceived by the Mexicans, of whom he had formed a better opinion than they deserved; and as. regards the *plebiscite*, there is every reason to believe that he was equally deceived. For it was the archduke's inalienable resolve on no account to accept the crown of Mexico, unless the people wished him to do so, unless the desire was unanimously expressed. And this he told the deputation who came to him at Trieste, (October, 1863), in the plainest terms possible. There could be no misapprehension. There was nothing equivocal in what he said, no doubt whatever as to his sentiments.

Negociations regarding Mexico had been going on much longer than people are aware of. They were

kept very secret, and though occasionally there was a rumour that something of the sort was pending, no one knew anything certain. In October, 1861, there were conversations on the subject here at Trieste, and it went on thus till 1864. In 1863 all was known; the plan was no longer a secret. King Leopold was in favour of it, and this opinion of one who was considered to have the clearest head in Europe was, very naturally, not without its effect in deciding Maximilian to give way. Still, up to the very last moment he was undecided, for that instinct which certain natures seem to possess, was, with unsleeping watchfulness, ever urging him to refuse. What was he to do if he did not go? What to do if he went? Still there was a hope that he might assist a striving people, and bring the country good. Before him was a field of action, and the chance of being of use; here he could do nothing, and his career was closed. And so, though still reluctantly, he went.

A word or two now about his resolve to remain in Mexico, and his non-relinquishment of the task undertaken when he saw it was a failure. I am not aware whether it is generally known that at one time he had resolved to return. He had no wish to force himself on a people who would not have him. Every arrangement had been made for departure, and different officers of the household sent in advance to prepare for the embarkation. At this juncture men in whom he confided assured him

there was a strong party in his favour; that his cause was not lost, and that a large sum of money should be forthcoming to meet all present contingencies. Neither had he given up all hope of help from Napoleon, for his old trust in him again awoke; and the Empress Charlotte, with the bold determination of purpose which was native to her, started off at once for Europe, to get the aid from France which both still believed in.

She arrived at Paris and saw the Emperor, with what success we know. While there, she was very restless and excited, but there was no outbreak of her malady. Thence she travelled to Miramar, to Botzen, and Rome. There it was the paroxysm began. On the 1st of October, at half-past six in the morning, and while still in bed, the first decided outburst showed itself. She called aloud, dashed the bed-covering from her, and could not be appeased. Before this she had a notion that foes pursued her, and that they tried to give her poison, but this was rather a monomania than madness. From Rome, therefore, the terrible news was sent to Mexico in cypher. The gentleman who was accustomed to open the despatches did so as usual, and on making out the contents of the paper started with affright. The Emperor, who was in the room, perceived this, and asked the cause. Too much shocked to tell the truth, the gentleman sought time to recover himself before imparting to the Emperor the terrible intelligence, and making an excuse that

he had not the right key to the cypher, left the room.

The news of such a visitation would be a shock to any man. But to Maximilian the mere idea of madness was something indescribably horrible. He had a dread of it which no reasoning, no moral courage could overcome. Horror, unmitigated, insurmountable, ever-pursuing horror, was what the mere thought of madness brought with it. To him individually there was nothing in the whole world so repulsive. His sorrow at the affliction was great, but his terror at its mere name was incomparably greater. And this frightful thing had befallen her who was his wife; whom he was in duty bound to tend, to have near him, and to cherish.

This last drop of bitterness in his cup was, I will not say probably, but, no doubt, in reality, the deciding influence which made him resolve to remain in Mexico. No fate that could await him there would be more appalling than the horrors which awaited him at his return. His decision was taken; he would stay and meet his fate, whatever that might be, in Mexico.

It seems to me to be quite unnecessary to say that such resolve must not be taken as a proof of want of affection. Against such an innate dread as is here described it is impossible to combat.

Thus, a chain of circumstances conspired to prevent his departure from the land to which he went so reluctantly. Then, too, had he come back

what would have awaited him? A life of inaction, and consequent uselessness; for, even had it been thought good to do so, he, as an ex-Emperor, could not again take the command of the Austrian fleet. He saw before him also a renewal of old calumnies; and may be there was an unwillingness to risk ridicule by returning as the knight-errant who had gone forth to achieve great deeds and had done nothing.

That he was a brave man his last moments have shown, and it was a harder task to be so then than in the battle. A trifling incident shows how calm he was even on his way to execution. He was accustomed when driving to have a plaid over his knees; it was a habit, and warm or cold he could not do without it. When taken on this last occasion to the spot where the soldiers were drawn up, his plaid was forgotten. "I must have my plaid," he said, "I shall take cold," and he drew it over his knees as usual.

His remembrance of old friends and even humble dependents was not weakened by his own bitter sufferings. In his will every one was remembered, even the kitchen-maids had something assigned them. To those whom he had loved best—to "my friends," he sent what he had in prison—a pencil, his shirt studs, and rings. Every one was named. His calmness and presence of mind is shown also by his letters to his father and mother, to the Emperor of Austria, and his brothers, also to all his

friends, and the ladies and gentlemen of his household, before he went to Mexico.

This is a plain unvarnished statement, but it gives an insight which not every one can have, into the circumstances which induced the Archduke Maximilian to go to Mexico, and which, when there, caused him to remain.

CHAPTER VII.

UPPER AUSTRIA.

"Austria, thou giantess, mighty, glorious apparition,
With a mural crown resplendent standest thou before my vision:
And soft locks upon thy shoulders are in rich luxuriance streaming,
Golden even as thy harvests, in the warm breeze, waving, gleaming."

Thus does Anastasius Grün, in one of his poems, apostrophize Austria. And truly the land whence I now write is a glorious land, and full of beauty. Gentle slopes, wooded uplands, fertile lowlands, bright lakes, and white-walled villages surrounded by fruit-trees, are its characteristics. In the distance rise the sharp mountain-peaks, making the landscape at your feet look all the more lovely by the contrast with such ruggedness. On the mountain and in the forest is game in abundance; and the lakes and rivers yield fish of every sort and size. The dwellings of the peasantry are neat; far neater and more cleanly than those in the villages of Bavaria. I entered house after house quite unexpectedly, and without even a moment's notice; yet I

found in all the same degree of order in the household, the same neatness in the kitchen and the room where all met. In every house you find arrangements made for a second establishment. There is either an adjoining building, which you enter by a side-stair, or one part of the house is apportioned to this extra household, where a second kitchen and all necessary conveniences will be found complete. Here the old people, who have already, during their lifetime, given up the estate to their children, take up their residence. When, either on the son's marriage or at a time agreed upon, they retire from the management of the house or business, it is to this second establishment that they remove; and hence the dwelling for the old people is called "das Auszughaus," literally, "removal house." Sometimes, when the parties are rich and the establishment large, the "Auszughaus" is a separate building altogether; a house standing by itself, detached from but near the principal establishment. This custom prevails throughout Upper Austria. The houses are built accordingly; and each person in planning a new house orders it so that there shall be a separate part for him to retire to when his time shall come.

On the shores of the Attar See plums grow in abundance, and of such excellence that they are sent, when dried, to Vienna, and even to Turkey, and pass for prunes from the East. At one end is the castle of the celebrated Counts Khevenhüller,

a family to whom nearly the whole of Upper Austiar once belonged. Since the tenth century this family had furnished victorious generals, successful statesmen, notable ambassadors, and high dignitaries of the Church, for the service of the Emperor. In the corridors of the castle, now fallen into ruin, may still be seen full-length portraits of these illustrious personages, with name and date of birth, and list of services, as well as place of interment. There is no name more renowned in all Austria than that of Khevenhüller, or one that can boast of having rendered more signal services to the sovereign. And yet the abode of the last of this famous race is sinking into decay. In the courtyard, moss, and long grass, and fungus cover the stones; and the damp walls are green with unwholesome moisture. The great well is unused and neglected, the beams above it are rotting, the chain is eaten by rust, and nettles and bushes have taken root between the stones. The stone staircases are unsteady; the lofty chambers, bare and mildewed, impart to you a chill. The windows are broken, the rain and wind come in; and in the noble reception-hall the shutters, also half-shattered, are put up to keep out the elements. Old family portraits lie against the walls, the faces torn, and the canvas hanging in shreds; while here or there some bright young face, that has been spared amid the general wreck, will look out upon you from the heaps of lumber, and surprise and gladden you with its fresh bridal beauty. The

trees have grown up close to the walls; and their long branches, left unpruned for a quarter of a century, come in at the broken panes, and wave against the faded splendour of the halls. It is a melancholy sight.

In one of the rooms, as if to show in glaring contrast the difference between now and then, a tablet hangs against the wall, on which is painted in large characters the copy of a letter from the Empress Maria Theresa to Field-Marshal Andrew, Count of Khevenhüller-Frankenburg, and sent to him at Linz by the Duke of Lothringen, with a portrait of the Queen and the hereditary Archduke. It is a touching letter; for it shows us the Queen and mother wellnigh overcome by affliction and evil fortune, yet relying on her noble and trusty servant with all the confidence which his oft-tried skill and probity could inspire.

Here it is, in the original, for it would be a pity to lose a jot of its force or earnestness:—

"Lieber und getreuer Khevenhüller.—Hier hast Du die von der ganzen Welt verlassene Königinn vor Augen, mit diesem männlichen Erben! Was vermeinst Du will aus diesem Kinde werden? Sieh, Deine geängstigte Frau erbietet sich Dir, einem treuen Minister, mit diesem auch ihre ganze Macht, Gewalt und alles, was unser Reich vermag und haltet. Handle, oh Held und getreuer Vassal, wie Du es vor Gott und der Welt zu verantworten

getrauest. Nimm die Gerechtigkeit vor ein Schild, thue was Du Recht zu seyn glaubst; seye blind in Urtheilen unserer Meineidigen; folge Deinem in Gott ruhenden Lehrmeister in den unsterblichen Eugenischen Thaten, und seye versichert dass Du und Deine Familie zu jetzigen und ewigen Zeiten, von unserer Majestät und alle Nachkommenden, alle Gnaden, Faveur, und Dank, vor der Welt einen Ruhm erlangest; solches schwören wir bei unserer Majestät. Lebe und streite wohl."

"Dear and faithful Khevenhüller,—Thou hast here before thine eyes the Queen, deserted of all the world; also her male heir. What thinkest thou will become of this child? Behold! with this thy afflicted mistress offers thee, a faithful minister, her whole might and power, and all that our realm can give and contains. Act, O faithful vassal and hero, as thou shalt be able to answer for thy deeds before God and the world. Take justice for thy shield: do what thou believest right: be blind in judging those who have broken faith towards us: follow the example of thy master, who is now at rest with God, in his immortal Eugenian* deeds, and be assured that thou and thy family, now and for ever, shall receive from our Majesty and all our descendants, all grace, and favour, and thanks, and before the world fame and honour. This we swear to thee by our Majesty. Farewell, and fight well."

* Prince Eugene.—C. B.

In gratitude for services rendered to the Empire, the family of Khevenhüller received an Imperial patent, which ordained that in case of the failure of a male heir, the titles and rights and honours might be inherited by a female. But in the general wreck of the property this document has been lost; and with the death of the present possessor the illustrious name of Khevenhüller will be extinct.—C. B.

Vienna,
Jan. 24, 1868.

It is not a rout like that of Königgratz that I have to relate, although the two—that rout and the present, strange as the assertion may seem—hang together by a strong chain of imperious circumstances. They are connected with each other just as cause and effect are connected. At the present affair, however, there was no consternation, though there may have been a little surprise; no trying to escape or get away. On the contrary, the sole aim of all present, seemed to be to get in—namely, to the *salon* of the Baroness Von Beust, who had announced by cards, to an almost unlimited number of people, that on Thursday evening, the 23rd, as well as on the 30th, she would be "at home."

Well, you will ask, what is there to relate? A rout is pretty much the same all the world over. There are a certain number of inane faces, with the usual amount of inane twaddle, to match; grandeur here, simpering there; men, young and old, resplen-

dent with decorations, some bravely earned by eating a royal dinner. The high and mighty of the land are there brought together, and as they move in the exclusive circle, in their inmost heart rejoice that it is so narrow.

True, these are the general features, which, with slight modifications, are everywhere the same. And they were all to be found, as usual, in the *salon* of the minister. But there was one change which was not a little remarkable, and that was the enlargement of the charmed circle. People talk of the quadrature of the circle being a problem that is insoluble; but to break the circle of Viennese exclusiveness is a feat worth two of the other, and beats the trumpery quadrature problem hollow. You might have spent your life, if you were fool enough to do so, in trying to cross the line of demarcation which shuts you out from your fool's paradise, and have sunk into your grave without having achieved what you strove for so unremittingly. And there were in Vienna motives for exclusion besides those which generally, and as matter of course, dominate. The commoner, no matter what his merit, would no more be admitted than a man who had the small-pox upon him would be introduced into a family. He might be a Scott, a Thackeray, a Dickens; but neither the author nor the orator would, as such, be considered to have any claim to pass the charmed threshold. High position, even the most influential in the state,

gave no claim either; the only one that was acknowledged being—ancient lineage. There could not be a more striking exemplification of this than the fact, that when Herr Von Schmerling was prime minister of Austria, he was not (neither he nor his family) looked on as admissible into the highest society of Vienna. At their balls no one took any notice of his daughter: she was invited with her father for form sake; she was allowed to enter the sacred precincts of this and that palace, and to tread on the hallowed ground; but as to dancing with her, that the noble exclusives could not do. And, as a young lady does not go to a ball to sit still the whole evening and look on, the minister's daughter soon gave it up, and instead of accepting the invitations, resolved to stay at home. Nowhere else in Central or Western Europe could such a system prevail, and the mere fact that a man had been called to guide the destinies of a mighty empire, and to be the councillor of the Sovereign, would alone be sufficient to give him a "position" even among the nobles of the land. Not so, however, in Austria.

I said above that, if at the "rout" we are speaking about there was not consternation, there was, no doubt, surprise. For I think it may safely be affirmed, that since the Austrian Ministry for Foreign Affairs has stood where it does, never was an assembly seen within its walls at which the civic element was so strongly represented. In issuing her cards, Baroness Von Beust disregarded the old restrictions;

and I can fancy the astonishment of the nobleman whose ancestors went into the ark with Noah, to meet in those splendid drawing-rooms men not even of yesterday—nobodies of no time at all. In his heart he, no doubt, predicted the certain downfall of the Empire. Officials were there of the different Government offices, not the heads of departments only, but also the men under them. Some did not seem to feel quite comfortable, but still there they were. I recognised, too, a tradesman of Vienna; he had an Order round his neck suspended by a broad ribbon, and at his button-hole were three more. His invitation was, perhaps, a recognition of the merit which these distinctions seemed to indicate. If so, all honour to the Minister and to the lady of the house.

And breathing the same atmosphere as these—breathing it without being suffocated—were some bearing the highest names in the old Imperial realm. As it did not seem to me there was much talking going on, people were perhaps staggered by the tremendous innovations of that evening. The Archduke Charles Lewis was there, and seemed quite at his ease and at home. He was chatting pleasantly, and as he has a mellow voice, very like that of the Emperor, it is agreeable even to hear its tones. The youngest Archduke, Lewis Victor, was also present, as well as the Archdukes William and Rainer; and there too was the victor of Custozza, the Archduke Albert. Count Mensdorff, who, till the great change

took place, held the portfolio for foreign affairs, was again in his old domicile. But how glad to be there only as a guest and not as Minister! As he walked about and showed an acquaintance with the suite of rooms, I fancied his satisfaction at being rid of his burden of responsibility. He was not ambitious of the post of Minister, and held it on against his will, in compliance only with the will of the Monarch. To him, the once smart, dashing officer, the green table and diplomatic campaigns were sore trials for his active, open nature. I think he looks all the better for having got away from his distasteful work, and moves about fresher and more freely, like one who has shaken off a load. I like the man: you cannot help liking him if you know him, for he has so fine a sense of honourable dealing; and there was no one I was so pleased to see again that evening as he. All the ambassadors were there of course. There was no one more attentive to the ladies than the representative of the Sublime Porte, and had others shown as much talent for conversation as he did, there would have been altogether more animation than there was. Yonder tall man with the calm face is Count Andrassy, and that one with the grave expression, as though he felt that there were many difficulties to be encountered yet, is Baron Senneyey, who held formerly the high post of Tavernicus at Pesth. He is here as member of the delegation—that clumsy piece of machinery invented by vanity and vain-glory.

The High Church dignitary in violet silk cloak is Cardinal Rauscher—a man of acknowledged ability, whose mind unfettered by Pope-ology—for theology is not the correct term—would have expanded, and shown itself capable of great things.

The host has a pleasant greeting for all his guests. His manner is always urbane, and I have never yet seen his face without its good-humoured, cheery look. One of the rooms thrown open this evening, but there was no one in it, was of historical interest. The sittings of the Congress of Vienna were held there. This, like all the others, was of noble proportions. Everything in these palatial Viennese buildings bears an impress of grandeur. The loftiness of the rooms makes it impossible that any of the ornaments can be on a small scale; and, accordingly, the mouldings, the cornices, the divisions into panels, are of commanding size. There is nothing small anywhere. In an apartment of this height the rich silk brocade curtains of the different rooms (some crimson, light blue, or amber coloured) have a very handsome effect.

There were comparatively few ladies present. Next Thursday, perhaps, there may be more.

Vienna,
Feb. 11, 1868.

ALL sorts of changes are going on in this ancient realm, the Holy Roman Empire, as it was once called. The old foundations on which the fabric was

built seem to be slipping away from under one's feet. Both outward and unseen influences have been at work to cause the variation in the former state of things, as it existed in the social as well as in the political world of Austria. The two are not separate hemispheres, but belong to and move together, as we already perceive, and shall before long (perhaps with regret) more clearly see in our own hitherto most favoured England.

Social and political mutations, of a nature to defy calculation, are more striking here than they would be elsewhere, because the distinctive character of the organism here was supposed to be solidity, or, to use another word—the coinage of the day—solidarity. I remarked in a recent letter how distinctly the different classes of society were divided, how impassable the barrier; of an admixture of the two things there could be no thought. Even temporarily, in the drawing-room, for the short space of a ball or a rout, it was decidedly out of the question. But union, lasting, insoluble union, who ever dreamed of such a thing? What was to become of the fourteen and sixteen unsullied quarterings on the shields hung up on the branches of the genealogical tree? Such a taint would act like mildew on the old stem; it would bud no more, or at least the blossoms would bear evidence, painful evidence, of the later graft. The Austrian peerage was the very opposite of ours. You might hunt for a long while in vain through the pages of the Gotha

Almanac to find one such *mésalliance* as those of which dozens are recorded in Debrett. This, so people say, is a money-seeking age, at least in the island known as Great Britain, and in that portion of it known as Belgravia, moralists do affirm that when young men marry, what they must keep in view is comfortable quarters.

Now in Austrian Belgravia the aspirant for marriage always kept a sharp, a very sharp, look-out after not quarters, but the quarterings. This was everything, the *summum bonum* that supplied the want of everything else. If only that existed, want of sense was not a deficiency, nor want of beauty, nor youth, nor temper, nor comfortable quarters. These sixteen quarterings were a sort of philosopher's stone, which turned all belonging to them into forms, I will not say of loveliness, but which, however, were acceptable. When a man had tested these said quarterings, and found them all right, he could, as the occasion required, shut his eyes, and, resigning himself to fate, take the desperate leap. In doing so I never heard that the performer broke his neck or his heart. Sixteen quarterings on one's coat are better than armour, and that they sometimes make the wearer's heart like triple brass, experience daily shows.

It certainly is the strangest of revolutions that herein a change should have begun. But it has begun, and is going on its way. Austrian noblemen are beginning to taboo the tabard; they have turned

out Red Dragon, and his colleague, the Lion King at arms, and have set up instead the chubby little rogue with the bow and arrows. Young as he is, he is just as great a tyrant as his predecessor. He puts up the old family shields as butts, sends his arrows into the great rampant lion with a couple of tails, pierces and knocks all to pieces the eagle, which, even though it has two heads looking right and left, is not able to escape, and makes such awful confusion, that no human being will be able to tell what is "gules," or "argent," a sign of alliance, or wreath of honour, or anything whatever. If a modern Jeffrey were to arise and write about it, he no doubt would begin like his predecessor, when reviewing Byron, with, "This will never do," and yet it seems to do, and to do very well. Men—I mean the individuals, not the genus—appear to like it rather than not, and find it pleasanter to marry a commoner with brains, than a Countess who is a fool.

It is rather singular that a scion of the house of Hapsburg should, a good number of years ago, have set the example of disregard of usage and precedent in this particular matter. The Archduke John, as is well known, married the daughter of a village postmaster. He had often changed horses at the house on his journeys, and having well observed the fair Tyrolese maiden, resolved on making her his wife.

Since that wedding of the Tyrolese postmaster's daughter, many similar marriages have occurred in

this Imperial realm. That charming singer, Fräulein Löwe, became a princess and bore the name of one of the proudest houses in Austria; and the sprightly little actress, Fräulein Gomann, is now the daughter-in-law of one of the first diplomatists—of him by whom Austria is represented at the Porte. One lady still upon the stage is, so all assert, already the wife of a count with a well-known name. The charming youthful dancer, Fräulein Bianca Lucas, whom I saw but yesterday in all her grace and freshness, is destined to become the wife of the future heir to noble estates and a right noble name. But I cannot go on enumerating; it would take too long. I began with a Hapsburg—let me return to the Imperial house.

The Archduke Henry, cousin of the Emperor, has just been married to a young lady of the name of Hoffmann. She was formerly on the stage, but for two years past has been living with her family near Vienna. The wedding took place without any pomp or ceremony, at the Archduke's palace at Botzen. He had, it seems, endeavoured to obtain permission from his Majesty to form this connection, but in vain. Accordingly, some days ago, Fräulein Hoffmann was summoned to Botzen by her future husband, with strict injunctions to mention the journey to no one. She was, such was the Archduke's wish, to appear at the altar in a simple dress of white muslin. In the room where the ceremony took place were two witnesses; this was all the company. They have now left for

Italy, where for some time they will remain. May they be as happy as Archduke John was with his excellent wife!

Vienna,
March 5, 1868.

ARCHDUKE HENRY, whose marriage with Fräulein Hoffmann was mentioned in a recent letter, has been forbidden "for the present" to take up his abode within the boundaries of the empire. The "Hausgesetze" in the Hapsburg family are very stringent; and if a member act in opposition to them, or what comes to the same thing, to the wish of him who is the head of the house, the Emperor, he must be prepared for the consequences falling heavily upon him. The Archduke was, it seems, quite prepared for what followed after his marriage, for, the wedding ceremony over, he left at once for Bavaria, passing some days at Roseheim, under the incognito of Count Weideck. From thence he went to Munich, and after inspecting the works of art, and whatever was worth seeing, he left for Switzerland. There has been much talk about the validity of the marriage; but the Catholic Church (the union having been celebrated by a priest in due form) will hardly allow the laws existing among the members of a family to annul and set aside what she has pronounced good and binding. Miss Hoffmann is now the undoubted wife of the Archduke Henry, even though not acknowledged as such by his family. The Emperor is a merciful man, and no doubt will

be moved to mercy towards the present offender, after he has undergone a not too long probation, and when the majesty of the "Haus-gesetze" has thus been vindicated.

Mr. Boner's strong interest in the fate of Transylvania is shown in the following letters written at this time, in which he alludes to his own work on the great eastern province of the Empire.

Vienna,
March 5, 1868.

YOU will have read that the "Comes"* of the Saxon nation in Transylvania (that is to say the German population of that remote Austrian province) has been removed from his post by an ukase of the Hungarian government, which of its own good pleasure has placed another in his stead. The position of the Saxons in Transylvania, where they have been for five hundred years, is most remarkable. The kings of Hungary respected their rights and liberties, and when the nobles tried to break down the bulwark of law and chartered rights which these peasant immigrants had raised around them for their protection, they were invariably repulsed. Later, when Transylvania came directly under Austrian rule, these rights were respected—the Emperor promised to respect them, and kept his word most faithfully. Now this rich province has hardly been handed over to Hungary (it having been demanded

* Chief magistrate.

that all the lands which had ever been under the dominion of the crown of St. Stephen should again be considered as "Hungary") when the Pesth Ministry displace the "Comes" of the Saxons, and, without election, nominates another to the post. It is as aggressive and arbitrary an act as can be conceived. The Saxons are, of course, indignant at such bold contempt of law, of chartered rights, of ancient usage, of the example set by wise Hungarian kings, and have petitioned the Emperor to see that justice be done them.

A letter has been received here from a high official personage in Berlin, which marks an important change in the policy of distrust and suspicion which has hitherto been pursued by the Prussian government towards Austria, notwithstanding the repeated conciliatory declarations of Baron Beust. The Berlin cabinet now acknowledges the great services Austria has rendered in preserving peace, adding that but for the perseverance and resolution of Baron Beust, Europe would at this moment have been in the midst of war.

The Russian *Invalid* demands (so says a telegram from Petersburgh) equality with the other nationalities for all the Sclave people in Austria. When this happens, then (such is the prediction of the journal) it is possible that Russia may feel some sympathy with Austria. The *Presse* of yesterday shows that these remarks are sheer nonsense:—

"The Sclaves are to be put on an equality with the other nationalities of Austria!" says the Vienna paper. "Is, then, the Cis-Leithanian Constitution for the Germans only, and that of the Hungarian countries for the Magyars alone? Are there not Poles and Slovenes in the Reichsrath and the Delegations here, as well as Sloveks and Serbs in the Hungarian Diet? And is the Croatian Diet not now assembled? Or do the fundamental laws make any difference in regard of nationality? Let the *Invalid* stop at last, and not keep on trading on the word 'Sclaves;' but rather talk of Poles, Czechs, Croats, Serbs, &c., when it is inclined to mention the nationalities of Austria. What a handful of Czechs wish for, is as different as possible from what the Poles consider desirable."

The truth of these remarks no one can gainsay. But Russia will not therefore cease to play the old game—a game which, it must be acknowledged, promises gain. Already, in 1863, Mr. Boner, wrote:—"Austria is wrong to rely on their (the Roumans') fidelity, for there is no one bond that unites them to her. Though under her rule they all to a man look towards Russia, whose Sovereign is the head of their Church. They have nothing to do with the West. It is in the East their hopes lie."*

And what was then said of one nationality applies to the different people of the Sclavonic

* See "Transylvania," by Mr. Boner.

race lying around the eastern and south-eastern frontiers of Austria, as well as within her boundaries. "Eastward ho!" is their watchword. Those words, "Whose Sovereign is the head of their Church," explain at once the ardour of their inclination on the one hand, and the strong power to attract and to unite exercised by Russia on the other. Whoever has had to do with the followers of the Greek Church, well knows how great a part religious sympathies play in questions that seem to be exclusively political. It is a fact Russia turns to good account. The feeling is fostered by her in every possible way. Some poor Greek Church in Austria, or Montenegro, or Servia, is repaired; a new picture is seen above the altar, and the priest lives more at ease than he did before. Who has done this, to whom is this care for the impoverished establishment owing? It is Russia who has been thus mindful of its wants, and the gifts to the Church were presented by the Czar.

Thus all these people are united by a bond which nothing can sever, a unanimity which with skilful manipulation may be turned into a mighty instrument. This instrument Russia is unremittingly forging.

The danger for Austria is great, greater than for any other European power; for should the vision which the different Sclavonic people have constantly before them become reality, Austria would be clasped as with the arms of a polypus

outstretching on all sides; and, as I believe, her vital power would be crushed by such embrace, Hungary is no bulwark against the advancing danger, for that land is sure first of all to succumb to the uprising power. The Magyars are but a handful among numerous other nationalities, who though living under Hungarian rule, have not one feeling towards the dominant power that could be called sympathy. On the contrary, they all hate the Hungarians as the Italians hated the Tedeschi. And with far more reason. For the Hungarian, in spite of his talk about freedom and constitution, is a thorough mediæval feudal lord, who in his heart recognises no distinction but that of lord and serf. Should the millions by whom the few Hungarians are surrounded in their own country, resolve to use their power, it would be vain even to think of resistance. This impending danger is a writing on the wall; which, however, is hardly regarded in the present hour of proud self-glorification.

In Wallachia and the Danubian Principalities, not only Russian agents are busy, but Prussia has her contingent there too. Something is always being done to keep up a state of excitement. This is a chief thing. As long as there is ferment, people cannot settle to their everyday affairs; and as long as they are in this state of agitation they are ripe and ready for a riot, a raid, or an invasion. It is not so much the direct conse-

quence of a demonstration or a movement which is cared for, as the state of things which grows up out of the disorder, and becomes chronic, which is so desirable. For, by this continual unrest, the whole population becomes at last incapable of tranquillity. And this it is the *agents provocateurs* desire; such a state of things constitutes their success. For this reason, the fire of civil discord is not allowed to go out in Greece and Candia and the islands of the Archipelago. Here nothing positive is gained, nor there either; but disorder becomes indigenous, and men learn at last to prefer tumult to peace, for which, indeed, they become unfitted.

CHAPTER VIII.

KING LEWIS I. OF BAVARIA.

"Hätte ich nie andere geliebt,
Liebte ich dich nicht so sehr."
Poem addressed to his wife by Lewis the First, King of Bavaria.

Munich, March, 1868.

YOU have doubtless received by telegraph the news of the death of King Ludwig. I propose, as briefly as I can, to furnish you with a memoir of the departed monarch, which I have had good opportunities of sketching. King Ludwig's whole sphere of action was so closely connected with art matters, the celebrity attaching to his name is so mixed up with what he achieved for painting, sculpture, architecture, that it is impossible to give a sketch of his career without dwelling on the particular turn of mind of his early manhood, on his stay in Italy, his occupations there, and especially on his intimacy with those men whose counsel he sought, and for whom he retained through life a firm unchanging friendship. Moreover, the plan of, the foundations for the two works which mark his taste and character more than any others, were laid in the very outset of life, although one of

them was called into existence only at a much later period. Both the Glyptothek and the Walhalla were resolved on before he went to Rome for the first time in 1805, although the latter was not realised till forty years later. Indeed all his undertakings give evidence how true he was to the words he chose as his device, "just and persevering;" and a resolve once formed and decided on was pursued assiduously for years, and never, no matter how adverse were circumstances, was it allowed to be lost sight of.

In Rome he took up his abode in the Palace Rondanini, where the Bavarian Embassy was lodged. He at once became acquainted with men who could aid him in his plans, guide his taste, and assist him with reliable advice. With the artists Koch, Reinhart, Camuccini, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Wagner, &c., he formed an intimacy which grew closer each succeeding year. He was true in his friendship; and the remembrance of past services rendered to him in a sympathetic pursuit, overcame the parsimony he had imposed on himself, in order the more fittingly to carry out his plans for the glorification of art, and for erecting in his country some noble monuments. "I must look at every scudo," he writes in a letter to Wagner, when pressed to purchase some objects of art which he longed to possess. "I cannot buy either; I must save; the Glyptothek costs me much." And save he did in every possible way; in his own person and

in those various circumstances where a Prince or King is expected to give liberally. He, however, did not so. He has been known to refuse a shilling, "trinkgeld," to the man who had brought home some object of art, the total cost of which had been fixed and agreed to. That shilling "was not in the bond," and he would not pay it. Yet when the two friends and advisers of his youth, Koch and Reinhart, were in need, he helped and provided for them royally.

This remembrance of those to whom he was mentally indebted, of men who had served him and had participated in all the aspirings of his ardent nature,—this recollection of old friends, even when he had no longer special need of their services, deserves to be set forth as a marked and worthy characteristic of the man. Let us not forget, that if this be rare among the ordinary range of men, how much rarer the quality is among those born to rule. For forty-eight years the intimate connection between the artist Wagner and the King continued, without a break, without one painful interruption. There was the fullest trust on the one side, the utmost devotedness on the other; and strange to say, this devotedness was appreciated to the full, and over and over again acknowledged with warmest gratitude. The last letter of the King to the friend of his youth, after an acquaintance of almost half a century, is written with the same feeling of thankful recognition as those first letters

when Wagner was striving and working with enthusiasm to carry out the darling projects of the Prince. "Warmest thanks, attached, faithful Wagner!" writes King Lewis in that last letter of July 15, 1858.

And lest it be thought that this good understanding between the parties, so unequal in rank, was owing to subserviency on the one side, it must be mentioned for the sake and to the honour of both men, that the contrary was the case. It was the straightforwardness of Wagner, and his plain-spoken character which first attracted the Prince's attention, and inspired respect for their possessor. The artist's opinion about the expediency of purchasing the works of art which at Angelica Kauffmann's death were to be disposed of, differed from that of the Prince, and he openly said so. That the youth, heir to a throne, just embarked in his great art undertakings, should not have had too high an estimate of his own judgment, but have given up his plan in deference to the opinion of another, is surely a fact that is notable. The Prince's satisfaction at the other's ingenuousness was expressed to him in a letter written in that peculiar dislocated unnatural diction which he thus early had adopted. "As artist not merely, but as honest man, you do I know, Wagner. Of this, your decision about Angelica Kauffmann's legacy is a proof."

Princes not unfrequently change their nature as their position changes; and the affable heir

who listens gladly to truth even when unpalatable, assumes sometimes with the sceptre another demeanour, and frowns the unaccommodating speaker into silence. But to his credit it cannot be said that this occurred with King Lewis of Bavaria. That change in his rank brought no change in his bearing towards those he had known in early days, is shown by his meeting with Wagner on his return to Rome when King.

The presence there of his old friend was hailed with unfeigned joy. He thus writes on the subject in a letter from Italy: "The excellent Wagner whom the Prince Royal left in Rome the King has found there again. The worthy man! that speaks out as openly as ever to me, a language kings so rarely hear, and yet it is so wholesome." And how free the expression of Wagner's opinion was we see from the following incident.

King Lewis, on returning *incognito* to Rome, after his accession, wished to follow the same mode of life, and have around him the same friends as formerly, but was not sure if he could do so. He asked Wagner, "What I was used to do as Prince Royal," he writes, "I will not give up as King; but, perhaps, it will be found fitting to have state liveries, &c." To which the other answered, "The King of Spain always drove about, it is true, in a coach and six, with grand liveries; but, notwithstanding, no one had the least respect for his person. Simplicity with dignity is always the best; and

what your Majesty did formerly will also be the best course to pursue for the future."

It was on this occasion, also (1858), that he sent for Schwanthaler, who was ailing, to come to Perugia, and the King took the suffering artist with him back to Germany. It may be thought that the delight he took in and the value he attached to art, may alone sufficiently explain why he remained so faithful to these early friendships. In every case, however, as in that of the men already named, and of the historian Johann Von Müller, other qualities besides artistic excellence formed the foundation of the close and lasting intimacy. All the men with whom he was united in friendship were men of sterling worth and character.

Even while busily corresponding about the works to be purchased for his meditated Museum of Sculpture, which, as he said, was to be distinguished "by quality not quantity," he was diligently interchanging letters with the above-named historian on the worthies who were to have a place in his contemplated Walhalla. The merits of the heroes were weighed and discussed, the opinion of the scholar asked for and yielded to with respectful deference, and every letter written to him by the youth just starting fresh, and hopeful and buoyant on his career of life, gives evidence of his yearning after knowledge, and the activity and vigorous healthfulness of his mind. How hopeful he was this noble idea of a Walhalla shows: a monument to be erected one day in the heart of his

country where those who had made their names famous, and were united by the bond of a common tongue, were to be brought together—their country's pride all of them—and all to receive the homage of her gratitude.

But when we remember the time when the plan was conceived, never after to be given up, we can hardly help wondering at the strong faith which it proclaimed in the innate power of Germany. It was at a time when Napoleon was omnipotent—when every dynasty in Europe was trembling for its existence, principalities were being moulded into kingdoms, kingdoms dismembered or destroyed, God's very barriers trampled down and passed; when works of art, the heirlooms of a nation, were torn from the land that had produced them to deck the capital of the conqueror; when victory followed victory—Marengo, Hohenlinden, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland; when kings' crowns and mitres, like withered leaves, lay strewn upon the ground, and when it might well be feared that in that ancient land soon nothing would be left of its former self to mark its identity—at such a moment was it, when devastation threatened to put out the lights which had been shining for ages, that the Prince Royal of Bavaria, then twenty-three years of age, resolved to build a monument to the glory of his country. Although, as he wrote to Johann Von Müller, "Walhalla is no work for a Prince Royal, it is too costly," he still had the busts

prepared, "for," he continued, "should I one day be king, I will build it." And twenty-five years afterwards, five years after he had ascended the throne, the great work was commenced, on the anniversary of the Battle of Leipsic, that battle of the nations being chosen as the day for laying the foundation-stone.

It must have been an exciting time those years of preparation for the contemplated Glyptothek! There were no longer so many works of art to be got as formerly. Napoleon had bought the antiquities of the Borghese family for Paris; those of the houses Farnese and Medici had gone long since to Florence.

The family Rondanini had had their possessions divided by inheritance, and the galleries of Ruspoli and in part those of the Colonna and Giustiniani families were in the hands of dealers. However, for money everything is to be had, and in the Villa Aldobrandini and elsewhere there were still treasures, if only the means could be found for acquiring them. The difficulties and the prices rose and fell like shares on the Stock Exchange. A Russian Prince more or less in Rome made a difference; and even when at length purchased and paid for, a whole machinery of intrigue had sometimes to be set in motion to get the bust or the torso passed out of Rome. But the Prince's zeal overcame these obstacles. The Pope, cardinals, ambassadors, ministers were set in motion, and there was no rest till the acquired treasures were in places of safety across the frontier.

It is not uninteresting to mark the difference which the Prince had observed in the estimate of the ancient sculptures by the two great sculptors of the day, Canova and Thorwaldsen. In writing about the purchase of the "Barberini Faun," he authorises Wagner to offer for it "less than Canova's estimate, more than Thorwaldsen's: his estimate being lower always."

On hearing of the discovery of the marbles belonging to a temple of Athena, on the island of Ægina, Wagner was instantly sent off to try to obtain them, and a credit of 70,000f. given him.

Although these disbursements were large for a prince who had nothing but his appanage, yet no debts were incurred. By strict economy the income was made to suffice. Throughout life King Lewis ordered his expenses with the exactness of a debtor and creditor account in a banker's ledger. The necessary monies for certain undertakings were assigned beforehand for each coming year. Every separate expenditure was provided for from specified sources, and each rubric had a corresponding one belonging to it whence its expenses were to be defrayed.

The childhood of Prince Lewis had been passed in an agitating period. He was born at Strasburg, where his father Maximilian Joseph, Count Palatine of Deux Ponts (Zweibrücken) commanded the regiment Alsace, in the service of France. The joy at his birth was great, and the grenadiers of the regi-

ment cut off their beards and moustaches to make a mattress covered with velvet for the little son of their colonel. Three years later his father took refuge in Darmstadt, afterwards in Mannheim, and when this town was besieged by the French he sent his family into the interior of Germany. He afterwards settled in Munich. His son's education was confided to an ecclesiastic, and in due time the youth pursued his studies at the Universities of Landshut and Gottingen. His father had become the ally of France, and it was while at Lausanne he learned the check which Bavaria had experienced in presence of the Austrians. After the victory of Austerlitz Bavaria was raised to a kingdom. The Hereditary Prince was named general of division, and as such took part in the war. In March, 1807, he passed the Vistula, and took an active part in the combats which occurred round Pultusk. He afterwards commanded a division under Lefebvre against Austria, and when the battle of Abensberg was over Napoleon embraced him, saying, "I regret not to be able to speak German, in order to thank the Bavarians."

But this service under France was repugnant to him. The poetical pieces dating from this time show what aversion he felt for the conqueror in spite of his favours and caresses, and it was when the bronze horses of Venice were fixed above the triumphal arch of the Tuileries that the young Bavarian predicted the downfall of the usurper.

When after the treaty of Vienna the circles of the Inn and the Salza fell to Bavaria, Prince Lewis established his residence at Salzburg. In 1813 he issued a proclamation, in which he gave utterance to his long pent-up feelings, and called on the people of Bavaria to rise against Napoleon. He was in London at the time the allied Sovereigns were there, and his letters written thence on the subject of the Elgin marbles show how sound his judgment was, and that he was something more than a mere amateur of art. He was present at the Congress of Vienna. After the great battle which terminated the war and the career of Napoleon, he was instrumental in enforcing the restitution of those works of art which had been carried away to adorn the French capital. From time to time he returned to Italy, and it was during one of these sojourns in Rome (1818) that, with Cornelius, he planned the frescoes which were to adorn the walls and ceiling of the Glyptothek.

In October, 1825, King Maximilian died, and his son succeeded him, taking the oath to preserve the constitution which had been granted by his father seven years before. On mounting the throne, he immediately set about introducing into the administration of the public revenue the same system of order and economy which he had observed in his own private fortune. Reforms were begun; unnecessary courts and jurisdictions were abolished; the expensive body guard was transferred to the

line; and every minister, characteristically enough, made answerable for sufficing with the supplies voted for his department by the parliament. The censorship of all unpolitical papers was abolished and to the Ministry of the Interior a department was added for church and school matters, in which, also, Protestant interests were represented. A million florins were saved in the army estimates, and this sum was assigned to the office for defraying the national debt. When, later, the House of Representatives diminished very considerably the civil list, and also cut off many an item from the army estimates, it is not so sure that monies thus saved by economical administration found their way into the coffers of the respective departments. It has always been asserted that the King employed these sums for carrying out his plan for adorning the capital; that the public accounts were often "doctored," and that sums said to have been applied to some common-place but necessary undertakings had gone to pay for a fresco or to help raise an arch of triumph. Now, when the cost of these undertakings is considered, and the income at the disposal of the King, it is hardly possible that it could be otherwise. The Glyptothek was built, the new palace with its magnificent throne-room and halls painted in fresco, the church of St. Anna in the suburb Au, the Royal chapel, the church dedicated to St. Lewis, that to St. Boniface, the ugly Protestant church, the public library, the university, the

bronze obelisk in memory of the 30,000 Bavarians who fell in Russia—these, and various institutions and edifices arose, one after the other, completely changing the character of the old-fashioned German city. A new street, of grandest dimensions, was built, the Ludwig-strasse, which, as it leads nowhere, is, however, almost wholly deserted. Later the Arch of Triumph, at the end of this street, grew up, with its bronze car on the top, drawn by gigantic lions, one of which was in the first Exhibition of All Nations held in England. Of the Walhalla, gorgeous in its coloured marbles, its figures of Victory, and its ceiling ornamented with pure ducat gold, mention has already been made.

In 1833 an undertaking was begun essentially different from all others in which the King had hitherto interested himself, the Ludwigs Canal, a canal by which the Rhine and the Danube, the German Ocean and the Black Sea, were to be united. The grandeur of the scheme had no doubt a charm for King Lewis, and he also not improbably felt stimulated to carry out a project which had occupied the mind of Charlemagne. Since the general introduction of iron roads the canal has lost much of its importance. The arcades, with the landscapes of Rothmann and the scenes from the War of Independence in Greece, the colossal statue of "Bavaria," the Hall of Fame, the new Pinakothek for modern paintings, the Royal foundry for casting works of art, the institution for glass painting, one

after the other, were decided on and completed. But also more material interests were not forgotten. On the Lake of Constance, the first steam boat plied from shore to shore under the auspices of King Lewis, and it was during his reign that the first railway in Germany was opened in Bavaria—the short but lucrative line between Nuremberg and Fürth. This was the signal for other enterprises of a like sort, not only in Bavaria, but in other parts of Germany. Another railroad was at once begun between the capital and Augsburg, and from Nuremberg to Bamberg. But the most important measure as regards the political economy of the country, and, indeed, of Germany, was that arrangement made in 1827 with Wurtemburg, and, later, in 1833 with Prussia, known since as the Zollverein. No event has contributed so powerfully to bring about that union in Germany, which has been the constant theme of patriots and of the German youth, as this measure for uniting material interests. It caused a feeling of unity, and produced a sense of its necessity and its utility, even before anything like political unity existed. The minister, who afterwards went to Greece with the young King Otho, King Lewis's son, was chiefly instrumental in maturing and carrying out this important measure. In 1828 it was decreed in the Chamber that the civil courts of law should henceforward decide on cases, carefully defined, which till now had come under the military jurisdiction. A particular court

of administration known as the Landrath was also organised, and brought into working order.

The new institutions which had been called into existence were evidently improvements. They had been proposed and prepared by the representatives of the people, and acceded to and carried out by the King and his ministers. An innovation was now to occur, which was neither in accordance with the wishes of the country, nor in keeping with the century. Since 1827 the stipulations of the Concordat relating to religious houses had, it seems, been lying in abeyance. Now a Royal rescript called them again into existence. Monasteries, convents, nuns, and friars, "black, white, and grey," suddenly were to be seen on all sides, in Munich as well as in the provinces. Barefooted friars might be met in the streets of "Modern Athens," and it was impossible not to perceive how strangely at variance such monastic institutions were with every improvement going on in Western Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Persons were not wanting who asserted that this backward step (for as such must this re-establishment of monasteries be considered) arose from the King's love of the picturesque; and the monk with his sandals and his cowl being so intimately associated with the romance of an age gone by, King Lewis resuscitated these institutions that he might have picturesque mediæval figures in the landscape, or furnish it with a fitting background. In like

manner, when the Imperial Crown of Germany was offered to the King of Prussia, it was said, half seriously, half in joke, that King Lewis, had it been offered him, would most certainly have accepted it, if only for the sake of the costume. It would seem, however, that influences from without were working a change in the King. The Ultramontane party were gaining, or had gained, the ascendant. The press, till now so free, was restrained by new prohibitory laws, and this measure called forth a determined and most serious opposition. In Bavaria and in the Palatinate the excitement grew greater from day to day, and the revolutionary movement which had, to say the truth, been called forth by the unwise acts of the government, had to be quelled by force.

A punishment for political offences was invented, which, since the time when Gessler required that the Swiss should salute his hat, has not found a parallel. King Lewis condemned those who had been found guilty of *lèse Majeste* to ask pardon of the effigy or portrait of himself. How long this was continued I am unable to say. I remember quite well the time when it was in practice, but gradually it was discontinued, as it would seem, entirely; for I cannot call to mind any instance of its being practised later. It was little in accordance with a constitutional form of Government, or with the spirit of the time. There was in the act required something

degradingly humiliating, and he who complied felt that he was debasing himself by that compliance.

The increasing influence of the hierarchy was also shown in the order which about this time was issued, to the effect that every soldier, whether in the militia or in the line, whether Protestant or Catholic, on particular occasions when drawn up in rank and file, was to kneel down when the Host was raised. This called forth loud remonstrances; and eventually it was found necessary to modify the order.

In the discussions which took place in the seventh parliament (1837) it was shown that a surplus of many millions existed in the budget. In 1840 a newly-elected Chamber met; but separated without any explanation being obtained, or any satisfactory result come to, about the aforesaid surplus of income over expenditure.

At the beginning of 1847 the party which before had been predominant suddenly lost its power in directing the politics of Bavaria. This arose from causes which the most clear-sighted could not have foreseen. The dancer Lola Montes appeared upon the political stage to play there a prominent part. Never was the German proverb, "*Alter schützt vor Thorheit nicht*" (age is no preservative against a man making a fool of himself) more fully exemplified than in the infatuation which King Lewis, then sixty-one years of age, showed for this woman! He had hitherto been so dutiful a son of the Church

had done so much in her service and for her glorification, had stood so well with the Papacy and all the ministers of religion, that this sudden change seemed an inexplicable apostacy. He shook off the trammels which the Ultramontane party had flung about him, and walked more freely. Had this been the only result all perhaps might have been well. But, blinded as he was by his passion, he acted on several occasions as though he were responsible to no one for what he did, and had but to follow the impulse of his Royal will. He offended his best and firmest friends, by requiring of them to visit Lola Montes, and pay her as much attention and deference as they would to the highest lady in the land. She—and the contrary is rarely the case—bore herself with bold effrontery. The Bavarian people were quite unused to such a state of things. With many good qualities, they are, it cannot be denied, coarse and uncouth, and they can, as the beer-rows in Munich have proved, show themselves very brutal. A succession of irritating occurrences had followed one another; and as the King from day to day grew more autocratic, Lola in her manner became more and more defiant. The pent-up rage at last broke loose, and the hated cause of so many troubles being one day observed by an angry multitude in the streets of Munich, she was set upon, as the pack pursues a wolf to hunt her to the death. She took refuge in a church, but this served her in little stead. She afterwards, after being sorely ill-

treated, escaped through a house, and thus her life was saved. She, who sometime before had been made Countess of Lansfeldt, was forced to quit the capital, and, soon after, Bavaria. The people were no longer to be awed by the Royal presence or by Royal authority. The *prestige* attaching to constituted authority in general was gone. I well remember that in one of the riots a stone was thrown at the windows of the police-office and a window broken. That stone demolished all the awe in which men had hitherto stood of that institution. All fear, all deference was gone. The rioters, who from their innate respect for and dread of that to them awfully-mysterious word "police," would a few days, perhaps a few hours, before have as little thought of attacking the building as of desecrating an altar, now that one stone had flown sent a whole volley of others rattling against the windows. For such a thing to happen in Munich was, indeed, most expressive, a sign of what was to come. I remember quite well predicting, when I heard of that window-breaking, that the people, having as it were passed the Rubicon, would now stop at nothing; and it was so. The King, whose conduct had alone given rise to the disaffection manifested, thought it better to resign. And on the 20th of March, 1848, he abdicated in favour of his son.

Angry as people were with King Lewis for all his acts since Lola Montes had become his friend and minister, something like consternation was felt

when they knew he was no longer their King. For, irritated as they had been against him, the many evidences of his active life were also remembered. In every part of the kingdom such were to be seen. This activity of mind had, it is true, always shown itself in a way according with the tastes of its possessor, and for his special delectation. Still there they were, worthy monuments, which had contributed to give Bavaria a name, and to make its capital a resort for comers from all parts of the world. His manner, too, void of formality but possessing rather a degree of affability, was also remembered; and people, while they condemned him, felt sorry that they were obliged to do so.

It was very sad that a career so popular as his had been should end in this way. This episode in King Lewis's life is like a paroxysm of fever. The Queen bore the trial well, more so probably from the calmness of her nature, and from a knowledge of the eccentricities of her husband, than on account of the lines he addressed to her in one of his later poems, which may be translated—

"Had others been ne'er loved by me, then should I not love thee so well."

His poems, cantatas, sonnets, elegies, are without poetic merit. They give evidence of a kindly and reflective nature, but there is no originality in them; they are either reminiscences or common-places.

He wrote a prose work in one volume on "The

Heroes of the Walhalla," marked by a fair amount of critical judgment and by straightforward common sense, but distinguished also by a style of writing which can only be compared to a dislocation of all the limbs of the human body. That he above all men should follow up this perversity is the more extraordinary, as he was proud to be "the most German of the Germans." Yet nothing can be more un-German, more opposed to the genius of the language than this extraordinary style, the like of which is not to be found in the whole range of German literature.

It is rather curious that to the Lola Montes infatuation was owing the place then assigned to Luther in the Walhalla. His bust, which had been already made, was not among the worthies placed in that temple of fame for distinguished Germans; yet, when corresponding with Johann Von Müller on the choice of names to be placed in that Walhalla, Luther was constantly mentioned, and the King asked where the best portrait of him was to be found. Later, however, when influences above alluded to prevailed, his intention changed, and the Reformer, a regenerator in language as in religion, was not ranged among the heroes. The other change now occurred, and on the 11th of April, 1848, the bust was quietly placed where it now stands.

When the foundation stone of that temple was laid, eighteen years before the King's abdication,

how different was the feeling of the country towards him! how different, too, the state of Bavaria, presenting a favourable contrast to the surrounding states.

In a letter from Ratisbon (Oct. 17, 1830), whither King Lewis had gone to lay the foundation-stone of the Walhalla, on the eminence below the town, overlooking the Danube, he writes, "It is a gratifying feeling and exalting, that while in so many lands revolution has broken out, in Bavaria, which touches on thirteen other German lands, disorder has nowhere shown itself. Yes, the affection and attachment towards me have increased. To-morrow I lay the foundation stone of the Walhalla."

The letter he wrote to his old friend Wagner, immediately after he had given up his crown, is still more interesting. It is extremely characteristic, both as showing his political views, and also how the interest he took in his works of art, even at such a trying moment, remained predominant. "I always said I would be really a King or lay down the crown. And so I have done now. Rebellion has conquered: my throne had vanished. I could no longer rule, and become a mere signer of documents I would not. In order not to become a slave I became *Freiherr* (this has a double meaning in German, signifying "baron," also a "freeman"). No one endeavoured to cause me to resign. Not a single interim-minister knew of my intention. Had the people known it they would have

set a new disturbance on foot to force me to remain on the throne. What pained me most, what caused a great struggle, was, that by so acting I was greatly circumscribed in what I intended to do for art. The Hall of Liberation (the Temple near Kehlheim, a little above Ratisbon) I must now give up. This pains me for art's sake, but far more because it was intended as a monument of German victories in 1813—1815. This pains me much, and not that I have ceased to rule. I am now, perhaps, the most cheerful man in Munich. The completion of the Hall of Fame and the Triumphal Arch, also the completion of the paintings in Speyer Cathedral, the Niebelungen and the Odyssey in the palace, are conditions which my son has accepted. The new Pinacothek I shall complete myself, also the Pompeian villa."

It may be said, that this sketch gives rather a notion of the Mecænas, than the monarch. Be it remembered, however, that the great achievements of the King were in the domain of art, rather than in the field of politics. Moreover, he found a constitutional form of government already inaugurated when he received the crown; and though the system was new it worked well, and both the people and the House of Representatives showed tact and moderation. Indeed, nowhere on the Continent did the seed from which free institutions were to spring fall on better soil than in Bavaria. There was therefore little opportunity for a King to take the

initiative; his chief merit would be not injudiciously to interfere. And King Lewis submitted, perhaps not willingly, to have his regal power restrained, and to be required to account for the supplies voted by Parliament. He did not like it, but as there was no escape he gave way. It is asserted generally that he made up for the concession by appropriating monies voted for purposes which slightly interested him, to others which he had at heart. On road-making, for example, a minimum was expended, and consequently, nowhere between the German Ocean and the Adriatic were the means of communication in such a disgraceful state as in Bavaria. The strictest economy could not render it possible to defray the cost of the numerous grand monuments from the privy purse alone; and to have come before the houses with the request for a grant would have been as humiliating as superfluous. There was, therefore, no means left, if the Royal tastes were to be gratified, but to obtain the necessary funds at the expense of this or that branch of the public service. King Lewis's notion was to make up for deficiencies on the one side by over-abundance on another: to make Munich an emporium of art, whither, from far and near, travellers should come, and thus contribute to enrich the capital and the country by the incomes spent there.

One plan of retrenchment has been severely criticised, and not without reason. This was the

general reduction of official salaries, and, what was still more painfully felt, the diminution of retiring pensions and those given to widows and their children. These became so small, that to live on them was impossible. It was a measure which caused much suffering, and, as a natural consequence, much discontent. For the reductions were made not to meet a national exigency, but to satisfy a personal whim; and grand as the undertakings were on which the money thus extorted was expended, they still were wholly personal expenses, with which the nation had nothing whatever to do. As food, house-rent, clothing, and all the requirements of existence grew dearer, those whose salaries were but small originally, felt the retrenchment to be a real hardship.

It has been said that King Lewis was a vain man, and that the main-spring of most of his actions was vanity. But who shall say how much or how little of noble or ignoble motives is mixed up with our acts? Only the diamond when proved in the burning heat of the crucible evaporates and leaves behind no residue.

Let us not examine too minutely into the hidden springs of character. Charity even may be mixed up with a selfish feeling of pleasure in giving. Let us rather rejoice to be able, when we can do so with fairness and discreetly, to add another name to the list of our great men. We have need of them.

C. B.

CHAPTER IX.

And he who rightly understands his calling
  And how transcendent his refining art;
Who feels its might in rescuing the falling,
  And what its influence o'er the human heart;
  Such one, deliberately, will not depart
From that bright path exclusively his own;
  Nor, venal, offer at the public mart,
To tastes depraved, or those to license prone,
Those powers which, rightly used, have been to him a throne.

C. B.

MR. BONER'S "FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE." *

Munich,
June, 1862.

THE death of Henry Thomas Buckle has caused general regret here. His work was fully appreciated in Germany; and the long and elaborate articles in all the first reviews devoted to an examination of his "Introduction" showed how great was the interest felt in the colossal task he had undertaken. It was a work planned and carried out (so far as it went) on the broad basis and with the freedom of thought which are characteristic of

* The following letters were received from Germany too late to be inserted in their chronological order. Some are not dated, but they were all written during the years 1861 and 1862.

the grand achievements of German genius. In this country, therefore, it could hardly fail of attracting immediate attention, and of obtaining full recognition of its undeniable merit. And it did so, and at once. It was thoroughly German in its comprehensiveness, in its analytical mode of treatment, and in the philosophical spirit which pervaded the whole work. All this accounts for the welcome with which it was hailed in Germany; and at the same time explains why in England, on its appearance, the greeting was fainter and less warm.

Such views and such treatment of a subject were new to English readers. They stopped, and looked up, then gazed around with an astonished and inquiring expression, not quite well knowing what to make of it. Taken by surprise, they were sometimes inclined to exclaim with the literary autocrat, "This will never do!" And yet, as they read, new light seemed to pour in on the subject in hand, and every page stimulated thought. It was taking an enormous stride in advance to treat history thus, and those who were left behind grew angry and bitter because they could not follow. They sought for imperfections, and of course found them as they would in any work; and, as was natural under the circumstances, they made the most of them. They accused Buckle of being partial, as if the striving of every man who aimed at one sole grand achievement, were not invariably characterized by partiality. However, now that we can have no more

of his lucid reasoning, people will appreciate his endeavour. Sympathy, too, will be felt for one who was cut off at the very outset of his career, whom death prevented from fulfilling his most cherished expectations; and this gentler emotion will predispose to, and prepare the way for, a fuller recognition of his merit than it has hitherto received. Less attention will be given to the flaws, and more to the beauties and the largeness of conception. Praise will now come in full flow; hearty praise, and ungrudgingly bestowed. And there will be sincere regrets that what was begun so well, should have been stopped short before its accomplishment.

The work was translated at once into German, and, as it happened, at the instigation of a scientific man whose name is an authority in England. Baron Liebig was so delighted with Buckle's "Introduction," that he immediately took the necessary steps for having it translated. He wrote to the author to obtain his permission, and to ask the terms on which it could be granted. Mr. Buckle at once gave his consent; and instead of demanding, as he might have done, a handsome remuneration for the German copyright, named a merely nominal sum for his cession of it to the German publisher.

Kaulbach has just been elected honorary member of the Academy of Arts at Milan. Within the last few days he has received a commission from the civic authorities of Antwerp, to paint a large picture for the public gallery there. He has already

determined that the subject is to be Nero, surrounded by his courtiers and courtesans during the burning of Rome. It is to be of large size, of the same proportions as "The Battle of Salamis" and "The Reformation;" 32 feet long by 24 feet in height. A photograph of this latter work is being made here by Herr Albert, and is destined for London.

The marble pedestal is now in process of erection, on which is to be placed the equestrian statue of King Louis I. of Bavaria. It stands on the large open space known as the *Odeon Platz,* and the whole is to be completed by the Feast of St. Louis, at the end of August.

King Louis introduced the custom of distinguishing the houses where any remarkable event occurred or in which any great man was born or died, by letting into the wall at a certain height from the ground, a stone tablet with the record engraven on it. On one we read that, "in the corner room on the second floor of this house, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart composed, in the months of November and December, his opera of 'Idomeneo.'" On another, that from the rubbish and the ruins of a house destroyed by fire, on that very spot, the poor boy was extricated, who later became the celebrated optician Frauenhofer. Here a tablet tells us that a certain ancient tower of great historical interest stood on the site where now a modern dwelling has been erected.

The names of eminent men, too, have been given

to certain streets, such as the Schiller Strasse, Schwanthaler and Schelling Strasse. The author of the "Personal History of Lord Bacon" remarks, "The United States can also claim among their muster-roll of founders, the noble name of Francis Bacon. Will the day come when, dropping such feeble names as Troy and Syracuse, the people of the great Republic will give the august and immortal name of Bacon to one of their splendid cities?" The same feeling which instigated this remark, has actuated King Louis in thus commemorating those who have made themselves famous in art, literature, or science. In addition to the streets named above, there is also the Frauenhofer Strasse. And lately the name of Gabelsberger, who invented a new system of stenography, and introduced it into Bavaria, has been given to the street where the house stands in which he died.

Many visitors from here to the International Exhibition, have now returned from London. What astonished them most was the vast consumption of England herself, as proved by the endless number of articles that find a place in English houses only. These pieces of furniture, ornaments, new and useful inventions for the kitchen, the writing-table, for personal or general household use, are never met with abroad, or anywhere, in short, except in an English home. We are ourselves so accustomed to these little luxuries, that in our eyes they seem ordinary necessaries of life; yet if we

were to dwell on the matter and bestow a thought upon it, we could hardly fail to be struck with surprise and astonishment at the inexhaustibility of our wants; and at the constant wear and tear that must be going on, to make so vast a consumption even possible: for *all* these articles, whose name is Legion, are made and purchased for the English market only. C. B.

Munich,
August 25, 1862.

THE statue erected in honour of King Louis of Bavaria by the inhabitants of Munich was this day inaugurated. But, in order to begin at the beginning, I must go back one week, and speak of another ceremony that took place on the 18th, in which the work in question played the chief part.

On this day week, then, the Propylæum, built by King Louis, was opened for passengers, and, at the same time, presented in his Majesty's name to the town of Munich. There was nothing very festive about the ceremony. A few individuals of the magistracy and some military officers were present, and there was a speech and a little music. But the sky was blue, the sun shone brightly, and the building itself, in all its beautiful proportions, looked really festal. On both sides of it are groups of trees, and their fresh green (it had been raining in the night) made the building itself look of more resplendent whiteness; while all its upper outline

rested against a sky of deepest azure. The morning was lovely. Nature had put on her holiday attire for the occasion. Through the Doric columns of the central part bits of foliage were also to be seen in the distance, so that sky and verdure contributed to form a background; while the trees on each side of the building connected it with the landscape, and prevented it from standing there an isolated thing. The portal, built by the architect Von Klenze, consists of a double pediment; in that fronting the west are groups in white marble by Schwanthaler, commemorative of the War of Independence in Greece; while on the eastern side the progress of the young State in commerce, husbandry, and the arts, is typified. Six Doric columns form the front either way; and in passing under the building you have eight fluted Corinthian columns on either side of you. The ceiling, divided into compartments, is painted in blue and red colours. The square towers abutting the portal are a hundred and ten feet high; and in each is a colonnade, through which all comers and goers pass.

On one side of the large open space stands the Glyptothek, and opposite it a handsome building with high columns, destined for public exhibitions. Here, on the steps leading up to the portico, sat expecting groups, and the dresses of the ladies furnished the gay and bright bits of colour that were wanting in the picture to make the effect complete. If you turned your back to the Propylæum, then

you saw a few hundred paces before you the tall bronze obelisk erected in memory of the 40,000 Bavarians who fell on the plains of Russia. Some ceremony had taken place beneath the portal, but the finest sight of all was to come. It had been decided that the first carriage which passed through this entrance should be the one that carried the equestrian statue of the King from the foundry to the foot of the pedestal where it was hereafter to stand. Accordingly, betimes in the morning it was drawn by eight fine horses, on a low carriage, to within five hundred yards of the Propylæum, which spans the road along which it must pass.

I went to meet it, and truly it was a magnificent sight. There, on a charger full of life, sat the king in coronation robes with crown on head; his right hand upraised and extended, holding the sceptre firmly, and in the attitude of one whose attribute is acknowledged power. The figure is full of dignity, and as it moved slowly on amid the crowd, all with upturned faces, I could not but think how imposing was the sight, how truly royal the monarch looked. The horse is admirably modelled, and so natural in its action, that when, from time to time, the carriage with the figure stopped, it seemed as if the creature, with arched neck and unlifted hoof, and reined in by its rider, were really only pausing for a moment in his career on account of the denseness of the surrounding multitude.

Presently it reached the doorway beneath which

it was to pass, and I quickly went to the other side, where I first had been, to see it emerge from between the rows of columns that support the pediment. Here it halted while a chorus was sung, which was a great deal too long, for it tired at last, and the lengthened halt spoilt the effect. But now the procession moves again, and forth comes the rider on his magnificent charger from that hall of marble whiteness, and the instant he emerges, crown and countenance, and gradually his whole figure, catch the sunlight, and so he comes on radiant with golden splendour and effulgence. The sight was wonderfully fine, and I repeat it, most imposing. It was as if Barbarossa, in fulfilment of his promise, had at last returned, and now rode on among his people, erect, calm, and silent as the tomb.

That it was impressive, as well as magnificent, an incident that occurred gave evidence. When the advancing figure appeared beyond the portico, for a moment all were as if struck with amazement at the apparition; but a moment after, when the sunbeams fell on the burnished metal, making it resplendent, they gave way to their emotion, and burst forth in a loud shout of admiration.

On it slowly moved, surrounded by the throng, with the sceptre raised high above their heads; and at a little distance, if you did not see the team that drew it, the colossal rider seemed advancing of his own accord among the pigmy race, towering above

them in the majesty and might of former undegenerate heroic days.

It was a sight that I should have been very sorry to miss. As I gazed, it occurred to me how grand also must have been the effect when the bronze horses from Byzantium were first borne across the lagune and carried in triumph to Venice. Pedestalled on the deck of a barge prepared to receive them, how strange it must have looked to behold those four steeds high up above the waves, and making for the landing-place!

The statue of the king proceeded at once to the Odeon Platz—the site of the monument—and the same afternoon was raised into its place.

Before speaking of the inauguration, it is as well to describe more particularly the monument, and to state the occasion of it.

When King Louis celebrated his seventieth birthday, in 1856, the town of Munich determined to offer his Majesty a monument, to be erected in his honour; for he, it may be said, was the founder of the city, at least as it at present stands, with its spacious galleries, magnificent churches, large streets, public institutions, bronze statues, and royally-adorned palaces. To him was owing the reputation which attracted travellers hither, coming from afar to see the works of art he had collected, or which his munificence, and still more his stimulating presence, had called forth; for his was a vivifying power. It was not the mere power which

wealth and authority confer, but an innate energy that quickens and arouses every spirit it comes in contact with. Enthusiasm is contagious, and genuine feeling always finds a response, and so with King Louis. What he was he was *thoroughly*, with his whole heart, and with all his strength. His own zeal, therefore, inspired others with a like feeling, and his animating influence gave birth to magnanimous emulation. Thus it came that one man was able, in the short span of twenty-three years, to achieve what King Louis has done. With another nature, with less genial qualities, it would have been impossible.

A feeling of gratitude for what they owed to his active and creative mind, induced the people of Munich to erect this lasting memento of their benefactor, while still he was among them. They accordingly made their wish known to him, and begged that he would choose how and by whom it should be made. The King decided for an idea which Schwanthaler had once had for a monument to Mathias Corvinus, but which he never carried out. In this model the figure was on horseback, in the upraised hand a sceptre, and two pages on foot walked on either side the horse. Three artists were desired to send in their compositions, which were all to be based on the original idea of Schwanthaler. The King selected that of Widnmann. In his model the attitude of Corvinus was retained, as well as the form to be given the statue: one party maintaining

that *the popular King* should be differently represented, and not in the commanding attitude of one who is conscious of and proclaims his sway. But that paper war is over and forgotten. Whoever sees the work in its present completion will hardly be of opinion that the choice was a mistake.

At the time there was much contention about the circumstance of his being on horseback; all beside detail, &c., was Widnmann's own.

In 1859 the work was begun, and the horse modelled from the life; in 1860 it was finished, and sent to the royal foundry to be cast in bronze. All the detail is exquisitely made out, and the inspector of the foundry has asserted that no statue which ever left his hands cost an equal amount of labour to this equestrian one of the King. The trappings, bit, ermine mantle, crown, etc., have all been most delicately wrought by hand, and a finish given to them which few such works can show. As stated above, the King is on horseback. His coronation mantle, lined with ermine and with broad ermine collar, falls in thick folds from his shoulders over the back and flanks of the horse. It is partly flung over the left shoulder to give freedom to the right arm, which is extended and held aloft. The hand grasps the sceptre with firmness, and there is resolute decision in the manner in which it is held. There is in the whole work a grand ideality combined with individual truth. This is what the artist should always aim at accomplishing; difficult

as it invariably is, especially in such cases as the present. It is the stumbling-block over which many fall; the dangerous reef past which so few can steer in perfect safety.

But Widnmann possesses in a high degree the faculty to do so, as his previous works—the statue of Orlando di Lasso, of Michael Angelo, Gian di Bologna, and Canova sufficiently, attest.

The head of the King is slightly turned to the right. The right knee and foot are bare; the mantle descending in massy folds on the opposite side. A page walks at either stirrup, holding a tablet with both hands. On one is the word "Gerecht" (just); on the other "Beharrlich" (persevering). The work is placed on an octangular pedestal of polished Tyrolese marble, seventeen feet four inches high. Round this pedestal stands, at each corner, a figure emblematic of Religion, Poesy, Art, and Industry. In front, in metal letters, is the simple inscription—"King Louis I. of Bavaria;" and on the opposite side, the words "Erected in gratitude by the town of Munich, August 25th, 1862."

From the hoof of the horse to the crown of the rider, are fifteen feet three inches. The accompanying pages are each nine feet in height.

Already by nine o'clock this morning the streets were alive with people in holiday attire and with holiday faces; some going to the Odeon Platz, but the greater number strolling through those parts of the town where the procession was to pass. Here

all the houses were decorated with festoons and green garlands, drapery or flowers. Blue and white streamers flaunted from the upper stories, and the balconies were hung with carpets and ornamented with shrubs and plants in blossom.

At ten the different battalions of the National Guard, each with merry music, debouching from the adjoining streets, drew up in the Place, forming a large square, round the statue. It was now a quarter past eleven, and the church service being over the procession was seen advancing in the distance. First came trumpeters, sending forth triumphant and festal music; then a handful of veterans, survivors of the struggle against Napoleon; and after them all the guilds of Munich, with their splendidly-painted banners. Forty-eight of them passed, and then drew up behind the troops. Afterwards came the clergy in their robes, some all white, others in purple, with broad ermine capes. And last of all, under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by four men, the Archbishop in his pontifical robes, with mitre on head and the crosier in his hand. All being assembled, Prince Luitpold, the representative of the reigning monarch on this occasion, appeared, escorted by the halbardiers of the royal body-guard, on which all the bands struck up to salute him. In one corner of the square, a platform had been erected for the singers, who now sang a piece composed by Lachner expressly for this occasion; and it was jubilant and festal. A speech was made by

the worthy Burgomaster of the town, and soon after the statue was uncovered; the guns in the distance, and the bells of the churches proclaiming the event.

Besides those above mentioned, many classes and conditions were also represented at this ceremony, to whom King Louis has proved a benefactor. Many, too, were there who were indebted to him for benefits of which none knew but themselves; and with joy in their hearts, and exultation and gratitude, they went to take part in his glorification; to share in doing honour to him who had been their sovereign, and who was at all times a true and unfailing friend to the needy.

P.S.—I have just been to look at the statue. It is still surrounded by admiring groups, and on making my way through them, I found the whole of the base and the steps round the pedestal, covered with bright, fresh nosegays, which had been brought as offerings; while, at the foot of the four corner figures, green wreaths had been laid. The monument stood literally in a bed of, and encased by flowers. If, on the opening of the Propylæum, the appearance of the majestic bronze figure was the most imposing sight, this last act of all, in the ceremony of to-day, was certainly the most touching part of the festival.

C. B.

Munich.

LIBERAL institutions are certainly blessed things, and common sense, too, is a blessing. Each is an eminent qualification for leadership, and where both are to be found united it would be excusable that people (if they were to do so) should come for guidance.

C. B.

VISITORS are pouring in here in great numbers. The great thoroughfare from west to east being now open, Munich derives that advantage from international communication which it might long ago have enjoyed, had only a spirit of enterprise, in but ever so small a degree, existed in the country. But while railroads were being pushed forward by Prussia with all haste to meet those coming from Paris, so as to lead both passengers and traffic to Berlin, and thence to Vienna, Hungary, and Constantinople, here, with characteristic apathy, nothing was done; and it was only long after the great stream of traffic had set in northwards, that the absolute necessity of beginning to move was discovered. It would seem that a glance at the map would have been sufficient to show that the natural road to Vienna and the East lay in this direction, but as, until very lately, between Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Munich, and the frontier of Austria, the quickest means of locomotion

was the antiquated, lumbering diligence, blundering on at a rate never exceeding five miles an hour, and goods by mail-carriages can never be a standard by which to calculate the probable result of steam-conveyance, but, in the present instance, it could afford no clue whatever. For the public conveyances of Bavaria were notoriously the slowest, and travellers eastward found it a positive gain to make the immense round of going first northwards, and then sweeping round to the south. Now that Bavaria is no longer isolated, standing beyond the pale, as it were, of the network of European railways, the results of such necessary connection become every day more apparent. How little the necessity for this means of intercommunication was understood, and how imperfectly the results arising from railway passage were appreciated, the station here most palpably demonstrates. Extensive as it is, it is still far from being large enough. On all sides additions have been made, outbuildings and dependencies erected, but still the traffic goes on increasing; bearing witness day by day, and hour by hour, to the shortsightedness of the authorities. The original delay, as well as the scale of the arrangements when the railroads were finally begun, proves how imperfect a notion the Government had of the necessities of their own or of other lands; and how little they were aware of the expansion of which traffic is capable, if only means are afforded for its development. The results of the old system were,

apparently, taken as a standard. This was not only wrong, forasmuch as the conveyance of passengers was worst organized in Germany. No one, unless compelled by necessity, would expose himself to the discomfort of being jolted sixteen mortal hours in order to reach a town only eighty English miles off. Moreover, bad as the accommodation was, the fares were high. It did not occur to the postal authorities that people stayed at home because a journey under their auspices was anything but agreeable, and because each one felt he did not get money's worth for his money. Directly, however, another means of locomotion was offered the public, it accepted it readily; and every train that now arrives or departs shows how the boon is appreciated. It is but fair to add, that the railway arrangements are excellent; and the accommodation, as regards the passenger-carriages, whether of first, second, or third class, far superior to that of the English lines.

The Propylæum, begun several years ago by King Louis, is advancing fast towards completion. The street in which it stands is bounded by it on the west; while in the opposite direction stands the bronze obelisk erected to the memory of the Bavarian soldiers whose bones are mouldering on the plains of Russia. The well-known Glyptothek is on one side, and facing it the large building, also in the Greek style of architecture, appropriated to exhibitions.

Private houses, too, are rising in all directions. Lines of streets which for years had only been traced out, with here and there a building, are now being filled up; and most of them are taken long before they are completed. On some, the bill of "Lodgings to Let" is up, while the plasterers, carpenters, and bricklayers are still busily at work. And yet lodgings are rising in price, for the demand increases faster than the supply. The new street being built by the present King is evidently the result of his Majesty's visit to Paris a year or two ago. As in that city, in many streets and squares, beds of flowers, with shrubs and evergreens, are introduced, so this new street is to be laid out in a similar manner. The effect is most pleasing. The street is broad, and on each side a row of maples is planted. The houses stand back a considerable distance, and the space between them and the pavement is covered with lawn and flowers. When completed, the *general* effect will, without doubt, be most charming. The style of architecture, however, invented for the occasion, is anything but satisfactory. The houses are of immense height, and elaborately ornamented. Bürklein is the architect.

This is not the place to enter into a detail of the faults in doors and windows; but I believe there are scarcely two opinions on the subject. The buildings here are quite different in character from those of the rest of the town. It was, to the best of my knowledge, intended that they should be so;

but the question is, whether they differ favourably or not. The new street has become the fashionable and most frequented promenade, and is, in fact, the Corso of Munich.

The son of the eminent Dresden artist, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, has been here. The field he has chosen for his particular talent is the stage, and his powerful tenor voice has delighted successive audiences. A tenor of such volume is most rare, and it was appreciated accordingly. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, unlike the tenor in Hogarth's picture, and unlike tenors generally, is a most portly personage; and were the part of *Falstaff*, in the opera of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," adapted to his voice, might act that character without stuffing. A few nights ago, he performed in "Fidelio;" and it was rather amusing to see so well-conditioned a prisoner brought up from his dungeon amid the other miserable captives. It was impossible to realize to the mind the anguish and suffering, and the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, with a man in such good case before you. He is but twenty-four years old, and his voice has all the freshness of that age.

The opera of "Fidelio" was substituted, at the eleventh hour, for "La Muette de Portici," political considerations having induced the change; some official thinking it not fitting to give the piece at a moment when events like those represented on the stage had been occurring in reality, and this especially in a city where the dethroned Neapolitan

sovereigns were so nearly allied to the royal family. The public very naturally did not see the necessity of such reserve, and were little satisfied at losing the treat of hearing a good singer in one of his best parts.

About the same time that Geibel produced his drama, founded on the "Niebelungen Lied," the Austrian poet Hebbel (not to be confounded with the truly great Baden poet Hebel) came forward with a similar work. It was to have been represented on the Munich stage, but was set aside to make way for the "Brunhild" of Geibel. It now seems that in the course of the winter Hebbel's tragedy will be given here. The poet is remarkable for the extraordinary power and masculine vigour of his language, which sometimes, however, as in his drama of "Judith," assumes rather too sensuous a colouring. The female characters in Geibel's "Brunhild" are, it is generally allowed, drawn with greater delicacy than those in Hebbel's play; while the male figures of the latter overtop the heroes of Geibel's creation in towering size and stately grandeur. Yet Geibel's drama is a work of considerable beauty, and he has, moreover, been eminently successful in treating artistically a subject of the very greatest difficulty.

The well-known author, Professor W. H. Riehl, whose works have frequently been spoken of in English journals, has just published a volume, entitled *Die Deutsche Arbeit* (*Work in Germany*). It is

dedicated to the King, who, it seems, gave the first impulse to the investigations which form the subject of the book.

PETER VON CORNELIUS.

Munich.

FOR some time past the arrival of Cornelius from Rome had been anxiously looked forward to by his many friends, pupils and admirers, residing in this city. At last the long-expected visitor came; and it was determined to arrange a festival to welcome the master, and express the joy and pride with which all hailed his return to Germany, after so long an absence in a foreign land. Hastily got up as the arrangements were, there was the same taste, the same ingenious adaptation of the simplest ornaments, which characterizes everything of the sort done by, or under the direction of, the artists here.

A supper was given on the 11th, which Cornelius was requested to honour by his presence. A large room, called "West End Hall," was selected for the occasion. From the gallery which ran round the interior, festoons of oak were hung; on the balustrade itself large wreaths of flowers depended, while every column was entwined with garlands of ivy and evergreens. Banners flaunted from the gallery; and, down below, all round the walls was green foliage, forming a background. A colossal bust of

the hero of the evening was seen on one side, amid a bower of shrubs and overhanging branches. Tables were placed the whole length of the hall, while a cross table at the upper end was reserved for the guest and those specially invited to meet him. Here was a raised proscenium.

At half-past seven, Cornelius appeared on the arm of the art critic, Förster, accompanied by the older professors of the Academy. On his entrance every one rose, and a hearty cheer, thrice repeated, told how rejoiced all were to have the man who had made German Art so respected, once more among them. The band played in the gallery as he passed along to the end of the hall. This continued for a short time as a prelude to what was to follow. When it ceased the curtain rose, and a youth, in a herald-like costume, representing Bavaria, came forward to express in verse what exultation was felt at the return of the great master, and claiming him as Bavaria's own. Thereupon another, the representative of the Rhineland, stepped forth, disputing the claim; the country on the border of that river being the one which gave him birth. The dispute is interrupted by the entry of a third, who, in the name of Rome, demands Cornelius for her own. His works are alluded to, and his different qualities extolled by each; when, finally, all jealousy being forgotten, they *together* crown with the laurel-wreath the bust standing on a pedestal on the stage. Later in the evening, a troop of young

maidens, dressed in white and crowned with flowers, came to the table where Cornelius was sitting; and one, in verses which expressed the pride of Munich at possessing him again, and the affection the artists bore him, said that to give him anything symbolical of lasting fame was useless, as his works would endure longer than aught beside; and as to laurel, that would soon fade; but instead of that, they brought fresh flowers to rejoice him with their beauty, and to delight him for a passing hour. Then each one gave the nosegays with which she was laden, and the table was soon covered with the fragrant and glowing heaps. After supper, there was a great crowding round the old man to look at his countenance, or hear his words, or shake hands with him and call to mind some circumstance attendant on the last meeting. Now an artist was introduced to him by a mutual friend, and a friendly word interchanged. His young Roman wife—she is but twenty-two, while he is eighty-three—was in the gallery, witnessing the festivity; but the young girls soon went to fetch her, and brought her down, that some of her husband's old friends might be introduced to her.

Speeches, of course, were made in the course of the evening, and Cornelius replied in a short one, laying particular emphasis on King Louis's encouragement of him and of art, and concluding by proposing the king's health. The name of King Louis is sure to call forth always a storm of applause,

and the proposal was responded to by cheer after cheer.

Cornelius looks old even for his age. But there is still a fire in his eye, and a penetration in his gaze, which I have never seen equalled. As he fastens his regard on you, it is as if he had the power to pierce every outer covering, and to view your very inmost thoughts. The nose is large and "powerfully" made; but it is the forehead which is most marvellously formed. What evidence of might there is in that broad jutting brow! and little as the man is, that head alone tells you he is no common mortal: it was the remark you heard at every moment: as the throng formed round him, there was not one who was not struck by its character of intellect and strength.

But highly as Cornelius is cherished for his genius as an artist, he is no less respected for the integrity, uprightness, and freedom from everything like meanness or trickery, which he has shown throughout his long career. He has never given place to petty jealousy, never pandered to a passing taste, never courted the great, or been a worshipper of Mammon. To his brother artists he has always been generous, and ever ready to assist the needy and encourage the deserving. To him, his art is all in all. He had marked out a path to be followed, and from it he has never swerved, let what consideration soever be held out to tempt him. And it is this which so endears him to every German artist, and which insures for

him everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of the land, a warm and honourable reception. They look up to him as the bright example for all to follow. It is the individual man whom they respect, and no dissentient voice will be raised where he is spoken of as one whom the artist delighteth to honour.

C. B.

Munich.

THE Odeon Winter Concerts, of which Munich has reason to be proud, have already begun. The season this year opened with Hayden's Oratorio of "Tobias," and afforded all who were present unqualified satisfaction. The second evening Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was performed; and it is just in such pieces that the admirable precision of the orchestra of the Royal Chapel can best be appreciated. This piece of Beethoven's is not only a favourite here; its announcement anywhere is certain to attract an additional number of auditors. Large as the music hall of the Odeon is, it is on such concert nights always crowded to excess. Both fashion and love of music have something to do with this. Taste for good music is certainly a decided feature of the inhabitants of Munich. Moreover, these concerts are the most fashionable public amusements given here. The Court is always present; and his Majesty, King Lewis, never fails

during the pause between the first and second division to make the round of the whole room, and chat familiarly with old acquaintances, of whom he is always sure to find a good number. Nor are the friendly salutations confined to those of a certain rank only: it is quite indifferent who the individual may be, espied in a distant corner of the room, whether high court functionary, artist, tradesman, or tradesman's wife or daughter: his Majesty hies thither at once, to ask some question, or call to mind what occurred at a former meeting; and not unfrequently to repeat and chuckle at a good joke, which he invariably calls to mind on seeing the person in question. When he shall no more be seen on the evening of the Odeon Concerts, his cheering presence will be sadly missed. Indeed, he will be missed everywhere, not only in many a poor family, where his generosity and, not unfrequently, his presence has brought consolation; or by the artists, who will lose a discerning patron in him; but the wayfarers in the streets will miss him, accustomed as they are to see his tall figure hurrying along at the earliest hours, in all weathers, in the most out-of-the-way parts of the town. No one is sure of not being accosted while stopping to salute. Sometimes a pretty child will attract his attention, and the nurse must then tell him who its parents are; or a citizen's daughter, dressed in the costume of the city, will be asked her name, and a few words of praise uttered for retaining the olden

fashion, and not adopting the undistinctive one of Paris or London.

Goethe, in his Conversations with Eckermann, laid it down as a rule that you should never give way to natural impulse when having to do with the great ones of the earth; for owing to their education, and the conventionalisms by which they were surrounded and imbued, all warm ebullition of feeling bordered, in their eyes, on the ridiculous. It would too, for many reasons, be more or less unintelligible to them; and whoever has been in a position to test the accuracy of this view, will find in the assertion of Goethe an additional proof of his sharp-sightedness, and of his knowledge of human nature.

King Louis of Bavaria, however, forms an exception to the rule; and this very characteristic of his nature endears him to all. For between him and others there is the same bond of *common human sympathy* which draws each of us towards his fellows. And it is this, after all, more even than genius, power, beauty, which attracts others, and begets attachment and devotion. In his whole manner of life, in all his relations with others, his Majesty has shown that, like Maximilian of Austria, he felt, "I am a man like another man;" and that the same passions and emotions were common to him who sits on a throne, and to him on the wooden stool of the cobbler, or seated before the loom.

Donizetti's opera, "Don Juan of Portugal," was performed here lately for the first time. The

music was not much admired. The way, however, in which the piece was put upon the stage will ensure a good house whenever it is given. The scene in which the Arabs crowd the stage in large numbers is very effective. Their flowing robes, their picturesque head-dresses, their long lances, and their oriental arms, form a novel picture; while the new drop-scene, painted expressly for this piece, forms an admirable background. The scene, too, in which the funeral procession of the king, who is supposed to be dead, advances to the cathedral, is very good; especially when the doors of the abbey are thrown open, the spectator has a glimpse of the interior, and a row of choristers, robed in white, with tapers in their hands, line the way from the steps of the portal to the interior. There is, probably, no theatre where the costumes are so correct, and arranged with such good taste, as here.

A picture by Albert Dürer—at least, as yet, no doubt has been expressed as to its authenticity—is now being privately exhibited at the house of its possessor. The picture had been lying for years in a loft in Nuremberg, among much useless lumber; and as it was daubed over, in order, probably, to escape recognition when those arch-plunderers, the French, were in Germany, its value was not suspected by those into whose possession it came later. The original possessor even had possibly overlooked it when the necessity for concealment was over;

and so it remained obscured and neglected until very lately, when a picture cleaner, on removing the superincumbent paint, discovered the treasure concealed beneath. The painting represents a head of Christ, in Albert Durer's best manner. The work is unfinished; and this circumstance rather increases the interest which attaches to the acquisition than otherwise. I have not yet seen the picture, and am therefore unable to give a nearer account of it. It is for sale, and will, it is expected, eventually find a place in one of the public galleries.

Within the short space of time which has elapsed since the appearance of Döllinger's work, *The Papacy and the Church*, 5000 copies have been sold. A second edition is already announced. The book proves to be more interesting than was anticipated; and even those who are decidedly inimical to the author's views, and who, before the publication, prophesied that the forthcoming volume would interest very few, are obliged to acknowledge their error; and have openly declared that as regards searching criticism, the number of important facts, and lucidity of statement, the book has rarely had its equal. The author, as might be supposed, detects every weak point in the Protestant church, and exposes it unsparingly. The sensation the book has made in the Catholic world generally is quite equal to that which the publication of *Essays and Reviews* produced among churchmen in England.

Another work, of a totally different character, is at present making some stir, especially in Berlin, where those of whom mention is made in it chiefly are. I allude to the Diary of Varnhagen von Ense; the same whose correspondence with Alexander von Humboldt, a short time since, called forth so much acrimonious controversy. Both instances show how unwise it is to make public what was intended solely for our own perusal, or for the eye of a friend, without any discrimination whatever. In Varnhagen's book, a vast difference will be found between the opinions therein recorded and those openly expressed at different times.

Professor Lamont, a Scotchman by birth, who, for many years has held here the post of—as we should term it—Astronomer Royal, has lately made a discovery of no small importance. A series of experiments have demonstrated that an electric current is continually passing on the surface of the earth, and that there is a close connection between its motions and the dip of the compass. The direction in which this current moves is from east to west. Nevertheless, occasionally, there are others which temporarily take a different course; and occasion those interruptions in the use of the telegraph which have been observed, at certain seasons, all over the world. In Europe, Asia, and Australia, such a disturbance occurred simultaneously, on the 29th August and the 2nd September, 1859, without any one being able to account for the

phenomenon. It was this circumstance which induced Professor Lamont to give the subject his special attention, and by means of wires he is now able to demonstrate the truth of his discovery. The presence of disturbing electric currents have, on several occasions, been observed by those engaged in telegraphy, without their being able to find out what law—if any—directed their movements. In using the electric cable which was laid down between England and America, a disturbing power was felt to be constantly present, though what its nature was no one could with certainty determine. We may now conclude that it was owing to these electric earth-currents

Munich,
July 6, 1862.

THE 26th of June being the anniversary of the foundation of the University, a grand meeting of the members was held here on that day, according to established custom, to celebrate the event. The proceedings were opened by a speech from the Rector, which had for its subject, "On the bodily exercise of our academic youth." It certainly was a favourable sign, and indicative of a healthy influence, thus to hear the chief professor of a University inculcating the advantage, not of sitting without interruption over learned books, but of going forth into the fresh world of nature, to inhale

the air, and to gaze upon, and take into the heart, the beauty of the objects around us. "Every walk in the open air," he told his hearers, "expands the chest; and the activity of the heart and nerves is excited also, no less advantageously, by the impressions made on us by Nature, through the medium of our senses and our emotions." We are so accustomed in England to associate "the midnight lamp" with our notions of "a German professor," that this sensible advice of the Rector may not unfittingly be alluded to.

The number of young men at Munich University is greater than at any other in Germany, except Berlin. At this moment, there are 1321 pursuing their various studies here. Sybel, one of the most eminent professors, is about to leave, having been called to Bonn, to fill the chair of Professor of History at that University. His departure is viewed with great regret by many; for not only is he a man of acknowledged learning, but he possesses the desirable art of imparting what he teaches in a plain, comprehensible, and most agreeable manner. In his enumeration of facts, in his dissection of character, in the explanation Sybel gives of the causes of different occurrences, there is nothing dry or tedious. His lectures would rather be found too short by his audience than of too protracted a length. He groups events together so as to present you with an historical *picture;* and he gives you anecdotes and characteristic incidents which help to

bring the remote near to you, and to make what at first sight seems foreign gradually become familiar. There is a resemblance to Macaulay both in his style and his treatment of history; and it is evident that he has not only taken him for his master, but also studied him attentively. Notwithstanding his ability, which no one thinks of gainsaying, he is, nevertheless, unpopular here. This, however, does not arise from his individuality—from any peculiarity belonging to his character as a man; but solely from the political views which he is known to favour. Herr von Sybel is a Prussian, and is generally supposed to aid and to strengthen the policy of his country by every means in his power. As Prussia is looked on with but little favour here, any one fighting in her cause can hardly be popular. The inimical feeling maintained by her towards Austria is also reflected on frequent occasions in the discourses of Professor Sybel; an opportunity for an unfavourable innuendo or side-blow being never allowed to pass unheeded. All this, no less than the position which, as a Protestant, he takes, so totally different from that of the ultra-Catholic party, tends to make his departure less a matter of regret than it would otherwise be. It is not yet known who is to be his successor.

The present King of Bavaria, who is as zealous a promoter of literature and science as his father was of art, has again offered a prize of two hundred ducats for the best drama, the subject of which is to

be taken from Bavarian history. The same sum had already been offered; but although many were the pieces sent in for examination, none were adjudged worthy of the prize. The term fixed for their delivery is October 10th, 1863. A committee chosen from among the members of the Maximilian Order, lately founded for the purpose of distinguishing men who have furthered art, literature, or science, is to decide on the respective claims. The success, however, of the first representation of the selected pieces is to be decisive. If acknowledged successful by the public voice, the prize is to be awarded the fortunate author. With much liberality, the dramatist is allowed to superintend the getting up the piece himself, so that the way in which it is brought upon the stage may be in accordance with his views.

The assistance which his Majesty so liberally accords to men of science, to enable them to pursue their investigations, whether by the purchase of the necessary instruments or by travelling to other countries to continue their observations, is certainly productive of far greater good than this inciting to productiveness by means of a prize to be contended for. Mr. Buckle is evidently quite right in all he says on the subject of court patronage; and that in literature and art, as well as in commodities for the market, the supply is in exact proportion to the demand; and that to attempt the production of a thing in greater quantities than is wanted, is

not desirable. Nothing as yet has been called into existence by his Majesty's prize, which might not quite as well have never been written. I do not anticipate brighter results for the decisive day in October, 1863.

It may be as well to remind the English reader, or rather the English traveller, that the great singing festival, to take place at Nuremberg, is fixed for the 20th of the present month, and lasts four days. The number of singers already announced as intending to be present is 4390.

In a short time, too, the great exhibition of painting at Düsseldorf will be open. The pictures in the hall allotted to the Munich School are already hung, those of Düsseldorf also, and the Berlin room is nearly ready. It will be an exhibition well worth taking a journey to see; and as many a person, little thinking of what he was losing, omitted visiting the great Exhibition of German Art at Munich a year or two ago, it is to be hoped this opportunity will not be neglected. Such a complete and magnificent collection of works of (German) art as was then brought together will probably never again be realized. Even those who originated the Exhibition little suspected what they were about to accomplish. In not a single English journal was an account given of the works of art there brought together. It is to be hoped that the Düsseldorf exhibition may not be passed over as that of Munich was. A few hours will bring the traveller

thither from England, and the English artist will have an excellent opportunity, not only of comparing the merits and defects of the various schools, but what will be of far more utility to him, of learning, as he examines each, where his own deficiencies lie. Not that he need feel at all ashamed of his own school of art, but he nevertheless will see much by the contemplation of which he cannot fail to profit. The Cornelius cartoons, made for the Glyptothek and the Campo Santo of Berlin, will be included in the collection, besides several of Scharr, and some drawings of Genelli. It is not uninteresting to compare the number of works furnished by the different towns. Düsseldorf brings the largest contribution, two hundred and eighty pictures; and immediately after comes Munich, with a hundred and sixty; while Berlin furnishes a hundred and fifty; and Vienna only a hundred and twenty-five. Weimar, whose Grand Duke has so strenuously endeavoured to attract artists to his court, sends thirty. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where, until within a very few years, money-getting and the enjoyment of the creature comforts of this world formed the chief occupation of its inhabitants, contributes sixty works. Twenty years ago its contingent would have fallen far short of this number. Now, however, an interest is taken in other things besides "the almighty dollar," no clearer proof of which can be given than the figures quoted above.

A literary man of European reputation, member

of nearly all the learned societies of the continent, has just expired at Prague, Paul Joseph Safarik, who was more intimately acquainted with Sclavonic literature and language than any man of his day. His first work was a collection of the national songs of his country, which was followed by a Sclavonian translation of *The Clouds* of Aristophanes, and *Maria Stuart* of Schiller. In 1823 he published a collection of the popular songs of Sclavonia, and finally the History of the Sclavonic language and literature in all its various dialects. This great work procured for him a lasting fame. He was born in 1795 at a little village of Hungary; and chance having thrown in his way some works in Sclavonian, his admiration of the language became so great, on learning to appreciate its many beauties, that from that day he devoted himself to its study.

The tenor, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, threw up his engagement here on not being allowed to appear as Massaniello, owing to the over-scrupulousness of one of the Court officials.

In addition to the statues placed in the niches of the Glyptothek,—Canova, Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Gibson, Tenerani, Schwanthaler, Ghiberti, Donatello,—two more have been added within the last week by his Majesty King Louis. The first, Peter Vischer, executed by Brugger, and the second, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, by the sculptor Widnmann.

Berlin,
August 12.

AT Berlin as well as at Potsdam there are undoubtedly many things well worth a journey to see:—palaces, museums, public statues, gardens, and spots rendered in the highest degree interesting by the events connected with them, or the men whose names are intimately associated with them. The old-fashioned summer residences and their terraced gardens, the never-ending, ever-changing avenues, the groups of statues, the artificial water, the refreshing cascades, the space, the stateliness, all brings before you a period that is gone by, and which we of this generation know of only from novels, memoirs, or occasionally from oral tradition. Everything about and around Potsdam wears this character; and it is with quite a peculiar feeling that you walk through the streets and palace courts, or stroll under the trees of Sans Souci, or along the broad walks where Voltaire has often walked and pondered. Altogether it is unlike any other place, and the interest you take in what is around you quite unlike that which is generally felt when sight-seeing. I look upon my visit to Potsdam as one of the greatest treats I have enjoyed for a long while.

And yet, notwithstanding the peculiar charm which attaches to Potsdam and makes it so interesting to the traveller, there was nothing I saw there which so astonished me, or took me so completely

by surprise, as a modern building erected there by the late King of Prussia, for a summer residence. The impression which Potsdam makes upon the visitor may, not improbably, be enhanced by its neighbourhood to Berlin. Contrast always heightens effect; and the contrast between the modern capital and the pet creation of the great Frederick is as great as can be desired. I am not sure whether a similar influence did not, in some degree, exercise its power over me, when viewing, at the close of my stay at Potsdam, the villa called the "Orangery."

On entering its walls, you at once leave behind you all the stiff and formal pomp amid which you have been moving. A totally new world opens before your astonished gaze. The change is so great, the transmutations so sudden, the atmosphere so different from what you just before were breathing, that you are—it is the only expression I can use to express the feeling—thoroughly puzzled. Grace and beauty surround you. There is nothing formal, or hard, or precise, look where you may. The Potsdam of the military architect has vanished, and a Genius of the Lamp has whisked you, seemingly, a thousand leagues away, into these halls, which he, to show what he could do, called forth by the aid of his talisman. They are real, however, after all; real, though so exceedingly beautiful. The material is everywhere so rich—Carrara and other rarer coloured marbles, malachite in blocks of enormous size, marble figures by the first living and deceased

artists—that the richest and rarest ornament makes here less display, and, sinking down to its proper level, amalgamates with the surrounding wealth most harmoniously. Though the arrangements are so costly, there is in every part such surpassing taste, that nowhere does the mere *money* value of any object force itself on the spectator.

The name "Orangery" leads you to expect some rural elegant seat, with orange-trees in profusion; but at the very first approach you are astonished at the locality allotted to those orange-trees you were prepared to see. On either side of the sort of atrium that you cross on entering is a long vista of columns supporting a glazed roof, and in these magnificent peristyles the orange-trees are placed in winter. On entering the villa the noble height of the rooms is the first thing that strikes you, the beauty of the objects in each, the perfection of taste shown in the arrangement and furniture. Here is a table of transparent Egyptian marble, adapted for a light to be placed beneath, so as to emit a subdued radiance; there a whole chimney-piece with broad slabs and columns made entirely of precious malachite; and close at hand two vases of vast dimensions of the same material are standing on marble pedestals. You pass from room to room, wondering the more as you proceed. The great hall in the centre of the building contains only copies from Raphael. In each corner is a marble statue, and in the centre a group in Carrara marble. Round this

is placed a divan; there you may repose and take in the beauty which surrounds you. Notwithstanding the wealth that has here been lavished, there is nothing oppressive in these rooms, there is nothing that weighs upon you, which is so often the case where rich stores have been accumulated. Here, on the contrary, all is cool, pleasant, and refreshing. The height above you, and the space around, no doubt contribute to this; but the harmonious arrangement of all, and the taste displayed in every detail, are the chief sources of the pleasurable feeling which they inspire. It is so agreeable within those walls that you do not feel glad or refreshed to gain at length the garden, with its emerald lawn, its well-kept walks and splashing fountains. And this is saying much; nor could better proof be given of the harmonious beauty of the interior. For we all know how gladly we hail the blue sky, and a glimpse even of anything like verdure, when we have been perambulating the endless rooms of some palace, in the conscientious execution of that most fatiguing of employments —sight-seeing. But here, you would willingly turn back, and going through the apartments again, experience the same pleasure and delight once more.

C. B.

Dresden.
End of October.

SOME cartoons by Cornelius have been purchased by the authorities of Cologne, with the intention of making them the nucleus of a gallery for works by modern artists. They have done well to choose so great a name to begin with, around which others may be grouped; for, by selecting so eminent a master, they have at once marked the high character which it is intended their collection shall bear. By making Cornelius the starting-point, they show unmistakably that the institution of which the foundation has just been laid is for works of only a high standard. King Louis of Bavaria commenced a similar gallery some years ago, and no one who has seen the New Pinakothek at Munich will have left its well-lighted walls without rejoicing that it occurred to the monarch to bring together this collection. Such a small, well-selected gallery—each work of art a gem in its way—it is quite a pleasure to see. You are not overwhelmed by the endless number which burdens the mind and so fatigues the body in the halls of the old Pinakothek. There the masters of every age are represented; there pictures are often found which interest only as being from the hand of this or that individual, and are retained in order to have a specimen of the painter or the school to which he belonged. It is necessary to have such in order to give completeness to a collection whose aim, in addition to other

qualities, is to be of *historical* value. But in the modern collection great beauty and great excellence alone cause a work to be accepted. And I suppose it is not too much to say that the subjects are, generally speaking, more interesting to us, that we have more sympathy with them, that they are more congenial to our tastes, as being the work of men who, in point of time, are nearer to us—of men, in short, who are of the same generation as ourselves. We in England have a splendid beginning for such a gallery in the Sheepshanks and Turner collection.

In Dresden last year the question was mooted of forming a gallery of modern paintings similar to that in the Luxembourg. For the purposes of Art, the Saxon Chamber votes yearly a sum of five thousand thalers, and it was proposed to employ part of this money for carrying out the project. It was determined, however, and very wisely, to devote the whole grant for the ensuing year to the completion of public monuments; for there were several buildings still in want of that decoration which it was intended they should have; and it was necessary they should have it to make them worthy the purposes to which they were applied. The corridor of the New Museum, for example, was still incomplete; and the bare walls formed a very unfitting entry to the treasures which the halls of the building contained.

The annual grant is certainly not large, but the principle acknowledged by such an act of the Cham-

ber is a right one, and its recognition is deserving of praise, and, what is more, of imitation. The Saxon Art Union has, it would seem, a fund set apart for "public purposes;" and, with it, comes to the aid of any worthy endeavour to raise a public monument which, originating with a private individual or a community, might, from a deficiency of funds, be imperfectly carried out, or perhaps be given up altogether. The Dresden Chamber has done well in acknowledging *the claims* of Art. There can be no doubt that this wise act will bring good fruit.

THE LANDSCAPES OF CALAME.

Dresden.—Leipsic,
July 31.

LANDSCAPE is a department of Art especially cultivated in England. Rural life and rural scenery are especially dear to the English, and this taste shows itself as much in the garden-plots and strips of flower-beds attached to the smoky town-dwelling, as in the lengthened sojourn at the pleasant country-seat, and the minute and never-failing descriptions of the appearances of Nature to be found in all our novels. A fine landscape painting never fails to command attention in England; and it is this sympathy with Nature, and this appreciation of every truthful delineation of her changes and appearances, that has called forth such landscape painters as we can proudly call our own. Land-

scape painting flourished among us when in other departments of Art we had not much to boast of.

Being delighted ourselves with some works we have seen by Calame, and wishing that others may also have an opportunity of admiring these masterpieces, we have determined to devote a short space to their discussion. They are the property of a gentleman of Dresden, Mr. Hildebrandt, who would, no doubt, kindly allow an amateur to view them at his house.

Calame is a Swiss by birth, and it is in the delineation of the scenery of his own country, with all the phenomena attendant on high mountain-ranges and deep valleys, that he so pre-eminently excels. Some of his pictures strike you—nay, startle you—at first sight, by the deception they produce. In one picture, *Mont Blanc,* the dark pine on the foreground seems to stand out from the sky, as illusively as any object in a diorama. The longer you look, the more wonderful does the effect appear. And yet all is made out with the care of a study, and the foreground, effective as it is when viewed as a whole, will be found full of beautiful detail when examined more closely. The aërial distance is most masterly, and the top of "the Monarch of Mountains," brilliantly white in the blue sky, seems removed from you an endless distance. The bright patches of sky appearing through the branches of the pine on the foreground separate them from the rest of the picture, so that you think you might

stand on every separate bough. With regard to effect, this is the most striking of the three, though we prefer another mountain picture, *The Jungfrau,* to this one. It is full of little episodes, such as betoken the close observer of Nature. The bits of cloud flying about midway up the mountain-sides, the haze in the valley so gradually blending with the earth and air that it is difficult to say where each begins and ends, the peculiar looks and colouring of the rocks and snow-fields, the general impression, too, which such desolate spots leave behind on the beholder, all is given with a truthfulness which proclaims at once the constant and loving observer. There is not in this picture the effect of the other, which *astonishes;* but the more you dwell on it, and examine the snow-fields, the beds of loose stones that have rolled into the vale, the blasted trees, the appearance of the mountain summit, the more you will acknowledge its marvellous truth and own its excellence.

A third picture, *The Vier-Waldstädter See,* is bright and calm and sunny, but though very good, you feel you have seen works similar to it before; whilst the two others at once arrest you, and at the very first glance you become aware that such landscapes as these you hitherto had seldom met with.

There is in them all the truthfulness and individuality which characterized the works of Constable; they are portraits, and mark, moreover, the cha-

racteristic features of the day and hour, as he so loved to do in all his pictures. Nor must it be imagined that this great truthfulness in the parts prevents the work, as a whole, from being steeped in a poetical atmosphere. But just as we find in the very truthfullest descriptions of Wordsworth—those of mountain scenery, for example,—the very grandest poetry, so in these really great achievements of Calame we find the finest imagination linked with the exactest truth.

So great was our admiration of these works that we resolved to visit Leipsic on learning that there were four other large pictures by the same artist in the public gallery of that town. And well were we repaid for our journey. These four works, hanging together, are each pervaded by totally different qualities. It is therefore particularly interesting to be able to see them thus side by side.

The first is a view taken high up among the mountains of Switzerland. The clouds, hanging low and threatening, drive along gloomily; the mists are being dispersed by the wind, and sailing on rapidly. There is in the middle distance a strip of shade cast by passing clouds, which makes the light beyond peculiarly impressive. There is confusion in the air; a hubbub of the elements; all is mixed up together, and driving and whirling onwards, while here and there a peak just shows itself in the upper air. On the foreground all is desolate, loose stones and rubble, and bleached and torn

stems of trees. Whoever has been much in the mountains will marvel at the skill that could seize and fix so truthfully the various features of such an event.

Next to this is the "Temple of Pæstum," the time, sunset, with all the ground golden and brilliant and glowing. It is in strong contrast to its neighbour; all here is calm and quiet, but a sadness pervades the spot which not unfrequently is felt when day departs with such gorgeous splendour. How different the atmosphere enveloping each! Yet in both there is melancholy and desolation; but in one is the ruin caused by the raging elements, in the other the desolateness left behind by departed ages.

A third large canvas gives a view of the chain of Monte Rosa and Cervin. What a solitude! All is lying in imperturbable stillness, and the clear outlines (clear and distinct even in the remotest distance) serve only to make you feel what a lifeless world is around you. This is the essential character of high mountain-ranges; and no one, who is himself not senseless as a stone, will have stood amid the mighty forms of the Alps without having experienced it overwhelmingly. And the very same feeling possesses you in standing before and dwelling on this picture.

Now comes a fourth, as different from the last two as light from darkness. It is no extended view, no picturesque spot, no grand pile of rock, and yet

how it fixes your attention! It is a blinding storm of rain and wind that is here represented. In the centre of the picture is a group of trees, the outskirts of a wood; on the right is a vision of rocks gleaming out of the tempest. The wind is beating the streaming branches of the trees, the leaves are upturned and quivering, and the rain dashing down in torrents. The whole of the foreground is saturated with water, and over the plashing earth a solitary wanderer, wrapped in a cloak, is struggling forward on his way. The murky sky is full of gloom; to the left, over and among the trees, all is black from the passing tempest; indistinct, yet not blotty; while on the horizon, to the left, there is light upon the hills, telling that the worst is over.

The left of the picture reminded us strongly of Constable's great work, "Salisbury Cathedral." The very air is wet and clammy, the clouds are surcharged and watery, the ground is sodden, the blast is driving every branch and leaf, and every blade of grass is beaten to the earth. It is as true to Nature as is possible; yet there is in it a peculiar moral atmosphere, so to say, which at once removes all commonplace, and inspires with a spirit of poetry. And it is this unison of the two qualities, each in a very high degree, which gives the landscapes of Calame such great merit. They are remarkable works, and we wish that all those who are able to appreciate such may profit of the first opportunity of seeing them.

In going to or coming from Dresden, most persons would be inclined to think it hardly worth while to stop at Leipsic, for the sake of the works of art they might find there. And yet they would be wrong in their supposition; for besides the landscapes of Calame alluded to above, there are in the collection of the Museum a certain number of modern works of great excellence, and well deserving attention. We would direct the visitor's notice to the following:—Two pictures by Wickenberg, a Swede: "Fishing on the Ice," and the "Interior of a Fisherman's Hut." There is, too, a fine "Head of an Old Man," by Winterhalter. A Landscape: Lake, with Mountain Background, by Carl Hummel. A Mountain Scene, by Heinlein.

"The Finding of Moses," by Papety, is the most original treatment of the subject we have ever seen. The princess, with thorough Egyptian features and expression, is lying on the ground, and her hand-maidens, some standing, others kneeling, are around her. The child, that has just been discovered, is brought to her by one of them, and the others look on with more or less apathy and listlessness. It is a most charming group; and the countenances are evidently studies made in the land of the Pharaohs. The desert is seen, with its intermediate dreary expanse stretching away in the distance, and the colouring of sky and land is such as he only who had studied that particular nature on the spot could possibly have rendered. There is one female figure,

with her back to the desert and the sun, especially striking. It is altogether a most original work.

"Sheep in a Storm," by Verboeckhoven, is admirably painted, and the expression and characteristics of the individual animals show with what attention and observation the artist had studied their nature and instincts. It is a master-piece in its way. "Cows in a Meadow," by Brascassal. Broad, and sunny, and cheerful, there is *air* in the picture, and the swallows are careering through it right joyfully. "Children dancing," by B. de Loose, of Brussels. Also a picture by a prince of Java, Raden Saleh, representing a wild-bull hunt. This composition is good, and the picture is interesting on account of the men's faces, and the different expressions which animate them. It is evidently true to nature.

Below, in the room devoted to casts and sculpture, is a really good figure in bronze by A. Giroux, of Paris, representing a Neapolitan improvisatore. It is a bit of genuine Italian life. We were as much surprised as pleased at finding such a good collection here, and we think whoever profits by these hints will be equally so with ourselves.

But to return to Dresden. A statue of Raphael by Professor Hähnl, from whose hand emanated the figures which adorn the exterior of the Dresden Gallery, deserves notice. The figure in question is slender and delicately formed; the long neck is very characteristic, and adds to the likeness of the portraiture. Raphael, is represented stepping down-

wards, as though descending with his heavenly art, and bringing it earthwards to men. The artist, consciously or unconsciously, has reproduced in his Raphael the movement of the Madonna of Raphael in the Dresden Gallery. She, too, stands amid clouds with one foot advanced, and the other raised and slightly bent, as if stepping downwards. Every one who knows the famous picture—and who does not know it?—will have felt what calm and placid self-possession and dignity there is in the whole figure; and there is a like placidity in this personification of the painter, who was called divine. His right hand is on his breast; the short tunic or mantle falls in few and simply-arrayed folds around his person; on the head is the peculiar picturesque cap, with which we all are acquainted; and the delicately-formed lower limbs, unshaded by cloak or drapery, are seen in all their fine outlines.

Salzburg,
September.

A SMALL collection of pictures by Viennese artists was opened here during the festivities in the beginning of the month. Taken as a whole, and as a specimen of what Vienna could produce, the exhibition was undoubtedly unsatisfactory. But Vienna has, in the different exhibitions which have taken place in Germany, seldom occupied an important rank. It is only within some few years that painting has begun to be cultivated with a certain

degree of success in the Austrian capital; but even now there is no comparison to be made between its productions and those which emanate from the Düsseldorf or Munich schools. Progress has been made however; and crude and beginner-like and unartistic as a great many of the works in the exhibition I speak of most certainly are, there are some few containing such excellent qualities that it may reasonably be expected another decennium will witness the production of a very superior class of pictures to those which are now to be found.

What characterizes the Viennese school — if Vienna do possess a "school" of art—is deficiency. You do not find affectation, or mannerism, or any of the trickeries to which art, in its decline, resorts. For here, as there has been no culmination, there can be no decline. It is not her supererogatory qualities which make you estimate it lowly, and which, if away, might allow something good to be produced. There is not here, as in the French school, much to be unlearned; on the contrary, here everything is still to be learned. In the greater number of the works in this exhibition the hand of the tyro is visible: the want of experience is manifest. The faults are faults of omission rather than of commission, and for this very reason there is good hope that the future will be a bright one.

It is worth while to give the names of those men whose works form exceptions to what has been said

above, and in few words to give an account of the pictures they have furnished.

Alois Schönn has sent "A Gipsy Hovel," broadly painted, and treated with great boldness and effect. A gang of gipsies, domiciled amid some tumble-down walls, is the subject of the picture. The colouring of the architecture is excellent; the figures, too, are good, and the treatment of the whole is very masterly. "A Gipsy Camp," by Ignaz Raffalt, merits notice: the vast expanse of an Hungarian plain is well given. "A Portrait of a young Girl," by George Raab, was greatly admired by every visitor. It would command attention in any exhibition. The head is in profile; the expression of the countenance most beautifully benign, and in drawing, as well as colouring, really admirable. The hem of the robe, which passes over the shoulders and across the bosom, is bordered with pearls and precious stones; and this, and the garment itself, so harmonize with the figure, that every one was irresistibly attracted towards the picture.

Two landscapes, one by Ludwig Halauska, "The Entrance to the Valley of the Oetz," and the other, by Gustav von Lichtenfels, "The Hintersee over Berchtesgaden," are works of merit. The latter is good in colour and general effect. "A Child with Alpine Roses," by Decker, is very pleasing. "A View of Amalfi," by Selling, is rich in colour, bright, broad, and sunny. There is atmosphere in the

picture and space, and to say this is to bestow no small praise.

Any one who has an eye for the picturesque, should, when in Salzburg, not fail to seek out a mill close to the "Bürger Spital." Arches, pillars, stone staircases, winding passages, are inextricably mixed up together. You are wholly at a loss to make out what is hewn out of the rock and what is the work of men's hands. The one seems to have grown up with, or out of, the other, and beneath your feet you hear water rushing violently; and from dark corners, into which your sight in vain endeavours to penetrate, comes a sound of wheels, creaking and clanking as they revolve. And the gloom, and the light that comes glancing in sideways from a door and some steps that lead you know not whither, are rendered more striking by the contrast with the brightness and the sunlight beyond the large entrance gateway which leads to that Hades-looking place.

In some streets in Salzburg every house is a public thoroughfare. You go through the doorway, pass the court-yard, and emerge through another court and doorway in the street parallel with that one from which you came. These courts are most curious specimens of architecture; they are quite bewildering in their intricacy. In the Getreid Gasse, on the ground-floor, the houses are arched. In the court behind, a massive column or two will support the superincumbent structure; a winding stone

stair will run round the pillar, and lead to a gallery above. All is heavy and massy, and indicative of strength; but all is so involved, that you are at a loss how the parts above are reached, or how they belong together; but there is hardly one such passage that would not furnish a subject for an interesting sketch. C. B.

Salzburg,
September 6th.

THE seventh meeting of the United German Artists' Society has just taken place at Salzburg. Having, through the kindness of the Munich committee, received a ticket which would enable me to participate in all the festivities, and to be present also at the sittings, I started with the great body of the artists for Salzburg on Tuesday last. On arriving there, at half-past four, we found the railway-station and every plot of ground in the neighbourhood filled with a dense multitude. Everywhere, too, flags were waving from the housetops; green arches were erected; and as the train, which was of almost endless length, entered the station, the military band of the Austrian Jäger struck up a merry welcome. The boys, youths, and young men belonging to the Gymnastic Club (*die Turner*) were in waiting, and, collecting from the travellers their luggage-tickets, saved them at once all further trouble on the score of baggage. The boys took charge of cloaks and travelling-bags, and an hour later

every visitor found his own things deposited ready for him in the corridor of the University building, where the lads kept guard that nothing might be lost and every traveller get his own. It was a great politeness, too, on the part of the authorities, that every portmanteau was delivered to its owner unexamined by the custom-house officers. A procession was formed to conduct the new-comers into the town. The "Turner" formed a line on both sides to keep the road clear, and the music playing in front, on all went, talking and laughing with old or with new acquaintances. It seemed as if all Salzburg had turned out to be present at the arrival of the strangers.

I have seen many festivals of the sort in Germany, but never anything like the present one. Carriages were drawn up on the roadside filled with ladies; and on every little hill or bit of vantage-ground crowds were standing, and there was not a window which was not over-filled with curious gazers. The multitude and the excitement reminded me of the scene on an English race-course when the Queen is expected. It was more like the return of a victorious army than the arrival of men of peace from different parts of their own common country. On the way, the procession passed a house still building; and as the scaffolding, bare brick walls, &c., formed no pleasing sight, all the poles, planks, and cross-poles had been entwined with fir-twigs, while large wreaths, with the colours of Salz-

burg and Bavaria, were hung high up in the topmost places. On all the different stages of the scaffolding people were standing; so, as tier rose above tier of human beings, you involuntarily thought of the effect when a ship's yards are manned. The vast green bower, with living creatures in it from top to bottom, had a novel effect. The decoration of the unsightly scaffolding was most happily improvised.

As the streets grew narrower the decorations told more. There was literally not a single house that was not festally ornamented; some with large garlands of fresh flowers, others with festoons of oak leaves; sometimes, too, large carpets and bright-coloured stuffs descended from the windows, or trophies of banners were ranged along the house-front. Blue and white, and red and white, and black and yellow pennons hung from every roof; and here and there you saw all the windows of the different stories filled with large vases of blooming flowers. Nothing was left undone that might express a hearty welcome. At one place, from the rooms above an archway, two young girls in white flung down handfuls of flowers on the artists as they passed, and loud was the hurrah with which this graceful act was greeted, and many a hat was raised to catch a trophy as it came eddying downwards through the air. Later, in passing through the narrow streets, showers of nosegays came flying down, flung by fair hands from the windows above.

The givers seemed to enjoy the sport as much as the recipients; and occasionally one of the passers beneath would be marked out for a posy, and, as he passed, it was dropped so that he could hardly fail to get it. Occasionally, when a pair of very bright eyes were seen laughing above, a hard struggle would ensue for the flower that fell; and the lucky victor stuck it in his hat in remembrance and in triumph. Thus merrily the crowd moved on, and in passing the house where Mozart was born, which was specially decorated with festoons and a bust of the composer crowned with a green laurel wreath at one of the windows, a loud shout was raised as greeting.

It was a long way to the University building, and many were the streets passed through; yet in all it was the same; not a house was to be seen which had not its festal decoration. On arriving at the Aula Academica, the members of the Salzburg committee were at the portal to receive the guests. Upstairs the cards were distributed, which were at once an authorization and which opened the way to the bearer to see and to enjoy what Salzburg had to offer. The artists who had come were treated as guests, and each one received a card with an artistic decoration, on which his name was written, and the words "will find a friendly reception at Mr. So-and-So's, in such-and-such a street." As soon as you appeared with your card the boys and lads of the Club for Athletic

Exercises surrounded you, to see where you were quartered, and then, seeking out your baggage, conducted you to the house where, for the next three days, you were to be a guest. How happy the youngsters were, to be of such importance; how glad they were when you did not know your way, so that they might show you! And when I would not allow one lad to carry my portmanteau as it was too heavy for his years, he entreated me then to allow him *and another boy* to take it; anything rather than let me send it by a porter to my quarters. And the two little fellows got on with it right manfully; and when they had brought me to my lodging I enjoyed the fun of their getting the portmanteau upstairs quite as much as they did. With no small triumph they deposited it in my room, and wishing me good-bye, were off to see if they could not find some one else to pilot to his lodging.

And how neatly my room was arranged! If I had been an old personal friend, my landlady could not have prepared all more nicely. And then the excuses that it was not better, though there really was nothing to be wished for. And I was to be sure and tell of anything I desired, that they might have the pleasure of getting it. Indeed, nothing could be more truly hospitable than the arrangement that had been made by the committee, and the reception of the Salzburgers. And, as if enough had not already been done, in the evening one of

the members of the board for providing the different quarters, came to ask me if I was satisfied with my lodging, and, if not, another would be offered me. A warmer welcome was never given to stranger guests, or more courteous attention shown them, than was received by the artists on this occasion from the inhabitants of Salzburg.

In the evening we met in the military riding-school, which had been turned into a beautiful hall for the occasion. The whole was boarded, and four long tables, laid for supper, ran down its whole length. The walls were most tastefully adorned with banners and trophies, with the arms of the different German towns on both sides, and at each end of the building. Evergreens were intermixed with the flags, and the whole, rich and warm in colour, had an admirable effect. All round were large candelabra with flaming gas-lights, and on each long table were ten or twelve smaller ones, the stem and arms of each entwined with thick festoons of ivy. To prevent the damp from striking through the boards and being found uncomfortable, a bed of dry moss, half a foot thick, was laid under all the tables, so that the feet of those who sat at supper were as warm as on a Turkey carpet. Such things are trifles, but they show how much thought was taken to preclude whatever could in any way be disagreeable.

Meetings like the present are always very cheerful. Old friends meet again after a long separa-

tion; unexpected arrivals are announced; friendly greetings are interchanged between men widely separate, but having a common interest; and everything going on around tends to glad and kindly feeling and good brotherhood.

The following day, those who liked met in the so-called Mirabell Garden for breakfast, and at ten o'clock all repaired to the great hall of the Academy, where the affairs of the Society were to be discussed. Behind the tribune, where the president and committee were, shrubs, trees, and flowers reaching to the ceiling, were grouped so as to leave a circular space free. Here was painted the double eagle of Austria, with the arms of the Artists' Association, surrounded by golden rays. Banners and flags of different nations were conjoined with the foliage, and the whole formed as splendid a background as could well be devised. After some hearty words of welcome from the authorities of Salzburg, the painter, Dietz, of Munich, was elected president for the ensuing year. The business of the day then commenced, which related to the statutes of the Albrecht Dürer Society, founded for the purpose of aiding artists in distress, and for the relief of their widows and children.

. But I must break off, and give an account of the sitting and of the splendid festival on the following day, in my next letter.

C. B.

Salzburg, September.

To resume where I left off in my last letter. The business of the sitting related chiefly to the statutes of the Society called the Albert Dürer Union, which, like the Literary Fund Society in England, has for its aim the relief of members in distress, and their widows and children. At the Schiller Anniversary a like Society was formed throughout Germany in aid of distressed literary men, and its funds were greatly augmented by means of a lottery, to which the whole nation contributed. As the funds of the contemplated Albrecht Dürer Verein are at present very small, and as it is not the intention of the founders to give any pecuniary assistance until the sum of ten thousand thalers shall have been collected, a motion was made for instituting in two or three years' time a similar lottery, in order that the contemplated sum might be collected more speedily, and the committee be thus enabled to begin rendering assistance at an earlier date. However, the plan found little favour. The artists were of opinion, it were more fitting if, instead of asking assistance from others, they were to help themselves. There had been enough, they said, of this sort of thing, of lotteries, collections, subscriptions, and fancy fairs. The artists of Germany were surely capable of doing something to increase their funds, and if they were not, "why then," as one present said, "they did not deserve to be helped." The plan of foreign assist-

ance was therefore unanimously rejected, and the proposition to impose a contribution towards the fund of one-half per cent. on every picture sold, was unanimously accepted.

At one o'clock all met at dinner in the Riding School, and the afternoon was passed in lionizing. Everywhere you met groups, led by an inhabitant of Salzburg, who most obligingly explained what was to be seen, and called attention to whatever was curious or of historical or artistic interest. Others went to enjoy the beauties of the neighbourhood, while some visited a well-known wine-cellar to study the produce of the vineyards of Hungary and the Tyrol. Wherever you might wish to go, there was always some one ready to accompany you, and do the honours of the town. Every individual seemed to look upon it as a duty and a pleasure to render a service to the foreign guests.

In the evening an endless procession was formed, each person carrying a flambeau, to the square where the statue of Mozart is erected. Arrived at the spot, a speech was made by a Viennese artist; from the surrounding heights gleamed blue and red Bengal lights, and after a festal hymn had been sung in honour of the great composer, the assembled multitude dispersed. The young men of the Gymnastic Club kept order, and in all the streets through which the procession passed saw that the road was clear. They formed line on either side, keeping the crowd back as effectually as our own police: there

was no disorder, no quarrelling, no offence given or taken at what was said or done. When the youths told the people to make way or stand back, it was done without a murmur or remark; and the good feeling existing towards those thus exercising a civil authority was evidently shown on this occasion. The square where Mozart's statue stands was kept clear, in order that when the procession arrived with the flambeaux, there might be room for all. No one was allowed to pass.

Presently came an elderly general in full uniform, with many a well-earned decoration on his breast. "If you please, sir, you can't pass: you must go round the other way," said one of the youths to him. "Quite right, my lad," said the old general, smiling at the decision and important air of the young civilian, "I'll go round very willingly;" and away he walked as good-naturedly as possible. Neither on this occasion nor on the following day, when certainly ten thousand persons were assembled, did I see a single gendarme. Indeed, during my stay in Salzburg I did not meet one to my knowledge. Several friends made the same observation. No better evidence could be given of the excellent conduct of the population. It was night—nine o'clock—yet no excess of any sort, nor a single act of rudeness, occurred; and yet the streets were thronged as densely as they possibly could be. It interested me to observe how the self-constituted civic authority could perform its duties, but still

more to see how it would be obeyed. I was most curious, however, to learn whether, in a country where the military holds so commanding a position, they would also be expected to give way to a non-military power; and if so, whether they would do it. I therefore paid special attention to this point; and in innumerable instances found that, without the least ill-feeling whatever, both soldiers and officers of the highest rank followed the directions of the young men without a remark or opposition. We must not judge the importance of such a circumstance by our strictly English notions merely. In England the civil power is supreme. To it, military authority is expected to yield. But this was never the case on the Continent. There a military uniform confers a privilege. I very much doubt if a Prussian lieutenant would have given way to civil authority, as the old Austrian general did, in presence of the rosy-cheeked "Turner" lad. And when within so short a time such progress has been made by a people, as is the case in Austria, we may justly hold that it possesses the capability of steadily advancing in the same direction, and the will to do so. One thing is quite certain, that had a like number of people been assembled in the streets of Berlin, disorder and riot, and the scenes that attend the presence of a mob would have occurred. Let those who are inclined to doubt this remember how the rabble behaved at the Schiller festival and

the funeral of Alexander von Humboldt in the Prussian capital.

These remarks, it may be thought, are out of place, but the facts which gave rise to them are quite as interesting as any festival, for they are indicative of the character of a people, and are, moreover, very expressive "signs of the times," of political development, and of progress.

On Friday afternoon was the festival on the Mönchsberg, the height above the town, from which, as all visitors to Salzburg know, a most picturesque view is to be had. All went up there in procession. Heralds and men-at-arms, in the costume of the olden time, went first; then came a troop of miners, preceded by their band; different singing societies, with their banners garlanded with green foliage and wreaths of flowers; and then the artist-guests. The splendid military band of the Austrian Jäger was also present. Friendly as the reception was on arriving at Salzburg, the march through the town that day was nothing compared to our passage to the Mönchsberg. All the shops were closed, in order that there might be a general holiday. At every window of every house, up to the very roof, and on the roofs both of houses and churches, were crowds of spectators. Cheerful, friendly faces met your eye, turn it where you might. On the green slopes on the wayside, on the walled terraces outside the town, on the balconies, on every narrow cornice, even where it was just

possible to find a footing, you saw a throng of expectant human beings. As you looked forward you saw showers of nosegays and flowers falling through the air, and you heard merry shouts and laughter as the procession was interrupted by the rush to the spot where a fragrant posy fell. But it is our turn now. As we look up inquiringly at a window where a general officer with his wife and three pretty daughters are standing, as though we said, "Are we to have nothing?" forth flies from the hands of the laughing girls nosegay after nosegay, and a splendid wreath of the choicest flowers. My neighbour was too quick for me, and catching it up exulting, he placed it round his hat, and waved it to the fair giver in recognition of the gift. But another shower follows the first, and I get more than my share,—geraniums, roses, heartsease; and see, there is in the middle of one little nosegay the snowy edelweiss! In front are shouts and a struggle for the trophies, and behind, far behind, too, there was such profusion that each one got something; many, indeed, whole armfuls of flowers. These were carried in the hand or stuck round the hat, so that the procession, thus festally adorned, had a peculiar look. It was almost as if we were going up to that high hill to celebrate a festival of the seasons, to bring our native offerings to Pan, or to perform some Pagan rite, and deck the altar of a goddess with the loveliest things the earth had brought forth.

And now, on the roadside, is a green slope just above us; and there all is covered with spectators waiting till we pass. And in front there is a beautiful young girl, with large clear eyes and a bright and happy look; and, as we pass, flower after flower is thrown up to her, and the best posies we have are thrown into her lap; and though at first she looks embarrassed, she cannot help taking them up, and, blushing, she bows and smiles her thanks. And wherever at a window, if not too high for our aim, we see some *very* fair face, thither at once nosegay after nosegay is thrown, and a shout and a waving of hats proclaim the irresistible charm and magic power of beauty. We thus offer sacrifice as we move along; yet we are so richly laden with gifts that we have still enough for the hill-top whatever rite may be there to celebrate.

From the Mönchsberg an extended view of the mountains is obtained, as well as on the other side of the town and river. Arrived at the top, a sloping path leads downwards, and here already thousands of Salzburgers were assembled. It was a pretty and gay sight, and the bright colours of the ladies' dresses made it still more so. They are close to us as we pass, and every now and then a nosegay will be put into the hand of the loveliest of a lovely group beside the path.

Of the different amusements provided for the entertainment of the guests, the most novel were two rustic representations. The one was a Salzburg

peasant's wedding. Down the slope came the bride and bridegroom, with their attendants, preceded by the fiddlers and other musicians, all shouting and making merry, as is the custom on such occasions. Then came the wedding-dance. But the second masque was still more pleasing. A long line of peasants and peasant girls of the Pintzgau, in their characteristic dresses, came slowly on, singing the customary hymn when going on a pilgrimage, as the present troop were then supposed to be doing. The prettiest citizens' daughters of Salzburg had been selected for the procession, and the Tyrol might well be proud of them. How enthusiastically they were greeted as they passed, and at every step a dozen hands were stretched out for the posies of mountain flowers that they distributed as they went along, and the words "beautiful Pintzgauren, a remembrance!" resounded from either side of their line of march.

There was music and singing, and finally fireworks. And as soon as it was dark, on the highest point of the Untersberg, the Staufen and the Gaisberg, flaming bonfires were seen. The very mountain-tops gave signs of joy and welcoming, and of a participation in the festivity. It was a beautiful night, and all returned home delighted with the *fête* and its admirable arrangement. On the hillside in the distance the church of Maria-Plain shone through the darkness, the whole front brightly illuminated. In short, nothing was left undone that

could contribute to our amusement or our pleasure. The evening was passed in the riding-school where all supped; and the pretty Pintzgau maidens also made their appearance, and by their presence contributed in no small degree to our enjoyment.

On Saturday was the usual sitting, from ten till twelve, and at one o'clock was the great dinner, to which about three hundred and fifty persons sat down. Besides the authorities of the town, the Minister von Schmerling and several officers were present. The Minister, in his speech, compared the striving of Germany after unity with that of Italy. He pointed out how, in Germany, the aim was pursued steadily and within lawful bounds, but with a determination to move forwards. The interests of the different lands were, he observed, not to be lost sight of. There must be union in other matters as well as in political affairs; the artists, therefore, could also contribute their quota towards the great work. He told all present that they might carry home with them the announcement that "we Austrians are proud to call ourselves Germans." The speech was delivered in a calm and impressive manner; there was no gesticulating, no aiming at effect; but the man who spoke it seemed sincere, and the impression it produced on the Assembly was great. Other speeches were made, all expressive of good feeling towards the guests, and of a sincere desire on the part of Austria to further, by every means in her power, the great work of unity.

In the evening all met, as usual, for the last time. At the end of the great hall, on a raised tribune, a small theatre had been arranged; and here, during the evening, some comic scenes were represented. To the very last mirth and good humour prevailed, and at a late hour all parted, to meet next time in Weimar.

Not one who was present will soon forget these three days passed at Salzburg, nor the kindness and hospitality he met with from the authorities and the inhabitants at large.

C. B.

CHAPTER X.

Dark our road lies, over gravestones, if upon the earth we gaze,
Upward looking, framed in heaven, stars unnumbered o'er it blaze.
Many friends are gone before us, out of that beloved band,
Well-remembered, dearly loved ones, hidden wait on either hand.

Lift up your eyes then, cheerfully, to that unclouded ray
Which in the darkest earthly night will guide us on our way,
Hoping, praying, longing, as we tread the self-same road,
In the steps of the Immortal who once bore our weary load.

They alone are barred and hindered who for virtue seek reward,
Or who frighten timid Christians resting under Jesu's guard,
Blind and fearful, stumbling onwards in the dim uncertain light,
Lured by wrath, and strife, and envy, deepening into endless night.

Friends of youth, still struggling forward, looking steadfast overhead,
Where, in God's eternal lustre, shine the faces of our dead,
Saints and heroes gone before us, fighting here with pious wrath,
Laying down their heart's best treasures, humble offerings in the path.

What they fought for, dimly conscious, now is their eternal crown;
Shining, undisturbed in brightness, through the mists of ages down;
Broken links of earthly fetters, sins of manhood, faults of youth,
Leave them free to call us to them with the might of love and truth.

Baron Bunsen, translated by R. M. K.

CONCLUSION OF MADAME HORSCHELT'S NARRATIVE.

Louisen Strasse, Munich.

OF my own reminiscences of my father I have very little to add. On my wedding-day, Feb. 27, 1865,

he adorned our rooms in the most charming way with flowers and wreaths. It looked very pretty, and I felt deeply touched. He was much affected by the ceremony. We had lived so happily together that, glad as he felt to know me in the hands of so good a husband, and so well taken care of, my father of course felt sorry to see me leave. I thought my heart would break when I quitted our rooms.

My father had arranged a little banquet and invited a few friends to partake of it. They all united in saying how elegantly he had ordered it all. How sad it made me to part from my dear, dear father! I never wept so much as that evening after he had taken tea with us and left us. How lonely he must have felt at home.

On the 27th of May he left Munich for Paris and England, not returning till the 27th of August.

On the 2nd of September, 1865, he came to us in the country, and we spent a most happy week at a village near the mountains.

On the 9th he left us to go to Vienna, and stayed there till the 9th of November, when he surprised us by a visit. On the very night he left us my little boy was born; he just saw him, and was so delighted.

May the 30th, 1866. My father came from Vienna on his way to Wildbad, and stayed with us until the 6th of June. He was very ill, and could scarcely eat anything. He was anxious to accompany the

Austrian army after his return from the Baths; but, thank God, by that time the war was at an end, for he never could have borne the fatigue of such an expedition in the state of health he was in.

July the 3rd. He left us again for Vienna, where he overworked himself terribly—so every one said who saw him. From the time he went to Vienna in 1865 he was ill—the climate never agreed with him at all; particularly whenever he had to go to Pesth on political matters, for he had the fever there always, and grew more weak each time he went there.

In March, 1867, my husband had to go to Paris at the time of the exhibition, and then my father came to stay with me at Munich for six weeks, until my husband's return. He then left again for Vienna, where he suffered terribly from inflammation of the eyes. He was for a time quite blind of one eye, and altogether miserable, but so interested in politics that he would not hear of leaving Vienna, much as I entreated him to do so.

August the 5th, 1867. My father came to us in the country, very poorly. He then went to Salzburg to be present at the meeting of Napoleon III. with the Emperor of Austria, returning again to Vienna.

At last, in August, 1869, my dearest wish was fulfilled, and my beloved father left Vienna and came to live with us here at Munich. He was very ill: all sorts of cures were tried, but he never quite recovered. He went to several baths and into

the country, but it was all in vain. He was always patient, good, and kind, full of attentions for us all, interested in everything, diligent to the very last, though he suffered incredibly. The years he lived with us were the happiest of my life. May God reward him for all his love and kindness to me! Never was such a father.

Requiescat in pace.

MARIE HORSCHELT.

The climate of Vienna and of Pesth undoubtedly very seriously affected the health of the traveller and sportsman who had braved such vicissitudes of temperature with impunity in early manhood. He persevered, nevertheless, in his arduous labours, performing the varied duties of his position with his usual strict conscientiousness. Many readers who have admired the picturesque details, the glow of colour, the masterly artistic descriptions of pomp and pageant written by him, had no idea that these graphic delineations were sent from the Austrian capital, by the author of "Transylvania," and of "Chamois-hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria."

CORRESPONDENCE OF CHARLES BONER WITH THE REV. P. HATELY WADDELL.

To the Rev. P. H. Waddell, Elen Grove Place Glasgow.

Munich,
January 9, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,

Have you still any recollection of the existence of the undersigned? It is so long since I wrote to you or you to me, that it would be very excusable had you forgotten me. At various times I have thought of you, and was curious to know what you were doing, how going on; in short, was desirous of hearing again something about you. Quite lately you were recalled to my mind by the circumstance that I saw your edition of Burns announced. I was glad of the conjunction of the two names; for I am sure that the edition will be worthy of the man whom you, like myself, place so very high among the "Representative Men."

Well, dear sir, and how have you lived and toiled since last you wrote to me? Have you been well and busy, and making way against those who opposed you? You wrote something on Burns, if I remember rightly: this I never had, but I should wish very much to possess it. Should you have published anything on literature, oblige me by sending the titles.

It is, I believe, since I wrote to you that I

travelled through Transylvania, where I remained a year. The book I wrote on the subject you will have heard of, though you may not have seen it. It was received wonderfully well by the press at large. A German translation has since appeared, and this edition has been as successful as the English. Transylvania is a most interesting country, with many features quite new and peculiar. For a considerable time Vienna was my place of sojourn. I liked it much, but the climate, and still more that of Pesth, did not agree with me. I am still suffering from its effects on my health. However, I hope to be well enough to travel by the spring, and if so I purpose being in England next May.

It will give me pleasure to hear from you again, and I trust the account of yourself will be a good one in every way.

Yours, etc., etc.,

CHARLES BONER.

The Rev. P. H. Waddell to Charles Boner.

Elen Grove Place, Glasgow,
January 27, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,

This letter was originally dated the 17th, but having been often interrupted I begin *de novo.* Many a time have I been wondering where you were, and what you were doing. I got a glimpse of you now and then from some notice of your books, but the anxiety and turmoil of the intervening

years prevented my making any inquiries. Your letter was therefore very welcome; and I rejoice to hear that, both as a traveller and an author, you are doing well, in the interval. Your health I could wish better, but that will come. For myself, I should have a long enough story to tell if I began it; but should only weary you.

The chief consolation of these harassing years was the editorship of Burns, which led me into a thousand researches of absorbing interest, and enabled me for the moment not only to forget, but when necessary to defy, my troubles and tormentors. His patience under suffering was an example to me, and his works a place of refuge in the storm. The result has been a very nearly perfect edition of his writings. I was made an LL.D. in consequence by an American University, and it is an additional satisfaction to me that my labours have attracted your notice.

I have been engaged lately in what may seem to you a strange undertaking—no less than a translation of the Bible into *Scots*, of which I herewith send prospectus and specimen. The psalms are already in the printer's hands, and from all I hear are likely to be well received.

I may mention further, in reply to one of your kind inquiries, that I have been amusing myself at intervals for two years or more with some geographical researches about Central Africa. The result of this has been to demonstrate that the whole of

that region was distinctly surveyed, mapped, and described more than three hundred and fifty years ago; so that all the most recent discoveries of Grant, Baker, Livingstone, are but repetitions of unrecognized exploratory labours long before any of us were born. I have the honour to be the first man in Europe who has pointed out this fact, and since it was first publicly stated by me a great many additional proofs of the truth of it have been found. I published a theory of my own on the whole subject in the September No. of "Good Words;" for 1868, and communicated also at subsequent dates further information relative to it to most of the newspapers. The most singular fact of it all is that the most recent reports from Livingstone confirm to the minutest detail my theory in "Good Words," and in a very striking way, what relates to volcanic action in draining the great fountain and reducing it to three smaller lakes. That fountain I calculate to have been more than 9000 square miles in superficial extent, but of various depths—pools and shallows alternating. The shallows have since been converted into marshy meadows, and the pools into separate lakes.

In again looking over your kind letter I observe you refer to "something" I have written on Burns, but which you have not seen. I have written nothing more on Burns than the lecture which I sent with the lecture on Shakespeare. I have also

a companion lecture on Scott, which has been often read but not published.

Believe me, with all best wishes,

Yours ever most sincerely,

P. HATELY WADDELL.

Charles Boner to the Rev. P. H. Waddell.

5, Louisen Strasse, Munich,
Feb. 2, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter and packet reached me this morning. To hear from you again gives me sincere pleasure. As some time had elapsed since I wrote, I feared my letter had not reached you. When your answer, therefore, was brought to me to-day it was a double satisfaction, taking me as it did by surprise.

You have gone through a good deal in the last years, that is true; but you have evidently acquired a greater fame than you had before. You have made your name known in still wider circles, and have met with hearty and grateful appreciation of your labours, and this makes up for much trouble and difficulty.

It is not praise I want, but a sensible *appreciation* of what I do. This is not only the best reward but it is a viaticum that helps one on along the weary dusty road. I rejoice at your success. I felt sure that your Burns would be such as it is described to be, exhaustive and leaving nothing for the most ardent lovers of the poet to desire; and that the remarks and biography would be an inspiration I

was also sure. I cannot tell you how impatient I am to possess the volumes. I look forward to the time as to a festival. Your one paper on Burns I have, also on Shakespeare. It was, it seems, a mistake of mine about your having written something since those lectures. I was only anxious not to lose anything that you might have written; not to allow anything on these subjects (Burns especially) to escape me, for, as you know, I fully share your admiration of that great one, than whom there never was a truer poet. What a noble monument you have raised to his memory; and in doing so how you have conjoined your name and his. This was not your aim, but being so it is a proud thing to be thus closely connected and bound up with the unparalleled.

The verses I have sent you on Burns have never yet been printed; I must see about having it done. In America the sale of the book will, I am sure, be immense. I well understand what you say about the preparation of these volumes, your occupying yourself so entirely with Burns, being a compensation for all your troubles, a consolation amid sorrowful feelings, a refreshment after much labour.

For a time I was so ill that I not only could not, but I had no wish to read or write. Then there was a period when my time and attention were occupied with politics only, to the exclusion almost of more congenial literature. At last I took up some poems, and what a sweet, soothing, vivify-

ing effect it had—it was like drinking at a cool, bubbling spring when parched with heat and thirst during a long burning summer's day. I thought of this directly on reading the passage in your letter where you speak of the benign influence you experienced.

The translation of the Bible is certainly a happy thought. It will doubtless be accepted thankfully.

The paper about Africa (in "Good Words") is of great interest. What is so strange and quite unintelligible is that having appeared so long ago the information it contained had not been made more public. The existence of the maps, unknown as they were to Baker and others, in no way diminishes the merits of these men. Their enterprise and the results of it are as praiseworthy as though no one had been before them.

I answer your letter at once because I cannot better give proof of the satisfaction felt at a renewal of our intercourse.

The papers on Burns, Scott, and Shakespeare would make a most acceptable volume. I wonder, however, that the Scott paper was not printed till now. Delineation of character, entering into the very soul of the man whom you study, and living his life with him, is what you excel in. Hence, *all* such works from your pen I desire to have.

With kindest wishes, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES BONER.

Charles Boner's last days were spent in the society of, and under the same roof with, his long known and trusted friend, Professor Horschelt, the husband of his only daughter.

It was the last gleam of sunset after a glorious harvest day, and far away in the past were the gladsome breezes of the forest life, the lovely walks through the pure worlds of snow, the fresh breath of the Alpine wind that he loved so truly in his earlier youth and manhood.

In the night of the 7th of April, 1870, death mercifully in sleep put an end to long and lingering pain, borne with exemplary patience. His sanguine nature bore him up to the last, and while those around him knew that the end was approaching, he spoke constantly of the future, and laid plans for visiting friends in England.

As a transcript of his own state of mind, the following lines written by Mr. Boner during a visit to the medicinal baths at Aibling, near Rosenau, on the death of a young married lady, an intimate friend of his daughter's, will here find a suitable place.

June, 1869.

ON THE DEATH OF MADAME LINDWURM.

Rent is the bond!
Our hearts too are rended!
She, the kind friend,
The gentle,—who tended

Us all with such care
Is gone,—hath departed!

Smiling she left us,
Not that she left us
Knowing the fact,
For our great despair,
Though quite broken-hearted,
We hid from her view,
So—painless—she knew
Not what was coming.

She looked for the spring,
Looked forward to spring,
The birds and the flowers,
And the bees humming.

The sunniest hours
She said were to come.—
That, that was the sum
Of all her glad planning—
While we looked on scanning
The gradual change,
She talked of to-morrow,
Unwitting the sorrow
So soon to be ours in all its wide range.

Thus placid and bright,
With joy in her heart,
She dreamed not of night
That would not depart:
But still that night came

And life—like a flame
That flickers—falls lower—
Like a pulse that grows slower,
Gave way by degrees.

Oh pain, when one sees
This ebbing—receding,
This gliding away
From out of our clasp;
Which nothing can stay
Despite our wild grasp!
It ebbs like the sea,
The vast mighty ocean
That with a sure motion
Recedes and is gone.

CHARLES BONER.

"Charles Boner," a German writer remarks, "was the exact opposite of a German's conception of an Englishman; he was truly every inch a gentleman, but moreover filled with such wonderful self-sacrifice for others, with such loving sympathy for the weal or woe of his friends as made even the impossible possible. His was a mind without art or falsehood—a noble *truth* in the fullest sense was his.

"With moistened eyes a crowd of friends, among whom we will only name Liebig, Freiligrath, Bodenstedt, surrounded his untimely grave. We part from him with his own beautiful words, cast, like

flowers, by one of his friends into the open grave, and which are written in our hearts—the last lines of his 'Dance of Death'—

"'A river does not flow unceasing on,
Still always a river: it seeks anon
And finds the broad ocean; so it must be,
Life merged in eternity's shoreless sea.'"

AN CHARLES BONER, VON FRAULEIN OTTENHEIMER.

"Truth"—Boner's device.

Wer Wahrheit wählt zum Lichtstern seines Strebens,
Darf müssig in den Schooss die Hand nicht legen;
Ein Schüler und ein Kämpfer muss zeitlebens
Die volle Kräfte seines Willens regen.
Zu grossem Ziele führt kein ebner Pfad,—
Es geht berg an!—doch wie mit frohstem Muthe
Dem Wild Du nachgeklimmt am Felsengrad
War werth Dir jeder Arbeit stets das Gute.

Wie treulich halfst Du—dennoch ächter Britte—
In Deinen Schriften mit beredten Worten
Für deutscher Geist, für deutscher Ehr und Sitte
Um Liebe werben an aus fernen Orten;
Es war so theuer Dir, dies deutsche Land,
Mit Berg und Thal, mit Strömen, Wald und Weide.
War Dir's vertraut, Verständniss wob das Band
Das Dich verknüpfte seinem Glück und Leide.

Jetzt ruhst im deutschen, nicht im fremden Boden,
Du nach des Tages Müh und England hätte—
Mag es auch ehren seine treuen Todten—
Dir kaum geboten eine traut're Stätte.
Die Blumen in der Enkel kleinen Hand,
An welchen Thränen Deiner Tochter glänzen,
Und Segengrüsse nah und fern entsandt,
Sie werden heimathlich Dein Grab bekränzen.

Auch dieses Blatt soll sich als Dankesbluthe
In jene Kränze unscheinbar verweben,
Und stille Zeugniss Deiner Freunde gute,
Und mancher unvergess'nen Wohlthat geben.
Ich kannte Dich; weiss mit welch treuem Sinn
Du stets geübt des Lichts, der Liebe Lehre,
Und nur wer dies thut bringt der Welt Gewinn
Und lebet recht, zu Gottes grösserer Ehre.

TRANSLATION.

To Charles Boner. By Fraulein Ottenheimer.

"Truth"—Boner's motto.

He who his course by truth's bright star would steer
Must never rest with idly folded hands;
Nor hope the scholar's, soldier's high career,
Save when a steadfast will success commands.
For honour's path mounts higher far than where,
On Alpine peak the driven chamois stands;
And that bold heart that won the mountain game,
Has gained thee higher meed than hunter's fame.

Thou honest Briton, who, with earnest praise,
Our German faith and honour didst extol;
Painting our ancient customs, legends, lays,
Loving us with the love of thy brave soul!
Dear to thy heart our simple German ways,
Truthful thyself, thou saw'st and felt the whole;
Our woods, our meadows, brooks, and mountain heights,
Our wrongs, our sufferings, passions, and delights.

And now, in German but not stranger earth,
After "life's fitful fever," thou art laid;
Not England, though she prized thee at thy worth,
Could honour more our honoured, loved one, dead.
Thy grandson's tiny hand bestrews the path
With flowers, on which thy daughter's tears are shed,
And heartfelt blessings sent from o'er the wave,
Blend with our tears above thy homelike grave.

Even this poor rhyme, invisibly entwined
Amid the wreaths dropped on thy place of rest,
Shall witness bear how good thou wert, how kind,
How many hearts thy loving mercies blest!
I knew thee—knew that strong, pure, earnest mind,
That still for light and knowledge onward prest—
And only he who casts the world behind
Shall, through God's grace, God's choicest blessings find.

CHAPTER X.

Life, too, has, like the earth, its desert places,
Ofttimes of hopeless length and very drear;
Ungladdened by the sight of kindly faces,
Where grief looks round, and finds no solace near.
And such are good: they teach us not to fear,
And serve to strengthen hundredfold our faith
In God's great mercy. Then His love doth cheer,
Like water in the desert; and His breath
Refreshes our poor hearts, faint even unto death.

OASIS IN THE DESERT.—C. B.

St. Emeran, Feb. 12, 1843.

MR. BONER laboured assiduously, during his last illness, to prepare the valuable and interesting letters addressed to himself, by Miss Mitford, for publication. It was his intention to add a brief memoir of the writer, but a few disjointed sentences alone can be found. As these fragmentary notes are interesting they are copied here.

"Reason for her lucidity of style. Read so much French—memoirs especially. Her inclination to see all in fairest light, to over-appreciate the merits of those she loved—myself for example. Her own conversation unrivalled. Always thought those she liked must be liked by others. 'You are sure

to be pleased with each other!' Like Constable, thoroughly English: never out of England. Prized greatly manliness, physically and in mental training. Though democratic still very much for 'old family.' Letters always with date. All her stories quarter of an hour too short—the secret of her success. Her enthusiasm about certain persons of whom she had only heard. For instance my sister of whom she writes so warmly without ever having seen her.

"We English, though cosmopolitan, quite *insular* with regard to understanding, and entering into and sympathising with the modes of life and way of judging things of people on the continent. This comes perhaps from our high appreciation of our own advantages.

"She was thoroughly English in her taste; her love for French literature the sole exception. Her love of the positive made her care little for fairy lore.

"Her *gushing* regard and readiness to pardon results of passion—vide Mirabeau.

"I have kept certain passages, which being personal, I should have omitted but for the sake of remarks that follow."—C. B., Munich, March, 1870.

References to Miss Mitford are frequent in Charles Boner's later letters. We give a few instances.

TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND:

Munich,
December 28, 1867.

YOU have, it seems, not yet seen Miss Mitford's Life and Letters. I am curious to hear how you like the book, and about some of the people referred to in it. I have begun copying her letters to me, but of late the position necessary for writing hurts me a good deal, and I have not gone very far. With a few concluding remarks and reminiscences of her and of her connection, an amusing volume might be made.

I have so many things I want to do, to complete and to arrange, that it is a great vexation to pass day after day in idleness. I have work enough for at least the next ten years,—things too which interest me; some begun, half-finished, or nearly completed. And some of the best things I have ever written are still in MS., and I should be sorry were they utterly lost.

Munich,
Feb. 11, 1870.

IN her letters, Miss Mitford was often very severe on others—very unsparing. Those to me are mostly very interesting, from the criticisms they contain, and little bits about herself and her doings. Mr. Bentley has had the goodness to offer to send me the book, and I am in expectation of its reaching me soon. I am very anxious indeed to compare the letters with mine. I wish to publish those I have

with remarks of my own, interspersing reminiscences, &c., &c., and adding connecting links. I am copying them now when I am well enough to do so. My correspondence with her extended from 1845 to 1854.

For an intellectual person there is no place like London, the constant contact with great minds, the incessant flow of information and wonderful knowledge, tend to exalt one, and though one feels very humble in presence of so much that is really great and full of wisdom, one still feels proud to be "Mensch," a human being. It is the same sentiment expressed by the artist. I also am a painter. My wish is to be in London in May, but what I do must depend on my state of health.

"Cometh up as a Flower," is as fresh (especially at the beginning,) as a meadow-flower or a primrose. In the "Quarterly" and "Macmillan" are articles on Miss Mitford, but the published letters are what I desire to see. It is a great trouble copying the letters, but it must be done.

March 17, 1870.

Just as a sign of existence, I send you a line. I am a prisoner on my *chaise-longue* the whole day. As soon as I am dressed, and thankful I am when that exertion is over, so much does it fatigue me, I get to my couch and do not move from it till I go

to bed at night. Generally I am pretty comfortable when I am stretched out at rest. I read, write, thus extended, and thankful I am that my head is free, and that I can work and occupy myself. The time never hangs heavy on my hands.

I forgot to give you the date, when last I wrote, of the commencement of my correspondence with Miss Mitford. It began in 1845, and her last letter is dated Christmas Day, 1854.

Miss Mitford often speaks of Mr. Payn in her letters to me. A very young man then, very handsome, and extremely agreeable. He published a volume of poems. Is he the son of the Mrs. Payn whom I have heard you frequently mention? She speaks of him always with enthusiasm and very great regard.

I have now finished my task of copying the letters. They will, I think, please you, and you will find them interesting. My friend Wilberforce's novel, "The Duke's Honour," is out, and is well reviewed. I cannot at all say now whether I shall be able to travel in May. My plans are made for doing so, but, of course, all depends on my being better able to move than I am now. I wish it very much.

March 21.

While I write Miss Mitford's letters have arrived. Her judgments and opinions in her earlier letters are too decidedly pronounced for one then so

young; but perhaps the wonder is that, flattered so immensely as she was, she still remained so natural and simple-hearted. There are too many early letters, and some of those to Sir William Elford are tiresome at last. But her cheerfulness up to the moment almost of her death, her participation in all that was going on in spite of her pain, is really extraordinary. Accustomed as she was to tell her friends of the persons she had seen and whose acquaintance she had made, it is strange that in her letters from 1845 to '54, there is no mention of my name. In her's to me she is continually speaking of this one and that one who had written or been to see her.

March 22.

I have just received a letter from England which rather puzzles me. It is about Miss Mitford's letters. The lady who writes is a person whose name is familiar throughout England and America. carries weight with it, and is not to be disregarded. I am well aware that a woman's greater sensitiveness will ofter cause her to perceive, to feel, to be aware of rather, things which from men will still remain hidden. This is evidently the case here. *I* see in Miss Mitford's earlier letters a too great boldness in judging of the works of others, a flippancy almost in speaking of men of acknowledged (literary) rank and reputation. She was a spoiled child, spoiled by her friends, her family, and, later,

by the public. But there is always such a natural buoyancy of spirits, such good humour and kindness for others, so much real sterling sense too, and such a healthy taste that one is quite willing to overlook this over self-reliance.

My correspondent calls the book "dreary." Now it certainly is painful to see a woman toiling, as Miss Mitford did, for so undeserving a father, and giving up youth, health, and pleasure to the one incessant striving to get money for him to spend. Her life was that of a slave. But there was a cheerfulness amidst it all, her love of her father never allowing a suspicion of blame to rest on him, which takes from the "dreary" tone of the book, and makes one admire and love her. When the cause for her ceaseless toil was removed, her life was a pleasant one; except as affected by bodily pain. This "painful state of mind" did not arise from her own disposition, was not caused by herself, by her own acts, by any aberration, there was nothing wrong in the woman's mind; therefore I do not understand how these sorrowful days and years, caused by another's fault, can affect our judgment of her, granting always that to read of such a life of pain must always be painful to the reader.

March 27, 1870.

To-day Charles Lever sent me a "Blackwood" (March) with the Mitford article. You should read it. I think it scarcely possible that I can come to

England in my present state. In May of course not. I must not move a foot (literally). Impossibilities cannot be overcome. Adieu!

Yours,

CHARLES BONER.

I believe this letter, in which was enclosed a note to Captain Constable, was one of the last, if not *the* last, letter sent to England by Charles Boner.

He did not leave his bed after the 28th of March. His death took place on the 7th of April.—

[EDITOR.]

LETTER FROM MADAME HORSCHELT TO THE EDITOR.

Munich,
April 27, 1870.

I KNEW that my dear father had written to you about the "Letters of Miss Mitford." That was his last work whilst in his arm-chair, during the last weeks of his life. He copied them all most carefully.

He often spoke to me about them, as indeed there was, thank God, the most happy, unusual, and never-changing understanding between us (das schönste und glücklichste Verständniss dass man nur sich denken kann). I dare say you know enough German to understand what I mean.

He looked forward with great delight to publishing these letters, and intended to write an In-

troduction to them containing a biography of Miss Mitford's life, &c.; but he repeatedly mentioned that he should have to look through the letters again, and leave out many passages relating to still living persons, names, &c.; and I do not know whether he did this or not. I shall attend as best I can to the publication of most of his manuscripts, particularly to some which it always was his great wish should be published after his death; about five or six poems which he thought some of his best.

I should be much obliged to you for any kind advice or help in these matters.

Although but a little more than a fortnight since I saw him last, it seems to me an immense time, so terribly do I miss him—all day long. Nothing on earth can make up for the loss of such a father as he was! The house looks so desolate now; all is so sad and dreary, reminding me continually of the irreparable loss I have sustained.

He was always so particularly pleased when you sent him violets. He told me about it each time, and showed them to me, saying they came from a friend in England. I hope you will now keep up some of your friendship for my father, also for me. Amongst the papers on his table was an envelope addressed to you, showing that he still intended to write.

Your most true friend,

MARIE HORSCHELT.

MADAME HORSCHELT TO THE EDITOR.

Munich,
July 7, 1870.

I WISH you were here to help me in sorting the various manuscripts left by my father. I have to take care of his papers, attend to all his business, and do my very best to prepare what he left for publication. I consider this a duty.

His sister, who comes to me continually, knows all my intentions as to publication; so you can feel quite easy and tranquillised on this point. My father left no relations living in England, but a sister, who lives here still. His parents died many years ago. I can only repeat to you again, that I am most thankful to you for undertaking the task, and shall ever feel most obliged and indebted to you.

Always most affectionately yours,
MARIE HORSCHELT.

REMINISCENCES BY A FRIEND OF CHARLES BONER.

25, Grosvenor, Bath,
31st October, 1870.

I WILLINGLY comply with your request to write a few lines relating to my old friend Charles Boner. I have known him for quite thirty years, and ever found him the same unchangeable, true friend.

He was a true friend in the strictest sense of the word. You could trust him and rely on him in every change of life; his sympathies were true and warm; in joy or sorrow he was always willing to aid and advise. He had an unusually large number of friends, which he owed entirely to his own amiable character. He was frank, warm-hearted, sanguine and enthusiastic to a rare degree, but above all things trustworthy. He was everybody's confidant, for it was well known that a secret in Charles Boner's keeping was safe—it was buried in a well.

These bright qualities, combined with energy, perseverance, and an unusually cultivated mind, made him one of the pleasantest companions in town or country. I met him first, many years ago, when he came on a short visit to Ratisbon with Baron August Doernberg, from Frankfort. Soon after this Ratisbon became his home, and he soon made for himself a very pleasant social position, being gladly welcomed in all circles. He so thoroughly understood and appreciated the German mind and the

literature of Germany, that he took as warm an interest in the events relating to his adopted home as he ever felt for his own dear old England. I shall never forget his coming one evening in the spring of 1848 to our house, where a few friends had met, radiant with the first tidings of the outbreak of the revolution at Vienna, which had reached Prince Taxis by telegram only a few moments earlier.

The real enthusiasm of this year can never be forgotten, and he felt it keenly. Such very keen feelings could not escape disappointments. The buoyancy of his nature helped him to bear them, and it, too, preserved to him youth: his character preserved the bright hopefulness of youth to the last days of his life, and enabled him to bear great suffering patiently. I could record many a pleasant evening enlivened by his never-tarrying flow of conversation; many a pleasant excursion in which his appreciation of the beauties of nature, his childlike enjoyment of flowers, birds, air, exercise, and society, added greatly to the success of the day; many a kind act and thoughtful word of advice, and still all these would fail to give you the true picture of the old friend whose loss can never be replaced to those who knew him as I did.

After both he and our family left Ratisbon, and Munich became his home, his correspondence and occasional visits always kept up the old friendship. Even now I cannot help looking out for one of his

interesting letters sometimes, so full of graphic accounts of facts from the old home one cares to hear and so few have the gift to tell. But they come no more.

Those who have known Charles Boner will recognise his character in my lines, and I am sure agree with me. There was so much sunshine in it, it imparted its bright and warming rays to all who knew him.

A. H.

THE TWO FOLLOWING LETTERS

should have been placed in their chronological order :—

TO CHARLES BONER.

Munich,
Oct. 16, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your lines from Temesvar of the 30th of September I received a few days ago. Your meeting with the "Liebigianer" out of Sclavonia was very interesting. I have been for the last fourteen days busy answering an attack upon my essay on Bacon made by a professor at Tubingen. It amuses me, but takes up too much of my time. Besides this, I have been writing an article on the grape disease and on the silk-worm sickness. These two great evils will throw Lombardy, and a great portion of Italy into poverty, since all the resources of the population consist in what they derive from silk and wine, which they exchange for whatever they require.

The ground of both these calamities is the exhaustion of the soil, which never has anything put

into it in return for what it yields to mankind in the form of mulberry leaves and wine. There is a failure in the leaves of the stuff that is required for the nourishment of the worms. In a place where a hundred new trees have been planted where mulberries were not grown before, the worms nourished upon these leaves yield richly good silk; and where the mulberry trees deliver up no silk the vineyards yield no wine; and where there is wine there is silk. The connection seems to me very clear, but still to render assistance difficult. A hundred square miles and more to be revived by the nourishment which for hundreds of years it has lost would be impracticable.

In Hermanstadt resides a medical man,* whose energy and striving after scientific knowledge have made him a distinguished character. You may learn much from him respecting agriculture and botany in the district of the seven cities. I beg you to make some enquiries on these subjects.

Always most truly and entirely yours,

FR. LIEBIG.

Munich,
May 30, 1867.

MY DEAR BONER,

Your friendly letter of the 18th I have received here in Munich, and these hurried lines will tell you of my safe return. In spite of great exertions and fatigue, I am well satisfied with my

* Dr. August Kaiser.

journey. It is a remarkable exhibition, and even if we leave out the specimens of industry there remains enough to recompense you for all the sacrifices entailed by a journey. What interested me particularly was the setting forth of the "histoire du travail," under which name all is brought together which, from the primeval age to the seventeenth century, is known by positive examples of labour in France, Switzerland, and England; the implements and the weapons of the dwellers in the Lake cities of the middle ages, &c. That in the same park the huts of Swedish peasants, Egyptian temples, Moorish palaces, Chinese coffee-houses, may be seen, you know already from the newspapers.

For my part, the meeting with many former pupils, and old comrades, was of great value. Then the going about Paris with old friends, and the personal contact with the remarkable men about the Emperor—what is said of his insecure position, of his weak health and irritable temper. He has formerly lived freely, and must bear the consequences now; but he may live to be as old as the rocks: and as to what concerns his political position, I have spoken to men of high standing and of all classes of opinion, and no one wishes for any other dynasty, but they look forward anxiously to the future, as the Prince is not likely to have strong health. The men of science cannot forgive him for having laid such fetters on freedom of speech, but it is by no means certain that freedom of speech in

France would be of the same use that it is in England, for the French are an irritable, capricious people. If God were to send an angel to rule over them, in ten years they would be tired of him, and be longing to have a devil instead, just by way of a change.

With respect to Bacon, I rejoice very much in possessing the sympathy of men like Wilberforce.

Adieu.—Yours, &c.,

FR. LIEBIG.

THE END.

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